

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY:
A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LIII. — JANUARY, 1884. — No. CCCXV.

IN WAR TIME.

I.

IN the latter part of the afternoon of a summer day in the year 1863, a little crowd gathered near the door of the military hospital on Filbert Street, in the city of Philadelphia. Like the rest of the vast camps of the sick, which added in those days to the city population some twenty-five thousand of the maimed and ill, this one has been lost, in the healing changes with which civilizing progress, no less quickly than forgiving nature, is apt to cover the traces of war.

The incident which drew to the hospital gate a small crowd was common in those days. Ambulances were bringing to its portal a share of such wounded men as were fit to be removed to a distance from Gettysburg and distributed among the great hospitals of the North. A surgeon in green sash and undress army uniform stood bareheaded within the shade of the doorway. Beside the curbstone, near the ambulances, a younger man, an assistant surgeon, directed the attendants, as they bore the wounded into the building on stretchers between double lines of soldiers of the invalid corps, who at that time did guard duty in our hospitals.

The surgeon at the doorway, a tall, refined-looking man, so erect as to seem a little stiff in figure, made occasional

comments in a quiet, well-bred voice, rather monotonously free from the decisive sharpness which habits of command are apt to produce.

"Step together, my men. Left, right — you shake the stretcher! Left, right — make more room there, sergeant. Keep back the crowd."

Sometimes, a man got out of the ambulance with help, and limped eagerly into the open doorway; sometimes, lost to all around him, one was borne in motionless; sometimes, it was a face to which death had already whispered, "Come." In the little hall the bearers paused, while a young surgeon asked a few brief questions, after which the sick man was given his iced lemonade, or some other refreshing drink, and taken away.

Now and then an officer was carried in. This was usually some desperately wounded man, unable to be taken to his home. As these sufferers passed the surgeon in charge, he noted the scrap of uniform, or the cap, and drawing himself up, saluted with excessive military accuracy. Were the man too ill or too careless to notice this courtesy, a faint lift of the surgeon's brow, some slight treachery of the features, showed that he, at least, felt that nothing less than paralysis would have prevented him from returning the military salutation.

Meanwhile, about two squares away,

as Philadelphians say, a man and woman were walking somewhat rapidly toward the hospital. The man was what is known in the army as a "contract-assistant surgeon," that is, a physician taken from civil life and paid at a certain rate per month to do the duty of a military surgeon. In some cases these gentlemen lived in the hospitals, and were of course expected to wear uniform, and to submit to all the usual rules of military life. Others merely attended at set hours, and included not only certain of the most able men in the profession of medicine, but also a great number of the more or less competent, glad enough of the eighty dollars a month which they received. Among these latter were many of those hapless persons who drift through life, and seize, as they are carried along, such morsels of good luck as the great tides of fortune float within reach of their feeble tentacula. This contract surgeon was a man of full middle height. He stooped slightly, but the habit became oddly noticeable owing to his uniform, on which the surgeon in charge insisted during the time of the hospital visit. He wore a military cap, under which his hair curled softly. His features were distinct but delicate, and the upper lip, which was short, retreated a little, a peculiarity apt to give to the countenance a certain purity of expression. His face was clean shaved, but he had better have worn a mustache, since the mouth was too regular for manly beauty. As he went by, two sun-browned young fellows in uniform, and wearing their corps marks, turned and glanced at him. One of them said, "What an interesting face!" The other returned, smiling, "But what a careless figure! and a soldier with a sun umbrella is rather droll." In fact, there was a certain look of indifference to appearances about the man's whole aspect, and the umbrella which had excited remark was carried at a lazy slope over the shoulder. Evidently, he felt very keenly the damp, oppres-

sive heat of the July day; but while this was seen in the indolent slowness of his walk, his face showed plainly that the mind was more alive than the body. As they crossed the small park then known as Penn Square, he paused to pick up a flower, counted its stamina, and stowed it away in the lining of his cap. An insect on his sister's sleeve drew his attention. The trees, the passers-by, a monkey and a hand-organ at a street corner, all seemed to get in turn a share of alert, attentive regard.

The woman beside him was a strange contrast. Unmindful of anything about her, she walked on steadily with a firm, elastic step, and a face which, however pleasing, — and it was distinctly that, — was not remarkable for decided expression. Whatever might have been her fortunes, time as yet had failed to leave upon her face any strong lines of characterization. Absolute health offers a certain resistance to these grim chiselings of face; and in this woman ruddy cheeks, clear eyes, and round facial lines above a plump but well-built and compact frame told of a rarely wholesome life. She was dressed in gray linen, fitting her well, but without cuffs, collar, or ribbon; and although the neatness of her guise showed that it must have exacted some care, it was absolutely devoid of ornament. In her hand she carried a rather heavy basket, which now and then she shifted from one side to the other, for relief.

Presently they turned into Filbert Street from Broad Street.

"Do look, Ann!" said Dr. Wendell to his sister. "I never pass this paper mulberry-tree without a sense of disgust. There is a reptilian vileness of texture and color about the trunk; and don't you remember how, when we were children, we used to try to find two leaves alike? Don't you think, Ann, there is something exasperating about that? I was trying to think why it annoyed me now. It is such a contradiction to the

tendency of nature towards monotonous repetition."

"You had best be trying to hurry up a little," returned Miss Wendell.

"Do give me that basket, dear," said her companion, pausing; "it is much too heavy for you. I should have carried it myself."

"It is not heavy," she said, smiling, "and I am very well used to it. But I do think, brother Ezra, we must hurry. Why cannot you hurry? You are half an hour late now, and do look at your vest! It is buttoned all crooked, and — Why, there is quite a crowd at the hospital door! Oh, why were you so late! and they do fuss so when you are late."

"I see, I see," he said. "What can it be? I wish it was n't so hot. Do hurry, Ann!"

The woman smiled faintly. "Yes, it is warm. Here, take this basket. I am tired out." Upon which, somewhat reluctantly lowering his umbrella, he took the basket, and quickened his pace. A large man, solidly built, drove by in a victoria, with servants on the box, himself in cool white. Dr. Wendell glanced at him as he passed, and thought, "That looks like the incarnation of success!" and wondered vaguely what lucky fates had been that man's easy ladders. Very successful men and people who have had many defeats both get to be superstitious believers in blind fortune, while a certain amount of misfortune destroys in some all the germs of success. For others, a failure is like a blow. It may stagger, but it excites to forceful action.

"Come!" said his sister, looking as worried and flushed as if she, and not he, had been to blame; and in a minute or two they were entering the hospital.

"Good-evening, Miss Wendell," said the surgeon; "excuse me—don't stand in the way. A moment, Dr. Wendell, — a moment," he added, saluting him; and glancing, with a gentleman's instinct, after Miss Wendell, to be sure

she was out of hearing. Then turning, he said to his subordinate, "You are a full half hour late; in fact," taking out his watch, "the clock misled me, — you are thirty-nine minutes late. Sergeant, don't let me see that clock wrong again. It should be set every morning."

Wendell flushed. Like most men who think over-well of themselves, he was sensitive to all reproof, and the training of civil life, while it had made more or less of hardship easy to bear, had unfitted him for the precision which that army surgeon exacted alike from his juniors and his clocks.

"I was somewhat delayed," said Wendell.

"Ah? No matter about excuses. You, we all of us, are portions of a machine. I never excuse myself to myself, or to others: Yes — yes — I know" — as Wendell began again to explain. At this moment the soldiers set down at his feet a stretcher just removed from an ambulance, while another set of bearers took their places.

The surgeon saluted the new-comer on his little palliasse, noting that around him lay a faded coat of Confederate gray, with a captain's stripes on the shoulders. The wounded man returned the salute with his left arm.

"You were hurt at Gettysburg?" said the surgeon.

"Yes, sir. On Cemetery Hill; and a damned hard fight, too! We were most all left there. I shall never see a better fight if I go to heaven!"

The attendants laughed, but the surgeon's face rested unmoved.

"I hope you will soon be well." Then he added kindly, "Dr. Wendell, see that this gentleman is put in Ward Two, near a window, and give him some milk punch at once; he looks pale. No lemonade; milk punch. Come now, my men; move along! Who next? Ah, Major Morton, I have been expecting you!" and he bent to shake hands warmly with a sallow man who filled

the next stretcher. "I am sorry and glad to see you here. I got your dispatch early to-day. Gettysburg, too, I suppose?"

"Yes, Cemetery Hill. I wonder the old Fifth has any one alive!"

"Well, well," replied the surgeon, "we shall give you a health brevet soon. Bed Number Five, next to the last man. Take good care of Major Morton, Dr. Wendell. He is an old friend of mine. There, easy, my men! I will presently see to you myself, Morton."

And so the long list of sick and hurt were carried in, one by one, a small share of the awful harvest of Gettysburg, until, as night fell, the surgeon turned and entered the hospital, the sentinel resumed his place at the open door, and the crowd of curious scattered and passed away.

Meanwhile, Dr. Wendell went moodily up-stairs to the vast ward which occupied all the second floor of the old brick armory. He was one of those unhappy people who are made sore for days by petty annoyances; nor did the possession of considerable intelligence and much imagination help him. In fact, these qualities served only, as is usual in such natures, to afford him a more ample fund of self-torment. In measuring himself with others, he saw that in acquisitions and mind he was their superior, and he was constantly puzzled to know why he failed where they succeeded.

The vast hall which he entered was filled with long rows of iron bedsteads, each with its little label for the owner's name, rank, disease, and treatment suspended from the iron cross-bar above the head of the sufferer. Beside each bed stood a small wooden table, with one or two bottles and perhaps a book or two upon it. The walls were whitewashed, the floor was scrupulously clean, and an air of extreme and even accurate neatness pervaded the place. Except for the

step of a nurse, or occasional words between patients near to one another, or the flutter of the fans which some of them were using to cool themselves in the excessive heat, there was but little noise.

Dr. Wendell followed the litters and saw the two officers, gray coat and blue coat, placed comfortably in adjoining beds.

"Are you all right?" said Wendell to the Confederate.

"Oh, yes, doctor! I've had too hard a time to growl. This is like heaven; it's immensely like heaven!"

Miss Wendell had followed them, after distributing here and there some of the contents of her basket.

"Stop," she said to her brother; "let them lift him. There," she added, with a satisfied air, as she shook up and replaced the pillow, — "there, that is better! Here are two or three ripe peaches. You said it was like heaven. Don't you think all pleasant things ought to make us think of heaven?"

"Oh, by George," he replied; "my dear lady, did you ever have a bullet in your shoulder? I can't think, for torment. I can only feel."

"That may have its use, too," said she, simply. "I have been told that pain is a great preacher."

The patient smiled grimly. "He gets a fellow's attention, any way, if that's good preaching!"

"Ann, Ann!" exclaimed her brother. "Don't talk to him. Don't talk, especially any — I mean, he is too tired."

"I do not think I hurt him, brother," she returned, in a quiet aside. "But there are errands which may not be delayed to wait for our times of ease."

"Oh, it is no matter, doctor," said the officer, smiling, as he half heard Dr. Wendell's comment. "I like it. Don't say a word. It would be a pleasure even to be scolded by a woman. It is all right, I know! Thank you, miss. A little water, please." And then the

doctor and his sister turned to the other bed.

"Major Morton, I believe?" said the doctor.

"Yes, John Morton, Fifth Pennsylvania Reserves. Confound the bed, doctor, how hard it is! Are all your beds like this? It's all over hummocks, like a damson pie!"

The doctor felt that somehow he was accused.

"I never noticed it," said Wendell. "The beds are not complained of."

"But I complain of it. However, I shall get used to it, I suppose. There must be at least six feathers in the pillow!"

"It is n't feather. It is hair," remarked Miss Wendell. "That's much cooler, you know."

"Cooler!" replied the major. "It's red hot. Everything is red hot! But I suppose it is myself. Confound the flies! I wonder what the deuce they're for! Could n't I have a net?"

"Flies?" reflected Miss Wendell. "They must be right — but — but they are dirty!" She wisely, however, kept silence as to the place and function of flies in nature. "I will ask for a net," she said.

"Oh, yes, do," he returned; "that's a good woman."

"I am not a good woman," exclaimed Miss Wendell, "but I will ask about the net."

"Oh, but you will be, if you get me a net," continued the patient. "And ask, too, please, about my wife. She was to be in the city to-day."

He spoke like one used to command, and as if his discomforts were to receive instant attention. In the field no man was easier pleased, or less exacting about the small comforts of camp, but the return to a city seemed to let loose all the habitual demands of a life of ease.

Dr. Wendell promised to see about the lady.

Mrs. Morton was to come from Sara-

toga, and why could not Dr. Lagrange see him at once? Every one kept him waiting, and he supposed Mrs. Morton would keep him waiting, like every one else.

At length Miss Wendell said, "My brother has his duties here, sir. I think I can go and see about it. You must needs feel troubled concerning your wife. As you look for her to-day, I might meet her at the depot, because, if, as you have said, she does not know to what hospital you have been taken, she will be in great distress,— great distress, I should think."

"Yes, great distress," repeated Major Morton, with an odd gleam of amusement on his brown face. "But how will you know her? Stop! Yes — she telegraphed me she would come by an afternoon train to-morrow, and I am a day too soon, you see."

"There are only three trains," said Miss Wendell, looking at the time-table in an evening paper, which an orderly had been sent to find. "I can go to them all, if you wish. I do not mind taking trouble for our wounded soldiers. It is God's cause, sir. Don't let it worry you."

Morton's mustache twitched with the partly controlled merriment of the hidden lips beneath it. There was, for his nature, some difficulty in seeing relations between a large belief and small duties. There was the Creator, of whom he thought with vagueness, and who certainly had correct relations to Christ Church; but what had he to do with a woman going to look for another woman at a depot?

"You might tell my sister, major, what Mrs. Morton is like," suggested Dr. Wendell.

"Like?" returned Morton, rather wearily, and then again feebly amused at the idea of describing his wife. "Like, like? By George, that's a droll idea!"

Most of us, in fact, would have a little

trouble in accurately delineating for a stranger the people familiar to us, and would, if abruptly required to do so, be apt to hesitate, or, like the major, to halt altogether.

"Like?" he again said. "God bless me! why, I could n't describe myself!"

"But her gown?" said Miss Wendell, with ingenuity, and remembering, with a sense of approval of her own cleverness, that she herself, having but two gowns, might through them, at least, be identified.

Major Morton laughed. "Gown? She may have had twenty gowns since I saw her. It is quite eighteen months. You might look for a tall woman, rather simply dressed, — handsome woman, I may say. Small boy with her, a maid, and no end of bundles, bags, rugs, — all that sort of thing. You must know."

Miss Wendell was not very clear in her own mind that she did know, but, seeing that the wounded man was tired, accepted his description as sufficient, and said cheerfully, "No doubt I shall find her. Good-night."

"Beg pardon, doctor, but I did n't quite catch your name," said the patient.

"My name is Wendell, — Dr. Wendell," returned the doctor.

"Thanks; and one thing more, doctor: send me some opium, and soon, too. I am suffering like the devil!"

"How little he knows!" thought Miss Wendell, with a grave look and an inward and satisfactory consciousness that her beliefs enabled her at least to entertain a higher and more just appreciation in regard to the improbable statement he had made.

"Yes," replied the doctor. "We'll see about it." He had a feeling, not quite uncommon in his profession, that such suggestions in regard to treatment were in a measure attacks on his own prerogative of superior intelligence. "We shall see," he said, "when we make the evening round."

"Confound the fellow, and his evening round!" growled the major under his mustache. "I wish he had my leg, or I had him in my regiment."

But happy in the assertion of his professional position, Dr. Wendell had rejoined his sister, the more content because he felt that she had relieved him of the trouble of finding the wife of the officer. Like many people who, intellectually, are active enough, he disliked physical exertion. At times, indeed, he mildly reproached himself for the many burdens he allowed his sister to carry, and yet failed to see how largely she was the power which supplemented his own nature by urging him along with an energy which often enough distressed him, and as often hurt his self-esteem. There are in life many of these partnerships: a husband with intellect enough, owing the driving power to a wife's sense of duty, or to her social ambitions; a brother with character, using, half-unconsciously, the generous values of a sister's more critical intelligence. When one of the partners in these concerns dies, the world says, "Oh, yes, he is quite used up by this death. Now he has lost all his activity. Poor fellow, he must have felt it very deeply."

II.

Moods are the climates of the mind. They warm or chill resolves, and are in turn our flatterers or our cynical satirists. With some people, their moods are fatal gifts of the east or the west wind; while with others, especially with certain women, and with men who have feminine temperaments, they come at the call of a resurgent memory, of a word that wounds, of a smile at meeting, or at times from causes so trivial that while we acknowledge their force we seek in vain for the reasons of their domination. With Wendell, the moods to which he was subject made a good

deal of the sun and shade of life. He was without much steady capacity for resistance, and yielded with a not incurious attention to his humors, — being either too weak or too indifferent to battle with their influence, and in fact having, like many persons of intelligence, without vigor of character, a pleasure in the belief that he possessed in a high degree individualities, even in the way of what he knew to be morbid.

One of these overshadowing periods of depression was brought on by his sister's mild remonstrance concerning his want of punctuality, and by the reproof of his superior, Dr. Lagrange, or, as he much preferred to be addressed, Major Lagrange, such being his titular rank on the army register.

Miss Wendell had gone home first, and Wendell was about to follow her, when he was recalled by an orderly, who ran after him to tell him of the sudden death of one of his patients. Death was an incident of hospital life too common to excite men, in those days of slaughter; but it so chanced that, as regards this death, Wendell experienced a certain amount of discomfort. A young officer had died abruptly, from sudden exertion, and Wendell felt vaguely that his own mood had prevented him from giving the young man such efficient advice as might have made him more careful. The thought was not altogether agreeable.

"I ought never to have been a doctor," groaned Wendell to himself. "Everything is against me." Then, seeing no criticism in the faces of the nurses, he gave the usual orders in case of a death, and, with a last glance at the moveless features and open eyes of the dead, left the ward.

There is probably no physician who cannot recall some moment in his life when he looked with doubt and trouble of mind on the face of death; but for the most part his is a profession carried on with uprightness of purpose and habit-

ual watchfulness, so that it is but very rarely that its practitioners have as just reason for self-reproach as Wendell had.

Very ill at ease with himself, he walked towards the station, where, having missed his train, he had to wait for half an hour. Sitting here alone, he soon reasoned himself into his usual state of self-satisfied calm. It was after all a piece of bad fortune, and attended with no consequences to himself; one of many deaths, the every-day incidents of a raging war and of hospital life. Very likely it would have happened soon or late, let him have done as he might. A less imaginative man would have suffered less; a man with more conscience would have suffered longer, and been the better for it.

At the station in Germantown he lit his pipe, and, soothed by its quieting influence, walked homeward to his house on Main street.

He was rapidly coming to a state of easier mind, under the effect of the meerschauum's subtle influence upon certain groups of ganglionic nerve cells deep in his cerebrum, when, stumbling on the not very perfect pavements of the suburban village, he dropped his pipe, and had a shock of sudden misery as he saw it by the moonlight in fragments; a shock which, as he reflected with amazement a moment later, seemed to him — nay, which was — quite as great as that caused by the death of his patient, an hour before!

He stood a moment, overcome with the calamity, and then walked on slowly, with an abrupt sense of disturbing horror at the feeling that the pipe's material wholeness was to him, for a moment, as important as the young officer's life. The people who live in a harem of sentiments are very apt to lose the wholesome sense of relation in life, so that in their egotism small things become large, and as often large things small. They are apt, as Wendell was, to call to their aid and comfort what-

ever power of casuistry they possess to support their feelings, and thus by degrees habitually weaken their sense of moral perspective.

It may seem a slight thing to dwell upon, but for self-indulgent persons there is nothing valueless in their personal belongings, and the train of reflection brought by this little accident was altogether characteristic. Thrown back by this trifle into his mood of gloom, he reached his own house, and saw through the open windows his sister's quiet face bent over her sewing-machine, which was humming busily.

About two years before this date, Wendell and his sister had left the little village on Cape Cod to try their fortunes elsewhere. These two were the last descendants of a long line of severely religious divines, who had lived and preached at divers places on the Cape. But at last one of them — Wendell's father — became the teacher of a normal school, and died in late middle life, leaving a few thousand dollars to represent the commercial talent of some generations of Yankees whose acuteness had been directed chiefly into the thorny tracks of biblical exegesis. His son, a shy, intellectual lad, had shown promise at school, and only when came the practical work of life exhibited those defects of character which had been of little moment so long as a good memory and mental activity were the sole requisites. Persistent energy, sufficing to give the daily supply of power needful for both the physical and mental claims of any exacting profession, were lacking. In a career at school or college it is possible to "catch up," but in the school of life there are no examinations at set intervals, and success is usually made up of the sum of happy uses of multiplied fractional opportunities. His first failure was as a teacher, one of the most self-denying of avocations. Then he studied medicine, and was so carried away by the intellectual enthusiasm it

aroused in him that could he have retired into some quiet college nook, as a student of physiology or pathology, he would probably have attained a certain amount of reputation, because in such a career irregular activity is less injurious. Want of means, however, or want of will to endure for a while some necessary privations, inclined him to accept the every-day life and trials of a practicing physician in the town where he was born. The experiment failed. There was some want in the young man which interfered with success at home, so that the outbreak of the war found him ready, as were many of his class, to welcome the chances of active service as a doctor in the field. A rough campaign in West Virginia resulted very soon in his suddenly quitting the army, and finding his way to Philadelphia, where his sister joined him. She readily accepted his excuse of ill health as a reason for his leaving the service, and they finally decided to try their luck anew in the Quaker town. Miss Wendell brought with her the few thousand dollars which represented her father's life-long savings. Yielding to her better judgment, the doctor found a home in Germantown, within a few miles of Philadelphia, as being cheaper than the city, and in the little, long-drawn-out town which Pastorius founded they settled themselves, with the conviction on Ann's part that now, at last, her brother's talents would find a fitting sphere, and the appreciation which ignorant prejudice had denied him elsewhere. What more the severe, simple, energetic woman of limited mind thought of her brother, we may leave this, their life-tale, to tell.

The house they rented for but a moderate sum was a rather large two-story building of rough gray micaceous stone, with a front lit by four windows. Over the door projected an old-fashioned penthouse, and before it was what is known in Pennsylvania as a stoop; that is, a large, flat stone step, with a bench on

either side. Across the front of the house an ivy had year by year spread its leaves, until it hung in masses from the eaves, and mingled on the hipped roof with the Virginia creeper and the trumpet vine, which grew in the garden on one side of the house, and, climbing to the gable, mottled in October the darker green with crimson patches. Behind the house a half acre of garden was gay with dahlias, sunflowers, and hollyhocks, with a bit of pasture farther back, for use, if needed.

The house had been, in the past, the dwelling of a doctor, who had long ceased to practice, and to it the sister and brother had brought the old furniture from a home on Cape Cod, in which some generations of Puritan divines had lived, and in which they had concocted numberless sermons of inconceivable length. Notwithstanding his sister's economic warnings, the doctor had added from time to time, as his admirable taste directed, many books, a few engravings, and such other small ornaments as his intense love of color suggested.

As he now entered the sitting-room, the general look of the place gave him, despite his mood, a sense of tranquil pleasure. The high-backed, claw-toed chairs, the tall, mahogany clock, with its chicken-cock on top, seeming to welcome him with the same quiet face which had watched him from childhood, were pleasant to the troubled man; and the fireplace tiles, and the red curtains, and the bits of Delft ware on the mantel were all so agreeable to his sense of beauty in form and color that he threw himself into a chair with some feeling of comfort. His sister left her work, and, crossing the room, kissed him. Evidently he was her chief venture in life! From long habit of dependent growth the root fibres of his being were clasped about her, as a tree holds fast for life and support to some isolated rock, and neither he nor she was any more conscious than the tree

or rock of the economic value which he took out of their relation. On his part, it was a profound attachment, — merely an attachment; on hers a pure and simple, venerative love. Women expect much from an idol and get little, but believe they get everything; and now and then, even as to the best a woman can set up, she has cankering doubts.

"Brother," said Miss Wendell, cheerfully, "I was thinking, before you came in, how thankful we should be for all our life, just now. You are getting some practice," — then observing his face, "not all you will have, you know, but enough, with the hospital, to let us live, oh, so pleasantly!" Patting his cheek tenderly, she added, "And best of all for me, I feel that you are not worried, that you are having a chance, at last."

"Yes, yes," he answered, "I know, I know! I only hope it will continue."

"Why should it not? By the time you cease to be an assistant surgeon — I mean, when this horrible war is over — you will have a good hold on practice, and you will only have to love your books and microscope and botany a little less, and study human beings more."

"I hardly know if they are worth the studying! But never mind me. I am cross to-night."

"Oh, no, that you are not. I won't have you say that! You are tired, I dare say, and troubled about all those poor fellows in the hospital."

Wendell moved uneasily. She was sitting on the arm of his chair, and running her hand caressingly through his hair, which was brown, and broke into a wave of half curl around his forehead.

Her consciousness as to much of her brother's outer range of feelings was almost instinctive, although, of course, it misled her often enough.

"I knew that was it," she said, with a loving sense of appreciation. "I was sure it was that. What has happened at the hospital? I heard Dr. Lagrange

call you back. Oh, it was n't about being late — and such a hot day, too!"

"No, I was n't bothered about that. It was about a sudden death, that happened just before I left. You may remember that officer in the far corner of the ward."

"What, that nice young fellow, a mere boy! Oh, Ezra," she added, after a pause, "I sometimes thank God, in these war times, that I am not a mother! Do you think it's wrong to feel that way, brother?"

"Nonsense, Ann! You might find enough to annoy yourself about, besides that. When some one comes for sister Ann you can begin to think about the matter. What's the use of settling theoretical cases? There's quite enough of real bother in life that one can't escape, and is forced to reason about."

Ann arose, her eyes filling. "Yes," she said, "yes — I dare say," her thoughts for a moment far off, recalling a time when, years before, she had been obliged to decide whether she should give up her life with her brother and father, and go to the West to share the love and wealthier surroundings of a man whose claim upon her was, she felt, an honest and loving one. Had he too been poor, and had she been called by him to bear a life of struggle, it is possible she might have yielded. As it was, habitual affection and some vague sense of her power to fill the wants of her brother's existence made the woman's craving for self-sacrifice, as a proof to herself of the quality of her love, sufficient to decide her, and she had turned away gently, but decisively, from a life of ease. Yet sometimes all the lost loveliness of a mother's duties overwhelmed her for a dreaming moment. "Yes," she said, at last, "you are right. It's always best to live in the day that is with us. But what I wanted to say was that you must not let such inevitable things as a death no one could have prevented overcome you so as to

unsettle you and lessen your usefulness to others."

"Oh, no, of course not!" He felt annoyed: this lad pursued him like a ghost. "Don't let us talk of it any more," he said. "I broke my meerschau, coming home."

"Oh, did you? But I'm very sorry, Ezra."

"Yes; it seemed like the death of an old friend."

"Don't you think that is a great deal to say, — an old friend?"

"Not half enough."

She saw that he was annoyed, and, knowing well the nature of the mood which possessed him, returned.

"Ah, well, brother, we will buy another friend to-morrow, and age him as fast as possible. Bless me, it is ten o'clock!" and she began to move about the room, and to put things in the usual neat state in which she kept their sitting-room. The books were rearranged, the bits of thread or paper carefully picked up, a chair or two pushed back, a crooked table cover drawn into place.

This was a small but regularly repeated torment to Wendell. He did not dislike a neat parlor, — nay, would have felt the want of neatness; but this little bustle and stir at the calmest time of the day disturbed him, while he knew that in this, as in some other matters, Ann was immovable, so that as a rule he had ceased to resist, as he usually did cease to resist where the opposition was positive and enduring.

This time, however, he exclaimed, "I do wish, Ann, for once, you would go to bed quietly!"

"Why, of course, you dear old boy! I just want to straighten things up a little, and then to read to you a bit."

"I would like that. Read me Brown-ing's Saul."

"Yes," she returned cheerfully, "that is always good;" and so read aloud with simple and earnest pleasure that exquisite poem.

It soothed the man as the harp of the boy shepherd soothed the king.

"What noble verse!" he said. "Read again, Ann, that part beginning, 'And the joy of mere living,' and humor the rhythm a little. I think it is a mistake of most readers to affect to follow the sense so as to make a poem seem in the reading like prose, as if the rhythm were not meant to be a kind of musical accompaniment of exalted thought and sentiment. How you hear the harp in it! I never knew anybody to speak of the pleasure a poet must have in writing such verse as that. It must sing to him as sweetly as to any one else, and more freshly."

"Yes," said Ann. "I have seen somewhere that everybody who writes verse thinks his own delightful."

"No doubt,—as every woman's last baby is the most charming. But I should think that neither motherhood nor paternity of verse could quite make the critical faculty impossible. Shakespeare must have been able to appreciate Hamlet duly."

"I don't know," said Ann.

Her brother often got quite above her in his talk, and then she either gave up with a sort of gasp, as the air into which he rose became too thin for her intellectual lungs, or else she made more or less successful effort to follow his flights, or at least to deceive him into the belief that she did so.

Her brother was fond of Hamlet, which has been, and ever will be, the favorite riddle of many thoughtful men. He liked to read it to her, and to have it read to him. She had suddenly now one of those brief inspirations which astonish us at times in unanalytic people. She said, "I sometimes think Hamlet was like you,—a little like you, brother!"

Ezra looked up at his sister with amused surprise. Human nature, he reflected to himself, is inexhaustible, and we may rest sure that on Methuselah's

nine hundred and sixty-ninth birthday he might have startled his family by some novelty of word or deed.

"I hardly know if it be a compliment," he said aloud, with a little smile. "I should like to be sure of what Hamlet's sister would have said of him. Go to bed and think about it!"

After Ann had left him, Wendell himself retired to what was known as his office, a back room with a southern outlook on the garden. Here were a few medical books, two or three metaphysical treatises, a mixture of others on the use of the microscope and on botany, with odd volumes of the older and less known dramatists, and a miscellaneous collection representing science and sentiment. On the table was a small microscope, and a glass dish or two, with minute water plants, making a nursery for some of the lesser forms of animal and vegetable life. In a few minutes Wendell, absorbed, was gazing into the microscope at the tiny dramas which the domestic life of a curious pseudopod presented. He soon began to draw it with much adroitness. It is possible for some men to pursue every object, their duties and their pleasures, with equal energy, nor is it always true that the Jack-of-all-trades is master of none; but it was true of this man that, however well he did things,—and he did many things well,—he did none with sufficient intensity of purpose, or with such steadiness of effort as to win high success in any one of them.

It was nearly twelve o'clock when he was startled by hearing his sister call, "Ezra, Ezra! Do go to bed. You will oversleep yourself in the morning."

"Yes, yes, I know," he answered, quite accustomed to her warning care. "Good-night. I won't sit up any later. It is all right."

Ann sighed, as she stood barefooted on the stairs, and had she known Mr. Pickwick might have shared his inward conviction.

S. Weir Mitchell.

CHESTER STREETS.

If it be true, as some poets think, that every spot on earth is full of poetry, then it is certainly also true that each place has its own distinctive measure; an indigenous metre, so to speak, in which, and in which only, its poetry will be truly set or sung.

The more one reflects on this, in connection with the spots and places he has known best in the world, the truer it seems. Memories and impressions group themselves in subtle coördinations to prove it. There are surely woods which are like stately sonnets, and others of which the truth would best be told in tender lyrics; brooks which are jocund songs, and mountains which are Odes to Immortality. Of cities and towns it is perhaps even truer than of woods and mountains; certainly, no less true. For instance, it would be a bold poet who should attempt to set pictures of Rome in any strain less solemn than the epic; and is it too strong a thing to say that only a foolish one would think of framing a Venice glimpse or memory in any thing save dreamy songs, with dreamiest refrains? Endless vistas of reverie open to the imagination once entered on the road of this sort of fancy, — reveries which play strange pranks with both time and place, endow the dreamer with a sort of *post facto* second sight, and leave him, when suddenly roused, as lost as if he had been asleep for a century. For sensations of this kind Chester is a “hede and chefe cyte.” Simply to walk its streets is to step to time and tune of ballads; the very air about one’s ears goes lilting with them; the walls ring; the gates echo; choruses rollick round corners, — ballads, always ballads, or, if not a ballad, a play, none the less lively; a play with pageants and delightful racket.

Such are the measure and metre to-

day of “The Cyte of Legyons, that is Chestre in the marches of Englonde, towards Wales, betwene two armes of the see, that bee named Dee and Mersee. Thys cyte in tyme of Britons was hede and chefe cyte of Venedocia, that is North Wales. Thys cyte in Brytyshe speech bete Carthleon, Chestre in Englyshe, and Cyte of Legyons also. For there laye a wynter, the legyons that Julius Cæsar sent to wyne Irlonde. And after, Claudius Cæsar sent legyons out of the cyte for to wynn the Islands that bee called Orcades. Thys cyte hath plenty of cyne land, of corn, of flesh, and specyally of samon. Thys cyte receyveth grate marchandyse and sendeth out also. Northumbres destroyed this cyte but Elfleda Lady of Mercia bylded it again and made it mouch more.”

This is what was written of Chester, more than six hundred years ago, by one Ranulph Higden, a Chester Abbey monk, — him who wrote those old miracle plays, except for which we very like had never had such a thing as a play at all, and William Shakespeare had turned out no better than many another Stratford man.

All good Americans who reach England go to Chester. They go to see the cathedral, and to buy old Queen Anne furniture. The cathedral is very good in its way, the way of all cathedrals, and the old Queen Anne furniture is now quite well made; but it is a marvel that either cathedral or shop can long hold a person away from Chester streets. One cannot go amiss in them; at each step he is, as it were, button-holed by a gable, an arch, a pavement, a doorsill, a sign, or a gate with a story to tell. A story, indeed? A hundred, or more: and if anybody doubts them, or has by reason of old age, or over-occupation with other matters, got them

confused in his mind, all he has to do is to step into a public library, which is kept in a very private way, in a by-street, by two aged Cestrian citizens and a parish boy. Here, if he can convince these venerable Cestrians of his respectability, he may go a-junketing by himself in that delicious feast of an old book, the *Vale-Royale* of England, published in London in 1656, and written, I believe, a half century or so earlier.

Never was any bit of country more praised than this beautiful Chester County, "pleasant and abounding in plenteousness of all things needful and necessary for man's use, insomuch that it merited and had the name of the *Vale-Royale* of England."

"The ayr is very wholesome, insomuch that the people of the Country are seldome infected with Diseases or Sicknesses; neither do they use the help of the Physicians nothing so much as in other countries. For when any of them are sick they make him a Posset and tye a kerchief on his head, and if that will not amend him, then God be merciful to him!" says the old writer. And of the river Dee, —

"To which water no man can express how much this ancient city hath been beholden; nay, I suppose if I should call it the Mother, the Nurse, the Maintainer, the Advancer and Preserver thereof, I should not greatly erre." And again, of the shifting "sands o' Dee," this ancient and devout man, taking quite another view than that of the thoughtless or pensive lyrist, later, says, —

"The changing and shifting of the water gave some occasion to the Britons in that Infancy of the Christian Religion to attribute some divine honor and estimation to the said water: though I cannot believe that to be any cause of the name of it."

His pious deduction from the exceeding beauty of the situation of the city is that it is "worthy, according to the Eye, to be called a city guarded with

Watch of Holy and Religious men, and through the Mercy of our Saviour always fenced and fortified with the merciful assistance of the Almighty." To keep it thus guarded, the monks of *Vale-Royale* did their best. Witness the terms in which their grant was couched: —

"All the mannours, churches, lands and tenements aforesaid, in free pure and perpetual alms forever; with Homages, Rents, Demesnes, Villenages, Services of Free Holders and Bond, with Villains and their Families, Advowsons, Wards, Reliefs, Escheates, Woods, Plains, Meadows, Pastures, Wayes, Pathes, Heaths, Turfs, Forests, Waters, Ponds, Parks, Fishing, Mills in Granges, Cottages within Borough and without, and in all other places with all Easements, Liberties, Franchises and Free Customs any way belonging to the aforesaid Mannours, Churches, lands and tenements."

Plainly, if the devil or any of his followers were caught in the *Vale-Royale*, they could be legally ejected as trespassers.

He was not, however, without an eye to worldly state, this devout writer, for he speaks with evident pride of the fine show kept up by the mayor of Chester: —

"The Estate that the Mayor of Chester keepeth is great. For he hath both Sword Bearer and Mace Bearer Sergeants, with their silver maces, in as good and decent order as in any other city in England. His housekeeping accordingly; but not so chargeable as in all other cities, because all thing are better cheap there. . . . He remaineth, most part of the day at a place called the Pendice which is a brave place builded for the purpose at the high Crosse under St. Peters Church, and in the midst of the city, of such a sort that a man may stand therein and see into the markets or four principal streets of the city."

Nevertheless, there was once a mayor of Chester who did not see all he ought to have seen in the principal streets of the city : for his own daughter, out playing ball "with other maids, in the summer time, in Pepur Street," stole away from her companions, and ran off with her sweetheart, through one of the city gates, at the foot of that street, which gate the enraged mayor ordered closed up forever, as if that would do any good ; and some sharp-tongued and sensible Cestrian immediately phrased the illogical action in a proverb : "When the daughter is stolen, shut the Pepur gate." This saying is to be heard in Chester to this day, and is no doubt lineal ancestor of our own broader apothegm, "When the mare's stolen, lock the stable."

There are many lively stories about mayors of Chester. There was a mayor in 1617 who made a very learned speech to King James, when he rode in through East Gate, with all the train soldiers of the city standing in order, "each company with their ensigns in seemly sort," the array stretching up both sides of East Gate Street. This mayor's name was Charles Fitton. He delivered his speech to the king ; presented to him a "standing cup with a cover double gilt, and therein a hundred jacobins of gold ;" likewise delivered to him the city's sword, and afterward bore it before him, in the procession. But when King James proposed, in return for all these civilities, to make a knight of him, Charles Fitton sturdily refused ; which was a thing so strange for its day and generation that one is instantly possessed by a fire of curiosity to know what Charles Fitton's reasons could have been for such contempt of a knight's title. No doubt there is a story hanging thereby, — something to do with a lady-love, not unlikely ; and a fine ballad it would make, if one but knew it. The records, however, state only the bare fact.

Then there was, a hundred years later

than this, a man who got to be mayor of Chester by a very strange chance. He was a ribbon weaver, in a small way, kept a shop in Shoemaker's Row, and lived in a little house backing on the Falcon Inn. All of a sudden he blossomed out into a rich silk mercer ; bought a fine estate just outside the city, built a grand house, and generally assumed the airs and manners of a dignitary. As is the way of the world now, so then : people soon took him at his surface showing, forgot all about the mystery of his sudden wealth, and presently made him mayor of Chester. Afterward it came out, though never in such fashion that anything was done about it, how the mayor got his money. Just before the mysterious rise in his fortunes, a great London banking house had been robbed of a large sum of money by one of its clerks, who ran away, came to Chester, and went into hiding at the Falcon Inn. He was tracked and overtaken late one night. Hearing his pursuers on the stairs, he sprang from his bed and threw the treasure bags out of the window, plump into the ribbon weaver's back yard ; where the disappointed constables naturally never thought of looking, and went back to London much chagrined, carrying only the man, and no money. None of the money having been found on the robber, he escaped conviction, but subsequently, for another offense, was tried, convicted, and executed. I take it for granted that it must have been he who told in his last hours what he did with the money bags : for certainly no one else knew ; that is, no one else except Mr. Samuel Jarvis, the ribbon weaver, who, much astonished, had picked them up before daylight, the morning after they had been thrown into his back yard. It is certain that he kept his mouth shut, and proceeded to turn the money to the best possible account in the shortest possible time. But an evil fate seemed to attach to the dishonestly gotten riches ;

Jarvis dying without issue, his estate all went to a man named Doe, "a gardener, at Greg's Pit," whose sons and grandsons spent the last penny of it in riotous living. So there is now "nothing to show for" that money, for the stealing of which one man was tried for his life, and another man made mayor of Chester; which would all come in capitally in a ballad, if a ballad-monger chose.

Of the famous Chester Rows, nobody has ever yet contrived to give a description intelligible to one who had not seen them. The more familiarly they are known, the more fantastic and bewildering they seem, and the less one is sure how to speak of them. Whether it is that the sidewalk goes up-stairs, or the front second-story bed-room comes down into the street; whether the street itself be in the basement or the cellar, or the sidewalk be on the roofs of the houses; where any one of them all begins or leaves off, it would be a courageous narrator that tried to explain. They appear to have been as much of a puzzle two hundred years ago as to-day; for the devout old chronicler of the *Vale-Royale*, essaying to describe them, wrote the following paragraph, which, delicious as it is to those who know Chester, I think must be a stumbling-block and foolishness to those who do not. He says there is "a singular property of praise to this city, whereof I know not the like of any other: there be towards the street fair rooms, both for shops and dwelling-houses, to which there is rather a descent than an equal height with the floor or pavement of the street. Yet the principal dwelling-houses and shops for the chiefest Trades are mounted a story higher, and before the Doors and Entries a continued Row, on either side the street, for people to pass to and fro all along the said houses, out of all annoyance of Rain, or other foul weather, with stairs fairly built, and neatly maintained to step down out of those

Rowes into the open streets: almost at every second house: and the said Rowes built over the head with such of the Chambers and Rooms for the most part as are the best rooms in every one of the said houses.

"It approves itself to be of most excellent use, both for dry and easy passage of all sorts of people upon their necessary occasions, as also for the sending away, of all or the most Passengers on foot from the passage of the street, amongst laden and empty Carts, loaden and travelling Horses, lumbering Coaches, Beer Carts, Beasts, Sheep, Swine, and all annoyances, which what a confused trouble it makes in other cities, especially where great stirring is, there's none that can be ignorant."

He also suggests another advantage of this arrangement, which seems by no means unlikely to have been part of its original reason for being, namely, that "when the enemy entered they might avoid the danger of the Horsemen, and might annoy the Enemies as they passed through the Streets." Probably in this writer's day the marvel of the construction of the Rows was even greater than it is now; in many instances the first story was excavated out of solid rock, so you began by going down-stairs at the outset. These first stories of the ancient Cestrians are beneath the cellars of the Rows to-day; and every now and then, in deepening a vault or cellarway, workmen come on old Roman altars, built there by the "Legyons" of Julius or Claudius Cæsar, dedicated to "Nymphs and Fountains," or other genii of the day; baths, too, with their pillars and perforated tiles still in place, as they were in the days when cleanly and luxurious Roman soldiers took Turkish baths there, after hot victories. Knowing about these lower strata adds a weird charm to the fascination of strolling along in the balconies above, looking in, now at a jeweler's window, now at a smart haberdashery shop, now at some

neat housekeeper's bedroom window, now into a mysterious chink-like passage-way winding off into the heart of the building; and then, perhaps, presto! descending a staircase, a few feet, to another tier of similar shop windows, domiciles, garret alleys, and dormer-window bazars; and the next thing, plump down again, ten feet or so more, into the very street itself. Indeed are they, as the Vale-Royale says, "a singular property of praise to this city, whereof I know not the like of any other."

One manifest use and enjoyment of this medley of in and out, up and down, above and below, balconies, basements, attics, dormer windows, gables, and casements, the old chronicler failed to mention, but there can never have been a day or a generation which has not discovered it, and that is the convenient overlooking of all that goes on in the street below. What rare and comfortable nooks for the spying on processions, and all manner of shows and spectacles! To sit snug in one's best chamber, ten feet above the street, ten feet out into it, with windows looking up and down the highway, — what vantage it must have been in the days when the Miracle Plays went wheeling along from street to street, played on double scaffolded carts; the players attiring themselves on the lower scaffold, while the play was progressing on the upper! They began to do this in Chester in the year of our Lord 1268. There were generally in use at one time, twenty-four of the wheeled stages: as soon as one play was over, its stage was wheeled along to the next street, and another took its place. The plays were called Mysteries, and were devised for the giving of instruction in the Old and New Testament, which had been so long sealed books to the people. Luther gave them his sanction, saying, "Such spectacles often do more good and produce more impression than sermons."

The old chronicles are full of quaint

and interesting entries in regard to these plays. The different trades and guilds of the city represented different acts in the holy dramas: —

The Barkers and Tanners, *The Fall of Lucifer*.

Drapers and Hosiers, *The Creation of the World*.

Drawers of Dee and Water Leaders, *Noe and his Shippe*.

Barbers, Wax Chandlers, and Leeches, *Abraham and Isâac*.

Cappers, Wire Drawers, and Pinners, *Balak and Balaam with Moses*.

Wrights, Slaters, Tylers, Daubers, and Thatchers, *The Nativity*.

In 1574 these plays were played for the last time. There had been several attempts before to suppress them. One Chester mayor, Henry Hardware by name, being a "godly and zealous man, caused the gyauntes in the midsomer show to be broken up, not to go; and the devil in his feathers he put awaye, and the caps, and the canes, and dragon and the naked boys."

But it was reserved for another mayor, Sir John Savage, Knight, to have the honor of finally putting an end to the pageants. "Sir John Savage, knight, being Mayor of Chester, which was the laste time they were played, and we praise God, and praye that we see not the like profanation of holy Scriptures, but O, the mercie of God for the time of our ignorance!" says an old history, written in 1595.

At intervals between these pious suppressions, carnal and pleasure-loving persons made great efforts to restore the plays; and there are some very curious accounts of expenditures made in Chester, under mayors less godly than Hardware and Savage, for the rehabilitation of some of the old properties of the sacred pageants: "For finding all the materials with the workmanship of the four great giants, all to be made new, as neere as may be, lyke as they were before, at five pounds a giant, the least

that can be, and four men to carry them at two shillings and sixpence each."

These redoubtable giants, which could not be made at less than five pounds apiece, were constructed out of "hoops, deal boards, nails, pasteboards, scale-board, paper of various sorts, buckram size cloth, old sheets for their bodies, sleeves and shirts, tinsille, tinfoil, gold and silver leaf, colors of different kinds, and glue in abundance." Last, not least, came the item, "For arsknick to put into the paste to save the giants from being eaten by the rats, one shilling and fourpence."

It is at first laughable to think of a set of city fathers summing up such accounts as these for a paper baby show, but upon second thought the question occurs whether city funds are any better administered in these days. The paper giants, feathered devils, and dragons were cheaper than champagne suppers and stationery nowadays in "hede and chefe" cities.

When the Mystery Plays were finally forbidden, it seemed dull times for a while in Chester; but at last the people contrived an ingenious resuscitation of the old amusements under new names, and with new themes, to which nobody could object. They dramatized old stories, legends, histories of kings, and the like. The story of Æneas and Queen Dido was one of the first played. No doubt all the "gyauntes" and hobble-de-horses which had not been eaten up by rats and moths came in as effectively in the second dispensation as in the first. The only one of the later plays of which an account has been preserved was played in 1608, in honor of the oldest son of James I., by the sheriff of Chester, who himself wrote a flaming account of it.

He says, "Zeal produced it, love de-
vized it, boyes performed it, men be-
held it, and none but fools dispraised
it. . . . The chiefest part of this peo-
ple-pleasing spectacle consisted in three

Bees, that is, Boyes, Beastes, and Bels." Allegory, mythology, music, fireworks, and ground and lofty tumbling were jumbled together in a fine way, in the sheriff's show. Envy was on horseback with a wreath of snakes around her head; Plenty, Peace, Fame, and Joy were personated; Mercury came down from heaven with wings, in a cloud; a "wheele of fire burning very cunningly, with other fireworks, mounted the Crosse by the assistance of ropes, in the midst of heavenly melody;" and, to top off with, a grotesque figure climbed up to the top of the Crosse, and stood on his head, with his feet in the air, "very dangerously and wonderfully to the view of the beholders, and casting fireworks very delightfull."

Truly, the sheriff's language seems hardly too strong, when he says that none but fools dispraised his spectacle.

These secular shows never attained the popularity of the old Mystery Plays. That mysterious halo of attraction which always invests the forbidden undoubtedly heightened the reputed charm of the never-more-to-be-seen sacred pageants, and led people to continually depreciate the value of all entertainments offered as substitutes for them. Probably in the midst of the heavenly melodies and "fireworks very delightfull," at the sheriff's grand show, old men went about shaking their heads regretfully, and saying, "Ah, but you should have seen the gyaunts we used to have forty years ago, and the way they played the Fall of Lucifer in 1574; there's never been anything like it since;" and immediately all the young people who had never seen a Miracle Play began to be full of dissatisfied wonder as to what they were like.

But what the shows and pageants lacked in the early days of the seventeenth century, grand processions went a long way towards making up. It is evident that Chester people never missed an occasion for turning out in fine array,

and there being always somebody who took the trouble to write a full account of the parade, we of to-day know almost as much about it as if we had been on the spot. The old chronicles in the Chester public library are running over with quaint and gay stories of such doings as the following: "Came to Chester, being Saturday, the Duchess of Tremoyle, from France, mother-in-law to the Lord Strange: and all the Gentry of Cheshire, Flintshier, and Denbighshier went to meet her at Hoole's Heath, with the Earl of Derby; being at least six hundred horse. All the Gentle Men of the artelery yard lately erected in Chester, met her in Cow Lane, in very stately manner, all with greate white and blew fethers, and went before her chariot, in march, to the Bishop's Pallas, and making a yard, let her thro the midst, and then gave her three volleys of shot, and so returned to their yard. . . . So many knights, esquires, and Gentle Men never were in Chester, no, not to meet King James when he went to Chester."

This Cow Lane is now called Frodsham Street; and on one of its corners is the building in which William Penn, in his day, preached more than once, setting forth doctrines which the Duchess of Tremoyle would have much disrelished in her day, as would also the artelery Gentle Men with their greate white and blew fethers. King James himself is said to have once dropped in at this Quaker meeting-house, when Penn was preaching, and to have sat, attentive, through the entire discourse.

And so we come down through the centuries, from the pasteboard gyaunt and glued dragon, winged Mercury with fire-wheel, Duchess of Tremoyle with her plumed horsemen, to the grim but gentle Quaker, holding feathers pernicious, plays deadly, and permitting to the people nothing but plain yea and nay. Of all this, and worlds more like it, and gayer and wilder, — sadder, too, — is the Chester air so brimful that, as

I said in the beginning, it seems perpetually to go lilting about one's ears.

Leaving the library, with its quaint and fascinating old records, and turning aside at intervals from the more ancient landmarks of the streets to observe the ways and conditions of the Cestrians now, the traveler is no less repaid. Every rod of the sidewalk is a study for its present as well as for its past. The venders are a guild by themselves, as much to-day as they were in the sixteenth century. They build up their stuffs, their old chairs, chests, brooms, crockery, and tinware, in stacks of confusion, in shelf-like balconies, on beams hanging overhead and in corners and nooks underfoot, all along the most ancient of the Rows. It is a piece of good luck to walk past half a dozen doors there without jostling something on the right or left, and bringing down a clattering pile on one's heels. From shadowy recesses, men and women eager for trade dart out, eying the stranger sharply. They are connoisseurs in customers, if in nothing else, the Cestrian dealers of to-day. They know at a glance who will give ten shillings and sixpence for a cream jug without any nose and with a big crack in one side, on the bare chance of its being old Welsh. There is much excuse for their spreading out their goods over the highway, as they do, for the shops themselves are closets, — six by eight, eight by ten; ten by twelve is a spacious mart, in comparison with the average. Deprived of the outside nooks between the pillars of the arcade, the dealers would be sorely put to it for room. It is becoming, however, a disputed question, whether the renting of these shops includes any right to the covered ways in front of them; and there is great anxiety among the inhabitants of the more dilapidated portions of the Rows in consequence.

"There's a deespute with the corporation, mem, as to whether we hown the stalls or not," said an energetic furni-

ture-wife (if fish-wife, why not furniture-wife?) to me one day, as I was laughingly steering a cautious passage among her shaky pyramids of fourth or twentieth hand furniture. "It's lasted a while now, an' they've not forced us to give 'em hup as yet; but I'm afeard they may bring it about," she added, with the dogged humility of her class. "They've everything their own way, the corporation."

It is worth while to take a turn down some of the crevice-like alleys in these Rows, and see where the people live; see also where the nobility gets part of its wherewithal to eat, drink, and be clothed.

Often there is to be seen at the far end of these crevices a point of sunlight; like the gleaming point of light seen ahead, in going through a rayless tunnel. This betokens a tiny court-yard in the rear. These court-yards are always well worth seeing. They are paved, sometimes with tiles evidently hundreds of years old. The different properties of the dozens of families living in tenements opening on the court are arranged around its sides, apparently each family keeping scrupulously to its own little hand's-breadth of room; frequently a tiny flower-bed, or a single plant in a pot, gives a gleam of cheer to the place. In such a court-yard as this, I found, one morning, a yellow-haired, blue-eyed little maid, scrubbing away for dear life, with a broom and soap-suds, on the old tiles. She was not over nine years old; her bare legs and feet were pink and chubby, and she had a smile like a sunbeam.

"I saw the sun shining in here so brightly, that I walked up the alley to see how it got in," I said to her.

"Yes, mem," she said, with a courtesy. "It do shine in here beautiful," and she looked up at the sky, smiling.

"Have you lived here long?" I asked.

"About nine months, mem. I'm only in service, mem," she continued with a deprecating courtesy, modestly

anxious to disclaim the honor of having any proprietary right in the place.

"We've five rooms, mem," she went on. "It's a very nice lodging, if you'd like to see it;" and she threw open a door into an infinitesimal parlor, out of which opened a still smaller dining-room, lighted only by a window in the parlor door. There were two bedrooms above, reached by a nearly upright stairway, not over two feet wide. The fifth room was a "beautiful washroom," which the little maiden exhibited with even more pride than she had shown the parlor. "It's three families has it together, mem," she explained. "It's a great thing to get a washroom. And we've a coal-hole, too, mem," she said eagerly; "you passed it, coming up," and she stepped a few paces down the alley and threw open a door into a rayless place, possibly five by seven feet in size. "It used to be a bedroom, mem, to the opposite house; but it's empty now, so we gets it for coal." I could not take my eyes from the child's face, as she prattled and pattered along. She looked like an angel. Her face shone with loyalty, pride, and happiness. I envied the poverty-stricken dwellers in this court their barefooted handmaiden, and would have taken her then and there, if I could, into my own service for her lifetime. As we stood talking, another door opened, and a grizzled old head popped out.

"Good-morning, mem," said the child, cheerily, making the same respectful courtesy she had made to me. "I'm just showin' the lady what nice lodgin's we've 'ere in the court."

"Humph," said the old woman gruffly, as she tottered out, leaving her door wide open, "they're nothin' to boast of."

Her own lodging certainly was not. It was literally little more than a chamber in the wall: it had no window, except one small square pane above the door. You could hardly stand upright

in it, and not much more than turn around. The walls were hung full: household utensils, clothes, even her two or three books, were hung up by strings; there being only room for one tiny table, besides the stove. In one corner stood a step-ladder, which led up through a hole in the ceiling to the cranny overhead in which she slept. This was all the old woman had. She lived here alone, and she paid to the Duke of Westminster two shillings and sixpence a week for the rent of the place. "It's dear at the rent," she said; "but it's a respectable place, an' I think a deal o' that," and she sighed.

The name of the Duke of Westminster and the value of that two and sixpence to his grace meant more to me that morning than it would have done twenty-four hours earlier; for on the previous afternoon we had visited his palace, the famous Eaton Hall. We had walked there for weary hours over marble floors, under frescoed domes, through long lines of statues, of pictures, of stained-glass windows, hangings, carvings, and rare relics and trophies innumerable. We had seen the duchess's window balcony, one waving mass of yellow musk. "Her ladyship is very fond of musk. It is always to be kept flowering at her window," we were told.

We had walked also through a glass corridor three hundred and seventy-five yards long, draped with white clematis and heliotrope on one side, and on the other banked high with geraniums, carnations, and all manner of flowers. Opening at intervals in these banks of flowers were doors into other conservatories: one was filled chiefly with rare orchids, like an enchanted aviary of humming-birds, arrested on the wing; gold and white, purple and white, brown and gold, green, snowy white, orange; some of them as large as a fleur-de-lis. Another house was filled with ferns and palms, green, luxuriant, like a bit of

tropical forest brought across seas for his grace's pleasure. The most superb sight of all was the lotus house. Cleopatra herself might have flushed with pleasure at beholding it. A deep tank, sixty feet long, and twenty wide, filled with white and blue and pink blossoms, floating, swaying, lolling on the dark water; seemingly to uphold the glass roof canopied this lotus-decked sea, rose slender columns, wreathed with thunbergia vines in full bloom, yellow, orange, and white; the glass walls of the building were set thick and high with maiden-hair and other rare ferns, interspersed at irregular intervals with solid masses of purple or white flowers. The spell of the place, of its warm, languid air, was beyond words: it was bewildering.

All this being vivid in my mind, I started at hearing his grace's name from the old woman's lips.

"So these houses belong to the Duke of Westminster, do they?" I replied.

"Yes, ee 's the 'ole o' 't," she answered; "an' a power o' money it brings 'im in, considerin' its size. 'Ee's big rents in this town. Mebbe ye've bin out t' 'is 'all? It 's a gran' sight, I'm told. I've never seen it."

I was minded then to tell about the duke's flowers. It would have been only a bit of a fairy story to the little maid, a bright spot in her still bright horizons; but I forbore, for the sake of the old woman's soul, already enough wrung and embittered by the long strain of her hard lot, and its contrast with that of her betters, without having that contrast enforced by a vivid picture of the duke's hot-houses. My own memory of them was darkened forever, — unreasonably so, perhaps; but the antithesis came too suddenly and soon for me ever to separate the pictures.

The archæologist in Chester will frequently be lured from its streets to its still more famous walls. This side Rome

there is no such piece of Roman masonry work, to be seen. Here, indeed, is the air full of ballad measures, to which one must step, if he go his way thinking at all. The four great gates, north, south, east, and west, — three kept by earls, and only one owned by the citizens; the lesser posterns, with commoner names, born of their different sorts of traffic, or the fords to which they led; the towers and turrets, fought over, lost and won, and won and lost, trod by centuries of brave fighters whose names live forever; bridgeways and arches in their own successions, of as noble lineage as any lineages of men, — of such are the walls of Chester. They surround the old city: are nearly two miles in length, and were originally of the width prescribed in the ancient Roman manual of Vitruvius, "that two armed men may pass each other without impediment." There are many places now, however, which would by no means come up to that standard; nature having usurped much space with her various growths, and time having been chipping away at them as well. In fact, on some portions of the wall, there is only a narrow grassy footpath, such as might wind around in a village churchyard. To come up by hoary stone stairs, out of the bustling street, atop of the wall, and out on such a bit of footpath as this, with an outlook over the Rood Eye meadow and off toward the region of the old Welsh castles, is a fine early-morning treat in Chester. Some of the towers are now sunk to the ignoble uses of heterogeneous museums. Old women have the keys, and for a fee admit curious people to the ancient chambers and keeps, where, after having the satisfaction of standing where kings have stood, and looking off over fields where kings' battles were fought, they can gaze at glass cases full of curiosities and relics of one sort and another, sometimes of an incredible worthlessness. In the tower known as King Charles's Tower,

from the fact of Charles the First having stood there, on the 27th of September, 1645, overlooking the to him luckless battle of Rowton Moor, is the most miscellaneous collection of odds and ends ever offered to public gaze. A very old woman keeps the key of this tower, and is herself by no means the least of the curiosities in it. She was born in Chester, and recollects well when all the space outside the old walls, which is now occupied by the modern city, was chiefly woods; she used to go, in her childhood, to play and to gather flowers in them. The fact that King Charles once looked through the window of this turret has grown, by a sort of geometrical ratio relative to the number of years she has been reiterating the statement, into a colossally disproportionate place in her mind.

"The king, mem, stood just where you're standin' now," she says over and over, in a mechanical manner, as long as you remain in the tower. I wondered if she said it all night, in her sleep; and if, if one were to spend a whole day in the tower, she would never stop saying it. She was an enthusiastic show-woman of her little store; undismayed by any amount of indifference on the part of her listeners. "Ere's a face you know mem, I dare say," producing from one corner of the glass case a cheap newspaper picture, much soiled, of General Grant. "'Ee was in this tower, last summer, and 'ee was much hinterested."

Next to General Grant's portrait came "a ring snake from Kentucky." "It's my brother, mem, brought that over: twenty years ago, ee was in Hamerica. You must undustand the puttin' of 'em hup better than we do, mem, for ere's these salamanders was only put hup two years ago, an' they've quite gone a'ready, in that time."

She had a statuette of King Charles, Cromwell's chaplain's broth bowl, a bit of a bed-quilt of Queen Anne's, a black

snake from Australia, a fine-tooth comb from Africa, a tattered fifty-cent piece of American paper currency, and a string of shell money from the South Sea Islands, all arranged in close proximity. Taking up the bit of American currency, she held it out toward us, saying, inquiringly, "Hextinct now, mem, I believe?" I think she can hardly have recovered even yet from the bewilderment into which she was thrown by our convulsive laughter and ejaculated reply, "Oh, no. Would that it were!"

In a clear day can be seen from this tower, a dozen or so miles to the south, the ruins of a castle built by Earl Randel Blundeville. He was the Earl Randel of whom Roger Lacy, constable of Cheshire in 1204, made a famous rescue, once on a time. The earl, it seems, was in a desperate strait, besieged in one of his castles by the Welsh; perhaps in this very castle. Roger Lacy, hearing of the earl's situation, forthwith made a muster of all the tramps, beggars, and rapsallions he could find: "a tumultuous rout," says the chronicle, "of loose, disorderly, and dissolute persons, players, minstrels, shoemakers and the like, and marched speedily towards the enemy." The Welsh, seeing so great a multitude coming, raised their siege and fled; and the earl, thus delivered, showed his gratitude to Constable Roger by conferring upon him perpetual authority over the loose, idle persons in Cheshire; making the office hereditary in the Lacy family. A thankless dignity, one would suppose, at best; by no means a sinecure, at any time, and during the season of the Midsummer Fairs a terrible responsibility: it being the law of the land that during those fairs the city of Chester was for the space of one month a free city of refuge for all criminals, of whatsoever degree; in token of which a glove was hung out at St. Peter's Church, on the first day of the fairs.

There is another good tale of Roger Lacy's prowess. He seems to have been a roving fighter, for he once held a castle in Normandy, for King John, against the French, "with such gallantry that after all his victuals were spent, having been besieged almost a year, and many assaults of the enemy made, but still repulsed by him, he mounts his horse, and issues out of the castle with his troop into the midst of his enemies, chusing rather to die like a soldier, than to starve to death. He slew many of the enemy, but was at last with much difficulty taken prisoner; so he and his soldiers were brought prisoners to the King of France, where, by the command of the king, Roger Lacy was to be held no strict prisoner, for his great honesty and trust in keeping the Castle so gallantly. . . . King John's letter to Roger Lacy concerning the keeping of the said castle, you may see among the Norman writings put out by Andrew du Chesne, and printed at Paris in 1619." Of all of which, if no ballad have ever been written, it is certain that songs must have been sung by minstrels at the time; and the name of the brave Roger's lady-love was well suited to minstrelsy, she being one Maud de Clare. Plain Roger Lacy and Maud de Clare! The dullest fancy takes a leap at the sound of the two names.

In the same old chronicle which gives these and many other narratives of Roger Lacy is the history of a singular, half-witted being, who was known in Vale-Royale, in the fifteenth century, as Nixon the Prophet. How much that the old records claim for him, in the way of minute and minutely fulfilled prophecies, is to be set down to the score of ignorant superstition, it is hard now to say; but there must have been some foundation in fact for the narrative. Robert Nixon was the son of a farmer in Cheshire County, and was born in the year 1467. His stupidity and ignorance were said to be "invincible." No

efforts could make him understand anything save the care of cattle, and even in this he showed at times a brutish and idiotic cruelty. He had a very rough, coarse voice, but said little, sometimes passing whole months without opening his lips to speak. He began very early to foretell events, and with an apparently preternatural accuracy. When he was a lad, he was seen, one day, to abuse an ox belonging to his brother. To a person threatening to inform his brother of this act, Robert replied that three days later his brother would not own the ox. Sure enough, on the next day a life inheritance came into the estate on which his brother was a tenant, and that very ox was taken for the "heriot bond to the new owner." One of the abbey monks having displeased him, he exclaimed, —

"When you the harrow come on high,
Soon a raven's nest will be."

The couplet was thought at the time to be simple nonsense: but as it turned out, the last abbot of that monastery was named Harrow; and when the king suppressed the monastery he gave the domain to Sir Thomas Holcroft, whose crest was a raven.

It was also one of Nixon's predictions that the two abbeys of Vale-Royale and Norton should meet on Orton bridge and the thorn growing in the abbey yard should be its door.

When the abbeys were pulled down, in the time of the Reformation, stones taken from each of them were used in rebuilding that bridge; and the thorn-tree was cut down, and placed as a barrier across the entrance to the abbey court, to keep the sheep from entering there.

The most remarkable of Nixon's predictions or revelations was at the time of the battle on Bosworth Field between Richard III. and Henry VII. On that day, as he was driving a pair of oxen, he stopped suddenly, and with his whip pointing now one way, now another,

cried aloud, "Now Richard," "Now Harry!" At last he said, "Now, Harry, get over that ditch, and you gain the day!" The plowmen with him were greatly amazed, and related to many persons what had passed. When a courier came through the country announcing the result of the battle he verified every word Nixon had said.

This courier, when he returned to court, recounted Nixon's predictions; and King Henry was so impressed by them that he at once sent orders to have him brought to the palace.

Before this messenger arrived, Nixon ran about like a madman, weeping and crying that the king was about sending for him, and that he must go to court, to be starved to death.

In a few days the royal messenger appeared. Nixon was turning the spit in his brother's kitchen. Just before the messenger came in sight, he shrieked out, "He is on the road! He is coming for me! I shall be starved!"

Lamenting loudly, he was carried away almost by force, and taken into the presence of the king, who tried him with various tests: among others, he hid a diamond ring, and commanded Nixon to find it; but all the answer he got from the cunning varlet was, "He that hideth can find." The king caused all he said to be carefully noted and put down in writing; gave him the run of the palace, and commanded that no one should molest or offend him any way.

One day, when the king was setting off on a hunt, Nixon ran to him, crying and begging to be allowed to go, too; saying that his time had come now, and he would be starved if he were left behind. To humor his whim and ease his fears, the king gave him into the especial charge and keeping of one of the chief officers of the court. The officer, in turn, to make sure that no ill befell the poor fellow, locked him up in one of his private rooms, and with his own hands carried food to him. But after a

day or two, a very urgent message from the king calling this officer suddenly away, in the haste of his departure he forgot Nixon, and left him locked up in the apartment. No one missed him or discovered him, and when at the end of three days the officer returned, Nixon was found dead — dead, as he had himself foretold, of starvation. It is a strange and pitiful story, a tale suited to its century, and could not be left out were there ever to be written a ballad-history of the Vale-Royale's olden days.

It is a question, in early mornings in Chester, whether to take a turn on the ancient walls, listening to echoes such as these from all the fair country in sight in embrace of the Dee, or to saunter through the market, and hear the shriller but no less characteristic voice of Cestrian life to-day.

Markets are always good vantage-grounds for studying the life and people of a place or region. The true traveler never feels completely at home in a town till he has been in the markets. Many times I have gathered from the chance speech of an ignorant market man or woman information I had been in search of for days. Markets are especially interesting in places where caste and class lines are strongly drawn, as in England. The market man or woman whose ancestors have been of the same following, and who has no higher ambition in life than to continue, and if possible enhance, the good will and the good name of the business, is good authority to consult on all matters within his range. There is a self-poise about him, the result of his satisfaction with his own position, which is dignified and pleasing.

On my last morning in Chester, I spent an hour or two in the markets, and encountered two good specimens of this class. One was a fair, slender girl, so unexceptionably dressed in a plain, well-cut ulster that, as I observed her in

the crowd of market-women, I supposed she was a young housekeeper, out for her early marketing: but presently, to my great astonishment, I saw her with her own hands measuring onions into a huckster-woman's basket. On drawing nearer, I discovered that she was the proprietress of a natty vegetable cart, piled full of all sorts of green stuff, which she was selling to the sellers. She could not have been more than eighteen. Her manner and speech were prompt, decisive, business-like, she wasted no words in her transactions. Her little brother held the sturdy pony's reins, and she stood by the side of the cart, ready to take orders. She said that she lived ten miles out of town; that she and her three brothers had a large market garden, of which they did all the work with their own hands, and she and this lad brought the produce to market daily.

"I make more sellin' 'olesale than sellin' standin'," she said; "an' I'm 'ome again by ten o'clock, to be at the work."

I observed that all who bought from her addressed her as "miss," and bore themselves toward her with a certain respectfulness of demeanor, showing that they considered her avocation a grade or so above their own.

A matronly woman, with pink cheeks and bright hazel eyes, had walked in from her farm, a distance of six miles, because the load of greens, eggs, poultry, and flowers was all that her small pony could draw. Beautiful moss roses she had, at "thrippence" a bunch.

"No, no, Ada, not any more," she said, in a delicious low voice, to a child by her side, who was slyly taking a rose from one of the baskets. "You've enough there. It hurts them to lie in the 'ot sun. My daughter, mem," she explained, as the little thing shrunk back, covered with confusion, and pretended to be very busy arranging the flowers on a little board laid across two

stones, behind which she was squatted, — “my daughter, mem. All the profits of the flowers they sell are their own, mem. They puts it all in the missionary box. They’d eighteen an’ six last year, mem, in all, besides what they put in the school box. Yes, mem, indeed they had.”

It struck me that this devout mother took a strange view of the meaning of the word “own,” and I did not spend so much money on Ada’s flowers as I would have done if I had thought Ada would have the spending of it herself, in her own childish way. But I bought a big bunch of red and white daisies, and another of columbines, white pinks, ivy; and poppies; and the little maid, barely ten years old, took my silver, made change, and gave me the flowers with a winsome smile and a genuine market-woman’s “Thank you, mem.”

It was a pretty scene: the open space in front of the market building, filled with baskets, bags, barrows, piles of fresh green things, chiefly of those endless cabbage species, which England so proudly enumerates when called upon to mention her vegetables; the dealers were principally women, with fresh, fair faces, rosy cheeks, and soft voices; in the outer circle, scores of tiny donkey carts, in which the vegetables had been brought. One chubby little girl, surely not more than seven, was beginning her market-woman’s training by minding the donkey, while her mother attended to trade. As she stood by the donkey’s side, her head barely reached to his ears; but he entered very cleverly into the spirit of the farce of being kept in place by such a mite, and to that end employed her busily in feeding him with handfuls of grass. If she stopped, he poked his nose into her neck and rum-

maged under her chin, till she began again. All had flowers to sell, if it were only a single bunch, or plant in a pot; and there were in the building several fine stalls entirely filled with flowers, — roses, carnations, geraniums, and wonderful pansies. Noticing, in one stall, a blossom I had never before seen, I asked the old woman who kept the stand to tell me its name. She clapped her hand to her head tragically. “’Deed, mem, it’s strange. Ye’re the second has asked me the name o’ that flower; an’ it’s gone out o’ my head. If the young lady that has the next stand was here, she’d tell ye. It was from her I got the roots: she’s a great botanist, mem, an’ a fine gardener. Could I send ye the name o’ ’t, mem? I’d be pleased to accommodate ye, an’ may be ye’d like a root or two o’ ’t. It’s a free grower. We’ve ’ad a death in the house, mem, — my little grand-child, only a few hours ill, — an’ it seems like it’ ad confused the ’ole ’ouse. We’ve not ’ad ’eart to take pains with the flowers yet.”

The old woman’s artless, garrulous words smote like a sudden bell-note echo from a far past, — an echo that never ceases, for hearts that have once known how bell notes sound when bells toll for beloved dead! The thoughts her words woke seemed to span Chester’s centuries more vividly than all the old chronicle traditions and legends, than sculptured Roman altar, or coin, or graven story in stone. The strange changes they recorded were but things of the surface, conditions of the hour. Through and past them all, life remained the same. Grief and joy do not alter shape or sort. Love and love’s losses and hurts are the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

H. H.

THE BISHOP'S VAGABOND.

THE Bishop was walking down the wide Aiken street. He was the only bishop in Aiken, and they made much of him, accordingly, though his diocese was in the West, which of course was a drawback.

He was a tall man, with a handsome, kind face under his shovel hat; portly, as a bishop should be, and having a twinkle of humor in his eye. He dressed well and soberly, in the decorous habiliments of his office. "So English," the young ladies of the Highland Park Hotel used to whisper to each other, admiring him. Perhaps this is the time to mention that the Bishop was a widower.

To-day he walked at a gentle pace, repeatedly lifting his hat in answer to a multitude of salutations; for it was a bright April day, and the street was thronged. There was the half-humorous incongruity between the people and the place always visible in a place where two thirds of the population are a mere pleasant-weather growth, dependent on the climate. Groups of Northerners stood in the red and blue and green door-ways of the gay little shops, or sauntered past them; easily distinguished by their clothing and their air of unaccustomed and dissatisfied languor. One could pick out at a glance the new-comers just up from Florida; they were so decorated with alligator-tooth jewelry, and gazed so contemptuously at the oranges and bananas in the windows. The native Southerners were equally conspicuous, in the case of the men, from their careless dress and placid demeanor. A plentiful sprinkling of black and yellow skins added to the picturesque character of the scene. Over it all hung a certain holiday air, the reason for which one presently detected to be an almost universal wearing of flowers,

— bunches of roses, clusters of violets or trailing arbutus, or twigs of yellow jasmine; while barefooted boys, with dusky faces and gleaming teeth, proffered nose-gays at every corner. The Aiken nose-gay has this peculiarity, — the flowers are wedged together with unexampled tightness. Truly enough may the little vendors boast, "Dey 's orful lots o' roses in dem, mister; you 'll fin' w'en you onties 'em." No one of the pedestrians appeared to be in a hurry; and under all the holiday air of flowers there was a pathetic disproportion of pale and weary faces.

But if they did not hurry on the sidewalk, there was plenty of motion in the street; horses in Aiken being always urged to their full speed, — which, to be sure, is not alarming. Now, carriages were whirling by and riders galloping in both directions. The riders were of every age, sex, and condition: pretty girls in jaunty riding habits, young men with polo mallets, old men and children, and grinning negroes lashing their sorry hacks with twigs. Of the carriages, it would be hard to tell which was the more noticeable, the smartness of the vehicles, or the jaded depression of the thin beasts that pulled them. Where Park and Ashland avenues meet at right angles the crowd was most dense. There, on one side, one sees the neat little post-office and the photographer's gallery, and off in the distance the white pine towers of the hotel, rising out of its green hills; on the other, the long street slowly climbs the hill, through shops and square white houses with green blinds, set back in luxuriant gardens. At this corner two persons were standing, a young man and a young woman, both watching the Bishop. The young woman was tall, handsome, and — always an attraction in Aiken —

evidently not an invalid. The erect grace of her slim figure, the soft and varying color on her cheek, the light in her beautiful brown eyes, — all were the unmistakable signs of health. The young man was a good-looking little fellow, perfectly dressed, and having an expression of indolent amusement on his delicate features. He had light yellow hair, cut closely enough to show the fine outline of his head, a slight mustache waxed at the ends, and a very fair complexion.

The young woman was speaking. "Do you see to whom my father is talking, Mr. Talboys?" said she.

"Plainly, he has picked up his vagabond."

"Demming? Yes, it *is* Demming."

"Now I wonder, do you know," said the young man, "what induces the Bishop to waste his time on such hopeless moral trash as that." He spoke in a pleasant, slow voice, with an English accent.

"It is n't hopeless to him, I suppose," she answered. Her voice also was slow, and it was singularly sweet.

"I think it must be his sense of humor," he continued. "The Bishop loves a joke, and Demming is a droll fellow. He is a sort of grim joke himself, you know, a high-toned gentleman who lives by begging. He brings his bag to the hotels every day. Of course you have heard him talk, Miss Louise. His strong card is his wife. 'Th' ole 'ooman 's nigh blin'," — here Talboys gave a very good imitation of the South Carolina local drawl — "'an' she's been so tenderly raised she cyan't live 'thout cyoffee three times a day!'"

"I have heard that identical speech," said Louise, smiling as Talboys knew she would smile over the imitation. "He gets a good deal from the Northerners, I fancy."

"Enough to enable him to be a pillar of the saloons," said Talboys. "He is a lavish soul, and treats the crowd

when he prospers in his profession. Once his money gave out before the crowd's thirst. 'Never min', gen'lemen,' says our friend, 'res' easy. I see the Bishop agwine up the street; I'll git a dollar from him. Yes, wait; I won't be gwine long.'"

"And he got the money?"

"Oh, yes. I believe he got it to buy quinine for 'th' ole 'ooman,' who was down with the break-bone fever. He is like Yorick, 'a fellow of infinite jest' — in the way of lying. He talks well, too. You ought to hear him discourse on politics. As he gets most of his revenue from the North, he is kind enough to express the friendliest sentiments. 'I wuz opposed to the wah's bein'' is his standard speech, 'an' now I'm opposed to its continneriu'.' For all that, he was a mild kind of Ku-Klux."

"He did it for money, he says," returned Louise. "The funniest thing about him is his absolute frankness after he is found out in any trick. He does n't seem to have any sense of shame, and will fairly chuckle in my father's face as he is owning up to some piece of roguery."

"You know he was in the Confederate army. Fought well, too, I'm told. What does he do when the Northerners are gone? Aiken must be a pretty bare begging ground."

"Oh, he has a wretched little cabin out in the woods," said Louise, "and a sweet-potato patch. He raises sweet-potatoes and persimmons" —

"And pigs," Talboys interrupted. "I saw some particularly lean swine grubbing about in the sand for snakes. They feed them on snakes, in the pine barrens, you know, which serves two purposes: kills the snakes and fills the pigs. Entertainment for man and beast, don't you see? By the way, talking of being entertained, I know of a fine old Southern manor-house over the bridge."

Louise shook her head incredulously.

"I have lost faith in Southern manor-houses. Ever since I came South I have sought them vainly. All the way from Atlanta I risked my life, putting my head out of the car windows, to see the plantations. At every scrubby-looking little station we passed, the conductor would say, 'Mighty nice people live heah; great deal of wealth heah before the wah!' Then I would recklessly put my head out. I expected to see the real Southern mansion of the novelists, with enormous piazzas and Corinthian pillars and beautiful avenues; and the whitewashed cabins of the negroes in the middle distance; and the planter, in a white linen suit and a wide straw hat, sitting on the piazza drinking mint juleps. Well, I don't really think I expected the planter, but I did hope for the house. Nothing of the kind. All I saw was a moderate-sized square house, with piazzas and a flat roof, all sadly in need of paint. Now, I'm like Betsey Prig: 'I don't believe there's no sich person.' It's a myth, like the good old Southern cooking."

"Oh, they do exist," said Talboys, his eyes brightening over this long speech, delivered in the softest voice in the world. "There are houses in Charleston and Beaufort and on the Lower Mississippi that suggest the novels; but, on the whole, I think the novelists have played us false. We expect to find the ruins of luxury and splendor and all that sort of thing in the South; but in point of fact there was very little luxury about Southern life. They had plenty of service, such as it was, and plenty of horses, and that was about all; their other household arrangements were painfully primitive. All the same, sha'n't we go over the bridge?"

Louise assented, and they turned and went their way in the opposite direction.

Meanwhile, the Bishop and his vagabond were talking earnestly. The vagabond seemed to belong to the class

known as "crackers." Poverty, sickness, and laziness were written in every flutter of his rags, in every uncouth curve or angle of his long, gaunt figure and sallow face. A mass of unkempt iron-gray hair fell about his sharp features, further hidden by a grizzly beard. His black frock coat had once adorned the distinguished and ample person of a Northern senator; it wrinkled dismally about Demming's bones, while its soiled gentility was a queer contrast to his nether garments of ragged butternut, his coarse boots, and an utterly disreputable hat, through a hole of which a tuft of hair had made its way, and waved plume-wise in the wind. Around the hat was wound a strip of rusty crape. The Bishop quickly noticed this woeful addition to the man's garb. He asked the reason.

"She's done gone, Bishop," answered Demming, winking his eyes hard before rubbing them with a grimy knuckle; "th' ole 'ooman's done leff' me 'lone in the worl'. It's an orful 'fliction!" He made so pitiful a figure, standing there in the sandy road, the wind fluttering his poor token of mourning, that the Bishop's kind heart was stirred.

"I am truly sorry, Demming," said he. "Isn't this very sudden?"

"Laws, yes, Bishop, powerful suddint an' onprecedented. 'Pears 's if I could n't git myself to b'lieve it, nohow. Yes'-day ev'nin' she wuz chipper's evah, out pickin' pine buds; an' this mahnin' she woked me up, an' says she, 'I reckon you'd better fix the cyoffee yo'self, Demming, I feel so cu'se,' says she. An' so I did; an' when I come to gin it ter her, oh, Lordy, oh, Lordy!—'scuse me, Bishop,—she wuz cole an' dead! Doctor cyould n't do nuthin', w'en I brung 'im. Rheumatchism o' th' heart, he says. It wuz turrible suddint, onyhow. 'Minded me o' them thar games with the thimble, you know, Bishop,—now ye see it, an' now ye don'; yes, 's quick 's thet!"

The Bishop opened his eyes at the comparison; but Demming had turned away, with a quivering lip, to bury his face in his hands, and the Bishop was reproached for his criticism of the other's *naïf* phraseology. Now, to be frank, he had approached Demming prepared to show severity, rather than sympathy, because of the cracker's last flagrant wrong-doing; but his indignation, righteous though it was, took flight before grief. Forgetting judgment in mercy, he proffered all the consolations he could summon, spiritual and material, and ended by asking Demming if he had made any preparations for the funeral.

"Thet thar 's w'at I'm yere for," replied the man mournfully. "You know jes how I'm fixed. Cyoffins cost a heap; an' then thar 's the shroud, an' I ain't got no reg'lar fun'al cloze, an' 'pears 's ef 't 'ud be a conselation t'have a kerridge or two. She wuz a bawn lady, Bishop; we're kin ter some o' the real aristocracy o' Carolina, — we are, fur a fac'; an' I'd kin' o' like ter hev her ride ter her own fun'al, onyhow."

"Then you will need money?"

"Not frum you, Bishop, not a red cent; but if you uns over thar," jerking his thumb in the direction of the white pine towers, — "if you all 'd kin' o' gin me a small sum, an' ef you'd jes start a paper, as 't were, an' al-so ef you yo'-self 'ud hev the gret kin'ness ter come out an' conduc' the fun'al obskesies, it 'ud gratify the corpse powerful. Mistress Demming 'll be entered¹ then like a bawn lady. Yes, sir, thet thar, an' no mo', 's w'at I'm emboldened ter ax frum you."

The Bishop reflected. "Demming," said he gravely, "I will try to help you. You have no objection, I suppose, to our buying the coffin and other things needed. We will pay the bills."

Demming's dejected bearing grew a shade more sombre: he waved his hand,

¹ It is supposed that Mr. Demming intended to say "interred."

a gesture very common with him, and usually denoting affable approval; now it meant gloomy assent. "No objection 't all, Bishop," he said. "I knows my weakness, though I don' feel now as ef I'd evah want ter go on no carousements no mo'. I'm 'bliged ter you uns jes the same. An' you won't forget 'bout the cloze? I've been a right good frien' to th' Norf in Aiken, an' I hope the Norf 'll stan' by me in the hour o' trubbel. Now, Bishop, I'll be gwine 'long. You 'll fin' me at the cyoffin sto'. Mose Barnwell — he 's a mighty decent cullud man — lives nigh me; he 's gwine fur ter len' me his cyart ter tek the cyoffin home. Mahnin', Bishop, an' min', I don' want money outen *you*. No, sir, I do *not*!"

Then, having waved his hand at his hat, the cracker slouched away. The Bishop had a busy morning. He went from friend to friend, until the needed sum was collected. Nor did money satisfy him: he gathered together a suit of clothes from the tallest Northerners of benevolent impulses. Talboys was too short to be a donor of clothes, but he gave more money than all the others united, — a munificence that rebuked the Bishop, for he had sought the young Boston man last of all and reluctantly; somehow, he could not feel acquainted with him, notwithstanding many meetings in many places. Moreover, he held him in slight esteem, as an idle fellow who did little good with a great fortune. In his gratitude he became expansive: told Talboys about his acquaintance with the cracker, described his experiences and perplexities, and at last invited the young man to go to the funeral, the next day. Talboys was delighted to accept the invitation; yet it could not be said that he was often delighted. But he admired the Bishop, and, even more warmly, he admired the Bishop's daughter; hence he caught at any opportunity to show his friendliness. Martin Talboys was never enthusiastic, and at times his

views of life might be called cynical; but it would be a mistake to infer, therefore, that, as is common enough, he, having a mean opinion of other people, struck a balance with a very high one of himself. In truth, Martin was too modest for his own peace of mind. For years he had contrived to meet Louise, by accident, almost everywhere she went. She traveled a good deal, and her image was relieved against a variety of backgrounds. It seemed to him fairer in each new picture. His love for the Bishop's daughter grew more and more absorbing; but at the same time he became less and less sanguine that she would ever care for him. Although he was not enthusiastic, he was quite capable of feeling deeply; and he had begun to suspect that he was capable of suffering. Yet he could not force himself to decide his fate by speaking. It was not that Louise disliked him: on the contrary, she avowed a sincere liking; she always hailed his coming with pleasure, telling him frankly that no one amused her as did he. There, alas, was the hopeless part of it; he used to say bitterly to himself that he was n't a man, a lover, to her; he was a mimic, a genteel clown, an errand boy, never out of temper with his work; in short, she did not take him seriously at all. He knew the manner of man she did take seriously, — a man of action, who had done something in the world. Once she told Talboys that he was a "capital observer." She made the remark as a compliment, but it stung him to the quick; he realized that she thought of him only as an observer. When a trifling but obstinate throat complaint brought the Bishop to Aiken, Talboys felt a great longing to win his approval. Surely, Louise, who judged all men by her father's standard, must be influenced by her father's favor. Unhappily, the Bishop had never, as the phrase goes, "taken" to Talboys, nor did he seem more inclined to take to him now, and

Martin was too modest to persist in unwelcome attentions. But he greeted the present opportunity all the more warmly.

In the morning, the three — the Bishop, Louise, and Talboys — drove to the cracker's cabin. The day was perfect, one of those Aiken days, so fair that even invalids find no complaint in their wearisome list to bring against them and can but sigh over each, "Ah, if all days might only be like this!" Hardly a cloud marred the tender blue of the sky. The air was divinely soft. They drove through the woods, and the ground was carpeted with dry pine spikes, whereon their horses' hoofs made a dull and pleasant sound. A multitude of violets grew in the little spaces among the trees. Yellow jasmine flecked the roadside shade with gold, its fragrance blending with the keen odors of the pine. If they looked up, they saw the pine tops etched upon the sky, and a solemn, ceaseless murmur beat its organ-like waves through all their talk. The Bishop had put on his clerical robes; he sat on the back seat of the carriage, a superb figure, with his noble head and imposing mien. As they rolled along, the Bishop talked. He spoke of death. He spoke not as a priest, but as a man, dwelling on the mystery of death, bringing up those speculations with which from the beginning men have striven to light the eternal darkness.

"I suppose it is the mystery," said the Bishop, "which causes the unreality of death, its perpetual surprise. Now, behind my certainty of this poor woman's death I have a lurking expectation of seeing her standing in the doorway, her old clay pipe in her mouth. I can't help it."

"Though she was a 'bawn lady,' she smoked, did she?" said Talboys. Then he felt the remark to be hopelessly below the level of the conversation, and made haste to add, "I suppose it was a consolation to her; she had a pretty hard life, I fancy."

"Awfully," said Louise. "She was nearly blind, poor woman, yet I think she did whatever work was done. I have often seen her hoeing. I believe that Demming was always good to her, though. He is a most amiable creature."

"Singular how a woman will bear any amount of laziness, actual worthlessness, indeed, in a man who is good to her," the Bishop remarked.

"Beautiful trait in her character," said Talboys. "Where should we be without it?"

"Have the Demmings never had any children?" asked Louise, who did not like the turn the talk was taking.

"Yes, one," the Bishop answered, "a little girl. She died three years ago. Demming was devotedly attached to her. He can't talk of her now without the tears coming to his eyes. He really," said the Bishop meditatively, "seemed more affected when he told me about her death than he was yesterday. She died of some kind of low fever, and was ill a long time. He used to walk up and down the little path through the woods, holding her in his arms. She would wake up in the night and cry, and he would wrap her in an old army blanket, and pace in front of the house for hours. Often the teamsters driving into town at break of day, with their loads of wood, would come on him thus, walking and talking to the child, with the little thin face on his shoulder, and the ragged blanket trailing on the ground. Ah, Demming is not altogether abandoned, he has an affectionate heart!"

Neither of his listeners made any response: Talboys, because of his slender faith in Demming; Louise, because she was thinking that if the Aiken laundresses were intrusted with her father's lawn many more times there would be nothing left to darn. They went on silently, therefore, until the Bishop said, in a low voice, "Here we are!"

The negro driver, with the agility of a country coachman, had already sprung to the ground, and was holding the carriage door open.

Before them lay a small cleared tract of land, where a pleasant greenness of young potato vines hid the sand. In the centre was a tumble-down cabin, with a mud chimney on the outside. The one window had no sash, and its rude shutter hung precariously by a single leathern hinge. The door was open, revealing that the interior was papered with newspapers. Three or four yelping curs seemed to be all the furniture.

There was nothing extraordinary in the picture; one could see fifty such cabins, in a radius of half a mile. Nor was there anything of mark in the appearance of Demming himself, dressed exactly as he was the day before, and rubbing his eyes in the doorway. But behind him! The coachman's under jaw dropped beneath the weight of a loud "'Fo' de Lawd!" The Bishop's benignant countenance was suddenly crimsoned. Talboys and Louise looked at each other, and bit their lips. It was only a woman, — a tall, thin, bent woman in a shabby print gown, with a faded sunbonnet pushed back from her gray head and a common clay pipe between her lips. Probably in her youth she had been a pretty woman, and the worn features and dim eyes still retained something engaging in their expression of timid good-will.

"Won' you all step in?" she said, advancing.

"Yes, yes," added Demming, inclining his body and waving both hands with magnificent courtesy; "alight, gentlemen, alight! I'm sorry I ain't no staggah juice to offah ye, but yo' right welcome to sweet-potatoes an' pussimmon beah, w'ich 's all" —

"Demming," said the Bishop sternly, "what does this mean? I came to bury Mrs. Demming, and — and here she is!"

"Burry me!" exclaimed the woman.
 "Why, I ain't dead!"

Demming rubbed his hands, his face wearing an indescribable expression of mingled embarrassment, contrition, and bland insinuation. "Well, yes, Bishop, yere she is, an' no mistake! Nuthin' more 'n a swond, you unnerstan'. I 'lowed ter notify you uns this mahnin', but fac' is I wuz so decomposed, fin'in' her traipsin' 'bout in the gyardin an' you all 'xpectin' a fun'al, thet I jes *hed* ter brace up; an' fac' is I braced up too much, an' ovahslep. I'm powerful sorry, an' I don't blame you uns ef you *do* feel mad!"

The Bishop flung off his robes in haste and walked to the carriage, where he bundled them in with scant regard for their crispness.

"Never heard of such a thing!" said Louise, that being her invariable formula for occasions demanding expression before she was prepared to commit herself. By this time a glimmering notion of the state of things had reached the coachman's brain, and he was in an ecstacy. Talboys thought it fitting to speak. He turned to Mrs. Demming, who was looking from one to another of the group, in a scared way.

"Were you in a swoon?" he asked.

"Oh, laws!" cried the poor woman. "Oh, Demming, what *hev* you gwine an' done now? Gentlemen, he did n't mean no harm, I'm suah!"

"You were *not*, then?" said Talboys.

"Leave her 'lone, Cunnel," Demming said quietly. "Don' yo' see she cyan't stan' no sech racket? 'Sence yo' so mighty peart 'bout it, no, she wahn't, an' thet thar's the truf. I jes done it fur ter raise money. It wuz this a way. Thet thar mahnin', w'ile I wuz a-considerin' an' a-contemplatin' right smart how I wuz evah to git a few dollars, I seen Mose Barnwell gwine 'long, — yo' know Mose Barnwell," turning in an affable, conversational way to the grinning negro, — "an' he 'd a string o' crape 'roun'

his hat 'cause he'd jes done loss' his wife, an' he wuz purportin' ter git a cyoffin. So I 'lowed I'd git a cyoffin fur him cheap. An' I reckon," said Demming, smiling graciously on his delighted black auditor, — "I reckon I done it."

"Demming," cried the Bishop, with some heat, "this exceeds patience" —

"I know, Bishop," answered the vagabond meekly, — "I know it. I wuz tempted an' I fell, as you talked 'bout in yo' sermon. It's orful how I kin do sech things!"

"And those chickens, too!" ejaculated the Bishop, with rising wrath, as new causes rushed to his remembrance. "You stole chickens, — Judge Eldridge's chickens; you who pretend to be such a staunch friend of the North" —

"Chickens!" screamed the woman. "Oh, Lordy! Oh, he nevah done thet afo'e! He'll be took to jail! Oh, Demming, how cyould ye? Stealin' chickens, jes like a low-down, no-cyount niggah!" Sobs choked her voice, and tears of fright and shame were streaming down her hollow cheeks.

Demming looked disconcerted. "Now, look a-yere!" said he, sinking his voice reproachfully; "w'at wuz the use o' bringin' thet thar up befo' th' ole 'ooman? She don' know nuthin' on it, you unnerstan', an' why mus' you rile 'er up fur? I'd not a thought it o' you, Bishop, thet I wyould n't. Now, Alwynda," turning to the weeping woman, who was wiping her eyes with the cape of her sunbonnet, "jes you dry up an' stop yo' bellerin', an' I 'splain it all in a holy minnit. Thar, thar," patting her on the shoulder, "'t ain't nuthin' ter cry 'bout; 't ain't no fault o' yourn, onyhow. 'Fac' is, gen'lemen, 't wuz all 'long o' my 'precia-tion o' the Bishop. I'm a 'Piscopal, like yo'self, Bishop, an' I tole Samson Mobley thet you overlaid all the preachers yere fur goodness an' shortness bofe. An' he 'lowed, 'Mabbe he may fur goodness; I ain't no jedge,' says he;

'but fo' shortness, we've a feller down at the Baptis' kin beat 'im outhen sight. They've jes 'gin up sleepin' down thar,' says he, 'cause tain't worth wile.' So we tried it on, you unnerstand, 'cause thet riled me, an' I jes bet on it, I did; an' we tried it on, — you in the mahnin' and him in the arternoon. An' laws, ef did n't so happen as how you'd a powerful flow o' speech! 'T wuz 'mazin' edifyin', but 't los' me the bet, you unnerstan'; an' onct los' I hed ter pay; an' not havin' ary chlick o' my own I had ter confiscate some frum th' ginerall public, an' I tuk 'em 'thout distinction o' party frum the handiest cyoop in the Baptis' dernomination. I kin' o' hanekered arter Baptis' chickuns, somehow, so 's ter git even, like. Now, Bishop, I jes leaves ter you uns, cyould I go back on a debt o' honah, like thet?"

"Honor!" repeated the Bishop scornfully.

Talboys interposed again: "We appear to be sold, Bishop; don't you think we had better get out of this before the hearse comes?"

Demming waved his hand at Talboys, saying in his smoothest tones, "Ef you meet it, Cunnel, p'raps you'd kin'ly tell 'em ter go on ter Mose Barnwell's. He's ready an' waitin'."

"Demming" — began the Bishop, but he did not finish the sentence: instead, he lifted his hat to Mrs. Demming, with his habitual stately courtesy, and moved in a slow and dignified manner to the carriage. Louise followed, only stopping to say to the still weeping woman, "He is in no danger from us; but this trick was a poor return for my father's kindness."

Demming had been rubbing his right eyebrow obliquely with his hand, thus making a shield behind which he winked at the coachman in a friendly and humorous manner; at Louise's words, his hand fell and his face changed quickly. "Don' say thet, miss," he said, a ring of real emotion in his voice. "I know I'm

purty po' pickin's, but I ain't ongreatful. Yo' par will remember I wyould n't tek no money frum *him*!"

"I would have given fifty dollars," cried the Bishop, "rather than have had this — this scandalous fraud! Drive on!"

They drove away. The last they saw of Demming he was blandly waving his hand.

The drive back from the house so unexpectedly disclosed as not a house of mourning was somewhat silent. The Bishop was the first to speak. "I shall insist upon returning every cent of that money," he said.

"I assure you none of us will take it," Talboys answered; "and really, you know, the sell was quite worth the money."

"And you did see her, after all," said Louise dryly, "standing in the doorway, with her old clay pipe in her mouth."

The Bishop smiled, but he sighed, too. "Well, well, I ought not to have lost my temper. But I am disappointed in Demming. I thought I had won his affection, and I hoped through his affection to reach his conscience. I suppose I deceived myself."

"I fear he has n't any conscience to reach," Louise observed.

"I agree with Miss Louise," said Talboys. "You see, Demming is a cracker."

"Ah! the cracker has his virtues," observed the Bishop; "not the cardinal New England virtues of thrift and cleanliness and energy; but he has his own. He is as hospitable as an Arab, brave, faithful, and honest, and full of generosity and kindness."

"All the same, he is n't half civilized," said Talboys, "and as ignorant morally as any being you can pick up. He does n't steal or lie much, I grant you, but he smashes all the other commandments to flinders. He kills when he thinks he has been insulted, and he has n't the feeblest scruples about changing his old

wife for a new one whenever he feels like it, without any nonsense of divorce. The women are just as bad as the men. But Demming is not only a cracker; he is a cracker spoiled by the tourists. We have despoiled him of his simplicity. He has n't learned any good of us, —that goes without saying, — but he has learned no end of Yankee tricks. Do you suppose that if left to himself he would ever have been up to this morning's performance? Oh, we've polished his wicked wits for him! Even his dialect is no longer pure South Carolinian; it is corrupted by Northern slang. We have ruined his religious principles, too. The crackers have n't much of any morality, but they are very religious, — all Southerners are. But Demming is an unconscious Agnostic. 'I tell ye,' he says to the saloon theologians, 'thar ain't no tellin'. 'Ligion's a heap like jumpin' a'ter a waggin in th' dark: yo' mo' 'n likely ter lan' on nuthin'!' And you have seen for yourselves that he has lost the cracker honesty."

"At least," said Louise, "he has the cracker hospitality left; he made us welcome to all he had."

"And did you notice," said the Bishop, who had quite smoothed his ruffled brow by this time, — "did you notice the consideration, tenderness almost, that he showed to his wife? Demming has his redeeming qualities, believe me, Mr. Talboys."

"I see that you don't mean to give him up," said Talboys, smiling; but he did not pursue the subject.

For several days Demming kept away from Aiken. When he did appear he rather avoided the Bishop. He bore the jokes and satirical congratulations of his companions with his usual equanimity; but he utterly declined to gratify public curiosity either at the saloon or the grocery. One morning he met the Bishop. They walked a long way together, and it was observed that they seemed to be on most cordial terms. This happened

on Tuesday. Friday morning Demming came to the Bishop in high spirits. He showed a letter from a cousin in Charleston, a very old man, with no near kindred and a comfortable property. This cousin, repenting of an old injustice to Demming's mother, had bethought him of Demming, his nearest relative; and sent for him, inclosing money to pay all expenses. "He is right feeble," said Demming, with a cheerful accent not according with his mournful words, "an' wants ter see me onct fo' he departs. Reckon he means ter do well by me."

The Bishop's hopeful soul saw a chance for the cracker's reclamation. So he spoke solemnly to him, warning him against periling his future by relapsing into his old courses in Charleston. Nothing could exceed Demming's bland humility. He filled every available pause in the exhortation with "Thet's so," and "Shoo's yo' bawn!" and answered, "I'm gwine ter be's keerful's a ole coon thet's jes got shet o' the dogs. You nevah said truer words than them thar, an' don' you forget it! I'm gwine ter buy mo' lan', an' raise hogs, an' keep th' ole 'oman like a lady. Don' ye be 'feard o' me gwine on no' mo' tears. No, sir, none o' thet in mine. 'T wuz ony 'cause I wuz so low in my min' I evah done it, onyhow. Now, I'm gwine ter be's sober's a owl!"

Notwithstanding these and similar protestations, hardly an hour was gone before Demming was the glory of the saloon, haranguing the crowd on his favorite topic, the Bishop's virtues. "High-toned gen'leman, bes' man in the worl', an' nobody's fool, neither. I'm proud to call him my frien', an' Aiken's put in its bes' licks w'en it cured him. Gen'lemen, he 'vised me ter fight shy o' you all. I reckon as how I mought be better off ef I'd allus have follered his amonitions. Walk up, gen'lemen, an' drink his health! My 'xpens'."

The sequel to such toasts may readily be imagined. By six o'clock, penniless

and tipsy, Demming was apologizing to the Bishop on the hotel piazza. He had the grace to seem ashamed of himself. "Wust o' 't is flingin' away all thet money; but I felt kinder like makin' everybody feel good, an' I set 'em up. An' 't 'appened, somehow, they wuz a right smart chance o' people in, jes thet thar minit, — they gen'rally is a right smart chance o' people in when a feller sets 'em up! an' they wuz powerful dry, — they gen'rally is dry, *then*; an' the long an' short o' 't is, they cleaned me out. An' now, Bishop, I jes feel nashuated with myself. Suah 's yo' bawn, Bishop, I 'm gwine ter reform. 'Stop short, an' nevah go on again,' like thet thar clock in the song. I am, fur a fac', sir. I 'm repentin' to a s'prisin' extent."

"I certainly should be surprised if you *were* repentant," the Bishop said dryly; then, after a pause, "Well, Demming, I will help you this once again. I will buy you a ticket to Charleston."

Some one had come up to the couple unperceived; this person spoke quickly: "Please let me do that, Bishop. Demming has afforded me enough entertainment for that."

"You don' think no gret shakes o' me, do you, Cunnel?" said Demming, looking at Talboys half humorously, yet with a shade of something else in his expression. "You poke fun at me all the time. Well, pleases you, an' don' hurt me, I reckon. Mahnin', Bishop; mahnin', Cunnel. I'll be at th' deppo." He waved his hand and shambled away. Both men looked after him.

"I will see that he gets off," said Talboys. "I leave Aiken, myself, in the morning."

"Leave Aiken?" the Bishop repeated. "But you will return?"

"I don't expect to."

"Why, I am sorry to hear that, Mr. Talboys, — truly sorry." The Bishop took the young man's hand and pressed it. "I am just beginning to know you;

I may say, to like you, if you will permit the expression. Won't you walk in with me now, and say good-by to my daughter?"

"Thanks, very much, but I have already made my adieux to Miss Louise."

"Ah, yes, certainly," said the Bishop, absently.

He was an absorbed clergyman; but he had sharp enough eyes, did he choose to use them; and Talboys' reddening cheeks told him a great deal. It cannot be said that he was sorry because his daughter had not looked kindly on this worldly and cynical young man's affection; but he was certainly sorry for the young man himself, and his parting grasp of the hand was warmer than it would have been but for that fleeting blush.

"Poor fellow, poor fellow!" soliloquized the Bishop, when, after a few cordial words, they had parted. "He looks as though it had hurt him. I suppose that is the way we all take it. Well, time cures us: but it would scarcely do to tell him that, or how much harder it is to win a woman, find how precious she is, and then to lose her. Ah, well, time helps even that. 'For the strong years conquer us.'"

But he sighed as he went back to his daughter, and he did not see the beautiful Miss Reynolds when she bowed to him, although she was smiling her sweetest and brightest smile.

Louise sat in her room. Its windows opened upon the piazza, and she had witnessed the interview. She did not waver in her conviction that she had done right. She could not wisely marry a man whom she did not respect, let his charm of manner and temper be what it might. She needed a man who was manly, who could rule other men; besides, how could she make up her mind to walk through life with a husband hardly above her shoulder? Still, she conceded to herself that, had Talboys compelled one thrill of admiration from

her by any mental or moral height, she would not have caviled at his short stature. But there was something ridiculous in the idea of Talboys thrilling anybody. For one thing, he took everything too lightly. Suddenly, with the sharpness of a new sensation, she remembered that he had not seemed to take the morning's episode lightly. Poor Martin! — for the first time, even in her reveries, she called him by his Christian name, — there was an uncomfortable deal of feeling in his few words. Yet he was considerate; he made it as easy as possible for her.

Martin was always considerate; he never jarred on her; possibly, the master mind might jar, being so masterful. He was always kind, too; continually scattering pleasures about in his quiet fashion. Such a quiet fashion it was that few people noticed how persistent was the kindness. Now a hundred instances rushed to her mind. All at once, recalling something, she blushed hotly. That morning, just as Talboys and she were turning from the place where he had asked and she had answered, she caught a glimpse of Demming's head through the leaves. He had turned, also, and he made a feint of passing them, as though he were but that instant walking by. The action had a touch of delicacy in it; a Northerner of Demming's class would not have shown it. Louise felt grateful to the vagabond; at the same time, it was hardly pleasant to know that he was as wise as she in Talboys' heart affairs. As for Talboys himself, he had not so much as seen Demming; he had been too much occupied with his own bitter thoughts. Again Louise murmured, "Poor Martin!" What was the need, though, that her own heart should be like lead? Almost impatiently, she rose and sought her father.

The Bishop, after deliberation, had decided to accompany Demming to Charleston. He excused his interest in

the man so elaborately and plausibly that his daughter was reminded of Talboys.

Saturday morning all three — the Bishop, the vagabond, and Talboys — started for Charleston. Talboys, however, did not know that the Bishop was going. He bought Demming's ticket, saw him safely to a seat, and went into the smoking-car. The Bishop was late, but the conductor, with true Southern good-nature, backed the train and took him aboard. He seated himself in front of Demming, and began to wipe his heated brow.

"Why do they want to have a fire in the stove this weather?" said he.

"Well," said the cracker slyly, "you see we hain't all been runnin', an' we're kinder chilly!"

"Humph!" said the Bishop. After this there was silence. The train rolled along; through the pine woods, past small stations where rose-trees brightened trim white cottages, then into the swamp lands, where the moisture painted the bark of tall trees, and lay in shiny green patches among them. The Southern moss dripping from the giant branches shrouded them in a weird drapery, soft as mist. There was something dreary and painful to a Northern eye, in the scene; the tall and shrouded trees, the stagnant pools of water gleaming among them, the vivid green patches of moss, the barren stretches of sand. The very beauty in it all seemed the unnatural glory of decay, repelling the beholder. Here and there were cabins. One could not look at them without wondering whether the inhabitants had the ague, or its South Carolina synonym, the "break-bone fever." At one, a bent old woman was washing. She lifted her head, and Demming waved his hat at her. Then he glanced at the Bishop, now busy with a paper, and chuckled over some recollection. He looked out again. There was a man running along the side of the road waving a red flag.

He called out a few words, which the wind of the train tore to pieces. At the same instant, the whistle of the engine began a shrill outcry. "Sunthin's bust, I reckon," said Demming. And then, before he could see, or know, or understand, a tremendous crash drowned his senses, and in one awful moment blended shivering glass and surging roof and white faces like a horrible kaleidoscope.

The first thing he noticed, when he came to himself, was a thin ribbon of smoke. He watched it lazily, while it melted into the blue sky, and another ribbon took its place. But presently the pain in his leg aroused him. He perceived that the car was lying on one side, making the other side into a roof, and one open window was opposite his eyes. At the other end the car was hardly more than a mass of broken seats and crushed sides, but it was almost intact where he lay. He saw that the stove had charred the wood-work near it; hence the smoke, which escaped through a crack and floated above him. The few people in the car were climbing out of the windows as best they might. A pair of grimy arms reached down to Demming, and he heard the brakeman's voice (he knew Jim Herndon, the brakeman, well) shouting profanely for the "next."

"Whar's the Bishop?" said Demming.

"Reckon he's out," answered Jim. "Mought as well come yo'self! H——! you've broke yo' leg!"

"Pull away, jes the same. I don't wanter stay yere an' roast!"

The brakeman pulled him through the window. Demming shut his teeth hard; only the fear of death could have made him bear the agony every motion gave him.

The brakeman drew him to one side before he left him. Demming could see the wreck plainly. A freight train had been thrown from the track, and the passenger train had run into it while going

at full speed. "The brakes would n't work," Demming heard Jim say. Now the sight was a sorry one: a heap of rubbish which had been a freight car; the passenger engine sprawling on one side, in the swamp, like a huge black beetle; and, near it, the two foremost cars of its train overturned and shattered. The people of both trains were gathered about the wreck, helplessly talking, as is the manner of people in an accident. They were, most of them, on the other side of the track. No one had been killed; but some were wounded, and were stretched in a ghastly row on car cushions. The few women and children in the train were collected about the wounded.

"Is the last man out?" shouted the conductor.

Jim answered, "Yes, all out — no, d—— it! I see a coat tail down here."

"Look at the fire!" screamed a woman. "Oh, God help him! The car's afire!"

"He's gone up, whoever he is," muttered Jim. "They ain't an axe nor nuthin' on board, an' he's wedged in fast. But come on, boys! I'll drop in onct mo'!"

"You go with him," another man said. "Here, you fellows, I can run fastest; I'll go to the cabin for an axe. Some of you follow me for some water!"

Demming saw the speaker for an instant, — an erect little figure in a foppish gray suit, with a "cat's eye" gleaming from his blue cravat. One instant he stood on the piece of timber upon which he had jumped; the next he had flung off his coat, and was speeding down the road like a hare.

"D—— ef 't ain't the Cunnel," said Demming.

"Come on!" shouted Talboys, never slackening his speed. "Hurry!"

The men went. Demming, weak with pain, was content to look across the gap between the trains and watch those

left behind. The smoke was growing denser now, and tongues of flame shot out between the joints of wood. They said the man was at the other end. Happily, the wind blew the fire from him. Jim and two other men climbed in, again. Demming could hear them swearing and shouting. He looked anxiously about, seeking a familiar figure which he could not find. He thought it the voice of his own fears, that cry from within the car. "Good God, it's the Bishop!" But immediately Jim thrust his head out of the window, and called, "The Bishop's in hyar! Under the cyar seats! He ain't hurt, but we cyant move the infernal things ter get him out!"

"Oh, Lordy!" groaned the vagabond; "an' I'm so broke up I cyant liff a han' ter help him!"

In desperation, the men outside tried to batter down the car walls with a broken tree limb. Inside, they strained feverishly at the heavy timbers. Vain efforts all, at which the crackling flames, crawling always nearer, seemed to mock.

Demming could hear the talk, the pitying comments, the praise of the Bishop: "Such a good man!" "His poor daughter, the only child, and her mother dead!" "They were so fond of each other, poor thing, poor thing!" And a soft voice added, "Let us pray!"

"Prayin'," muttered Demming, "jes like wimmen! Laws, they don't know no better. How 'll I git ter him?"

He began to crawl to the car, dragging his shattered leg behind him, reckless of the throbs of pain it sent through his nerves. "Ef I kin ony stan' it till I git ter him!" he moaned. "Burnin' alive's harder nor this." He felt the hot smoke on his face; he heard the snapping and roaring of the fire; he saw the men about the car pull out Jim and his companions, and perceived that their faces were blackened.

"It 'll cotch me, suah's death!" said Demming between his teeth. "Well, 't ain't inuch mattah!" Mustering all his

strength he pulled himself up to the car window below that from which Jim had just emerged. The crowd, occupied with the helpless rescuers, had not observed him before. They shouted at him as one man: "Get down, it's too late!" "You're crazy, you ——!" yelled Jim, with an oath.

"Never you min'," Demming answered coolly. "I know what I'm 'bout, I reckon."

He had taken his revolver from his breast, and was searching through his pockets. He soon pulled out what he sought, merely a piece of stout twine; and the crowd saw him, sitting astride the trucks, while he tied the string about the handle of the weapon. Then he leaned over the prison walls, and looked down upon the Bishop. Under the mass of wood and iron the Bishop lay, unhurt but securely imprisoned; yet he had never advanced to the cancel rails with a calmer face than that he lifted to his friend.

"Demming," he cried, "you here! Go back, I implore you! You can't save me."

"I know thet, Bishop," groaned the cracker. "I ain't tryin' ter. But I cyan't let you roast in this yere d—— barbecue! Look a yere!" He lowered the revolver through the window. "Thar's a pistil, an' w'en th' fire cotches onter you an' yo' gwine suah's shootin', then put it ter yo' head an' pull the trigger, an' yo' 'll be outen it all!"

The Bishop's firm pale face grew paler as he answered, "Don't tempt me, Demming! Whatever God sends I must bear. I can't do it!" Demming paused. He looked steadily at the Bishop for a second; then he raised the revolver, with a little quiver of his mouth. "And go away, for God's sake, my poor friend! Bear my love to my dear, dear daughter; tell her that she has always been a blessing and a joy to me. And remember what I have said to you, yourself. It will be worth dying for

if you will do that ; it will, indeed. It is only a short pain, and then heaven ! Now go, Demming. God bless and keep you. Go ! ”

But Demming did not move. “ Don’ you want ter say a prayer, Bishop ? ” he said in a coaxing tone, — “ jes a little mite o’ one fur you an’ me ? Ye don’ need ter min’ ’bout sayin’ ’t loud. I’ll unnerstan’ th’ intention, an’ feel jes so edified. I will, fur a fac.”

“ Go, first, Demming. I am afraid for you ! ”

“ I’m a-gwine, Bishop,” said Demming, in the same soft, coaxing tone. “ Don’ min’ *me*. I’m all right.” He crouched down lower, so that the Bishop could not see him, and the group below saw him rest the muzzle of the pistol on the window-sill and take aim.

A gasp ran through the crowd, — that catching of the breath in which overtaxed feeling relieves itself. “ He ’s doin’ the las’ kindness he can to him,” said the brakeman to the conductor, “ and by the Lord, he’s giv’ his own life to do it ! ”

The flames had pierced the roof, and streamed up to the sky. Through the sickening, dull roar they heard the Bishop’s voice again : —

“ Demming, are you gone ? ”

The cracker struck a loose piece of wood, and sent it clattering down. “ Yes, Bishop, that wuz me. I’m safe on th’ groun’. Good-by, Bishop. I do feel ’bleeged ter you ; an’, Bishop, them chickens *wuz* the fust time. They wuz, on my honah. Now, Bishop, shet yo’ eyes an’ pray, fur it’s a-comin’ ! ”

The Bishop prayed. They could not hear what he said, below. No one heard save the uncouth being who clung to the window, revolver in hand, steadily dying the creeping red death. But they knew that, out of sight, a man who had smiled on them, full of life and hope, but an hour ago was facing such torture as had tried the martyr’s courage, and facing it with as high a faith.

With one accord men and women bent their heads. Jim, the brakeman, alone remained standing, his form erect, his eyes fixed on the two iron lines that made an angle away in the horizon. “ Come on ! ” he yelled, leaping wildly into the air. “ Fo’ the Lord’s sake, hurry ! D—— him, but he ’s the bulliest runner ! ”

Then they all saw a man flying down the track, axe in hand. He ran up to the car side. He began to climb. A dozen hands caught him. “ You’re a dead man if you get in there ! ” was the cry. “ Don’t you see it’s all afire ? ”

“ Try it from the outside, Colonel ! ” said the conductor.

“ Don’t you see I have n’t time ? ” cried Talboys. “ He’ll be dead before we can get to him. Stand back, my men, and, Jim, be ready to pull us both out ! ”

The steady tones and Talboys’ business-like air had an instantaneous effect. The crowd were willing enough to be led ; they fell back, and Talboys dropped through the window. To those outside the whole car seemed in a blaze, and over them the smoke hung like a pall ; but through the crackling and roaring and the crash of falling timber came the clear ring of axe blows, and Talboys’ voice shouting, “ I say, my man, don’t lose heart ! We’re bound to get you out ! ”

“ Lordy, he don’t know who ’t is,” said Demming. “ Nobody could see through that thar smoke ! ”

All at once the uninjured side of the car gave way beneath the flames, falling in with an immense crash. The flame leaped into the air.

“ They’re gone ! ” cried the conductor.

“ No, they’re not ! ” yelled Demming. “ He’s got him, safe an’ soun’ ! ” And as he spoke, scorched and covered with dust, bleeding from a cut on his cheek but holding the Bishop in his arms, Talboys appeared at the window. Jim

snatched the Bishop, the conductor helped out Talboys, and half a dozen hands laid hold of Demming. He heard the wild cheer that greeted them; he heard another cheer for the men with the water, just in sight; but he heard no more, for as they pulled him down a dozen fiery pincers seemed tearing at his leg, and he fainted dead away.

The Bishop's daughter sat in her room, making a very pretty picture, with her white hands clasped on her knee and her soft eyes uplifted. She looked sad enough to please a pre-Raphaelite of sentiment. Yet her father, whom this morning she would have declared she loved better than any one in the world, had just been saved from a frightful death. She knew the story of his deliverance. At last she felt that most unexpected thrill of admiration for Talboys; but Talboys had vanished. He was gone, it was all ended, and she owned to herself that she was wretched. Her father was with Demming and the doctors. The poor vagabond must hobble through life on one leg, henceforward. "If he lived," the doctor had said, making even his existence as a cripple problematic. Poor Demming, who had flung away his life to save her father from suffering, — a needless, useless sacrifice, as it proved, but touching Louise the more because of its very failure!

At this stage in her thoughts, she heard Sam, the waiter, knocking softly, outside. Her first question was about Demming. "The operation's ovah, miss, an' Mr. Demming he's sinkin'," answered Sam, giving the sick man a title he had never accorded him before, "an' he axes if you'd be so kin' 's to step in an' speak to him; he's powerful anxious to see you."

Silently Louise rose and followed the mulatto. They had carried Demming to the hotel: it was the nearest place, and the Bishop wished it. His wife had

been sent for, and was with him. Her timid, tear-stained face was the first object that met Louise's eye. She sat in a rocking-chair close to the bed, and, by sheer force of habit, was unconsciously rocking to and fro, while she brushed the tears from her eyes. Demming's white face and tangle of iron-gray hair lay on the pillow near her.

He smiled feebly, seeing Louise. She did not know anything better to do than to take his hand, the tears brightening her soft eyes. "Laws," said Demming, "don' do thet. I ain't wuth it. Look a yere, I got sun'thin' ter say ter you. An' you must n't min', 'cause I mean well. You know 'bout — yes'day mahn-in'. Mabbe you done what you done not knowin' yo' own min', — laws, thet's jes girls, — an' I wants you ter know jes what kin' o' feller he is. You know he saved yo' pa, but you don' know, mabbe, thet he did n't know 't was the Bishop till he'd jump down in thet thar flamin' pit o' hell, as 't were, an' fished him out. He done it jes 'cause he 'd thet pluck in him, an' — don' you go fer ter chippin' in, Cunnel. I'm a dyin' man, an' don' you forget it! Thar he is, miss, hidin' like behin' the bed."

Louise during this speech had grown red to the roots of her hair. She looked up into Talboys' face. He had stepped forward. His usual composure had quite left him, so that he made a pitiful picture of embarrassment, not helped by crumpled linen and a borrowed coat a world too large for him. "It's just a whim of his," he whispered hurriedly; "he wanted me to stay. I did n't know — I did n't understand! For God's sake, don't suppose I meant to take such an advantage of the situation! I am going directly. I shall leave Aiken to-night."

It was only the strain on her nerves, but Louise felt the oddest desire to laugh. The elegant Martin cut such a very droll figure as a hero. Then her eye fell on Demming's eager face, and a sud-

den revulsion of feeling, a sudden keen realization of the tragedy that Martin had averted, brought the tears back to her eyes. Her beautiful head dropped. "Why do you go — now?" said she.

"Hev you uns made it up, yet?" murmured Demming's faint voice.

"Yes," Talboys answered, "I think we have, and — I thank you, Demming." The vagabond waved his hand with a feeble assumption of his familiar gesture. "Yo' a square man, Cunnel. I allus set a heap by you, though I did n't let on. An' she's a right peart young lady. I'm glad yo' gwine ter be so happy. Laws, I kind o' wish I wuz to see it, even on a wooden leg" — The woman at his side began to sob. "Thar, thar, Alwynda, don' take on so; cyan't be helped. You mus' 'scuse her, gen'lemen; she so petted on me she jes cyan't hole in!"

"Demming," said the Bishop, "my poor friend, the time is short; is there anything you want me to do?" Demming's dull eyes sparkled with a glimmer of the old humor.

"Well, Bishop, ef you don' min', I'd like you ter conduc' the fun'al services. Reckon they 'll be a genuwine co'pse this yere time, fo' suah. An', Bishop, you 'll kind o' look a'ter Alwynda; see she gets her coffee an' terbacco all right. An' I wants ter 'sure you all again thet them thar chickens wuz the fust an' ony thing I evah laid han's on t' want mine. Thet's the solemn truf; ain't it, Alwynda?"

The poor woman could only rock herself in the chair, and sob, "Yes, 't is. An' he's been a good husband to me. I've allus hed the bes' uv everything! Oh, Lordy, 'pears 's though I cyan't bear it, nohow!"

Louise put her hand gently on the thin shoulder, saying, "I will see that she never wants anything we can give,

Demming; and we will try to comfort her."

The cracker looked wistfully from her fresh, young face to the worn face below. "She wuz 's peart an' purty's you, miss, w'en I fust struck up with 'er," said he slowly. "Our little gal wuz her very image. Alwynda," in a singularly soft, almost diffident tone, "don' take on so; mabbe I'm gwine fer ter see 'er again. 'T won't do no harm ter think so, onyhow," he added, with a glance at Talboys, as though sure there of comprehension.

Then the Bishop spoke, solemnly, though with sympathy, urging the dying man, whose worldly affairs were settled, to repent of his sins and prepare for eternity. "Shall I pray for you, Demming?" he said in conclusion.

"Jes as you please, Bishop," answered Demming, and he tried to wave his hand. "I ain't noways partickler. I reckon God a'mighty knows I'd be th' same ole Demming ef I could get up, an' I don' mean ter make no purtenses. But mabbe it 'll cheer up th' ole 'ooman a bit. So you begin, an' I 'll bring in an Amen whenever it's wanted!"

So speaking, Demming closed his eyes wearily, and the Bishop knelt by the bedside. Talboys and Louise left them, thus. After a while, the wife stretched forth her toil-worn hand and took her husband's. She thought she was aware of a weak pressure. But when the prayer ended there came no Amen. Demming was gone where prayer may only faintly follow; nor could the Bishop ever decide how far his vagabond had joined in his petitions. Such doubts, however, did not prevent his cherishing an assured hope that the man who died for him was safe, forever. The Bishop's theology, like that of most of us, yielded, sometimes, to the demands of the occasion.

Octave Thanet.

IVAN TURGÉNIEFF.

WHEN the mortal remains of Ivan Turgéneff were about to be transported from Paris for interment in his own country, a short commemorative service was held at the Gare du Nord. Ernest Renan and Edmond About, standing beside the train in which his coffin had been placed, bade farewell in the name of the French people to the illustrious stranger who for so many years had been their honored and grateful guest. M. Renan made a beautiful speech, and M. About a very clever one, and each of them characterized with ingenuity the genius and the moral nature of the most touching of writers, the most lovable of men. "Turgéneff," said M. Renan, "received by the mysterious decree which marks out human vocations the gift which is noble beyond all others: he was born essentially impersonal." The passage is so eloquent that I shall repeat the whole of it: "His conscience was not that of an individual to whom nature had been more or less generous; it was in some sort the conscience of a people. Before he was born he had lived for thousands of years; infinite successions of reveries had amassed themselves in the bottom of his heart. No man has been as much as he the incarnation of a whole race; generations of ancestors, lost in the sleep of centuries, speechless, came through him to life and utterance."

I quote these lines for the pleasure of quoting them; for while I see what M. Renan means by calling Turgéneff impersonal, it has been my wish to devote to his delightful memory a few pages written under the impression of his personal character. He seems to us impersonal, because it is from his writings almost alone that we of English, French, and German speech have derived our notions — even yet, I fear, rather meagre

and erroneous — of the Russian people. His genius for us is the Slav genius; his voice the voice of those vaguely imagined multitudes whom we think of more and more to-day as waiting their turn, in the arena of civilization, in the gray expanses of the North. There is much in his writings to encourage this view, and it is certain that he interpreted with wonderful vividness the temperament of his fellow-countrymen. Cosmopolite that he had become by the force of circumstances, his roots had never been loosened in his native soil. The ignorance with regard to Russia and the Russians which he found in abundance in the rest of Europe — and not least in the country he inhabited for ten years before his death — had indeed the effect, to a certain degree, to throw him back upon the deep feelings that so many of his companions were unable to share with him, the memories of his early years, the sense of wide Russian horizons, the joy and pride of his mother-tongue. In the collection of short pieces, so deeply interesting, written during the last few years of his life, and translated into German under the name of *Senilia*, I find a passage — it is the last in the little book — which illustrates perfectly this reversionary impulse: "In days of doubt, in days of anxious thought on the destiny of my native land, thou alone art my support and my staff, O great, powerful, Russian tongue, truthful and free! If it were not for thee, how should man not despair at the sight of what is going on at home? But it is inconceivable that such a language has not been given to a great people." This national, home-loving note pervades his productions, though it is between the lines, as it were, that we must listen for it. None the less does it remain true that he was a very definite individual.

He was not a simple conduit or mouth-piece; the inspiration was his own as well as the voice. He was a *person*, in other words, of the most substantial kind, and those who had the happiness to know him have no difficulty to-day in thinking of him as a detached and responsible figure. This pleasure, for the writer of these lines, was as great as the pleasure of reading the admirable tales into which he put such a world of life and feeling; it was perhaps even greater, for it was not only with the pen that nature had given Turgénieff the power to express himself. He was the richest, the most delightful, of talkers, and his face, his person, his temper, the thoroughness with which he had been equipped for human intercourse, make in the memory of his friends an image which is completed, but not thrown into the shade, by his literary distinction. The whole image is touched with sadness: partly because the element of melancholy in his nature was deep and constant — readers of his novels have no need to be told of that; and partly because, during the last years of his life, he had been condemned to suffer atrociously. Intolerable pain had been his portion for many months before he died; his end was not serene and propitious, but dark and almost violent. But of brightness, of the faculty of enjoyment, he had also the large allowance usually made to first-rate men, and he was a singularly complete human being. I had greatly admired his writings before I had the fortune to make his acquaintance, and this privilege, when it presented itself, was highly illuminating. The man and the writer together occupied from that moment a very high place in my affections. Some time before knowing him I committed to print certain reflections which his tales had led me to make; and I may perhaps, therefore, without impropriety give them a supplement which shall have a more vivifying reference. It is almost irresistible to

attempt to say, from one's own point of view, what manner of man he was.

It was in consequence of the article I just mentioned that I found reason to meet him, in Paris, where he was then living, in 1875. I shall never forget the impression he made upon me at that first interview. I found him adorable; I could scarcely believe that he would prove — that any man could prove — on nearer acquaintance as delightful as that. Nearer acquaintance only confirmed my hope, and he remained the most approachable, the most practicable, the least precarious, man of genius it has been my fortune to meet. He was so simple, so natural, so modest, so destitute of personal pretension and of what is called the consciousness of powers, that one almost doubted at moments whether he were a man of genius, after all. Everything good and fruitful lay near to him; he was interested in everything; and he was absolutely without that eagerness of self-reference which sometimes accompanies great, and even small, reputations. He had not a particle of vanity; nothing whatever of the air of having a part to play, or a reputation to keep up. His humor exercised itself as freely upon himself as upon other subjects, and he told stories at his own expense with a sweetness of hilarity which made his peculiarities really sacred in the eyes of a friend. I remember vividly the smile and tone of voice with which he once repeated to me a figurative epithet which Gustave Flaubert (of whom he was extremely fond) had applied to him — an epithet intended to characterize a certain expansive softness, a comprehensive indecision, which pervaded his nature, just as it pervades so many of the characters he has described. He enjoyed Flaubert's use of this term, good-naturedly opprobrious, more even than Flaubert himself, and recognized perfectly the element of truth in it. He was natural to an extraordinary degree; I

do not think I have ever seen his match in this respect, certainly not among people who bear, as he did, at the same time the stamp of the highest cultivation. Like all men of a large pattern, he was composed of many different elements; and what was always striking in him was the mixture of simplicity with the fruit of the most various observation. In the little article in which I had attempted to express my admiration for his works, I had been moved to say of him that he had the aristocratic temperament; a remark which, in the light of further knowledge, seemed to me singularly inane. He was not subject to any definition of that sort, and to say that he was democratic would be (though his political ideal was a democracy) to give an equally superficial account of him. He felt and understood the opposite sides of life; he was imaginative, humorous, ironical. He had not in his mind a grain of prejudice as large as the point of a needle, and people (there are many) who think this a defect would have missed it immensely in Ivan Sergeievitch. Our Anglo-Saxon, Protestant, moralistic, conventional standards were far away from him, and he judged things with a freedom and spontaneity in which I found a perpetual refreshment. His sense of beauty, his love of truth and right, were the foundation of his nature; but half the charm of conversation with him was that one breathed an air in which cant phrases and arbitrary measurements simply sounded ridiculous.

I may add that it was not because I had written a laudatory article about his books that he gave me a friendly welcome; for in the first place my article could have very little importance for him, and in the second it had never been either his habit or his hope to bask in the light of criticism. Supremely modest as he was, I think he attached no great weight to what might happen to be said about him; for he felt that he

was destined to encounter a very small amount of intelligent appreciation, especially in foreign countries. I never heard him even allude to any judgment which might have been passed upon his productions in England. In France he knew that he was read very moderately; the "demand" for his volumes was small, and he had no illusions whatever on the subject of his popularity. He had heard with pleasure that several different persons in the United States were impatient for everything that might come from his pen; but I think he was never convinced, as one or two of the more zealous of these persons had endeavored to convince him, that he could boast of a "public" in America. He gave me the impression of thinking of criticism as most serious workers think of it—that it is the amusement, the exercise, the subsistence, of the critic (and, so far as this goes, of immense use); but that, though it may often concern other readers, it does not much concern the artist himself. In comparison with all those things which the production of a considered work forces the artist little by little to say to himself, the remarks of the critic are vague and of the moment; and yet, owing to the large publicity of the proceeding, they have a power to irritate or discourage which is quite out of proportion to their use to the person criticised. It was not, moreover (this is a very frank allusion), on account of any esteem which he accorded to my own productions (I used regularly to send them to him) that I found him so agreeable, for to the best of my belief he was unable to read them. As regards one of the first that I had offered him, he wrote me a little note, to tell me that a distinguished friend, who was his constant companion, had read three or four chapters aloud to him the evening before, and that one of them was written *de main de maître!* This gave me great pleasure, but it was my first and last pleasure of the kind.

I continued, as I say, to send him my stories, because they were the only thing I had to give; but he never alluded to the rest of the work in question, which he evidently did not finish, and never gave any sign of having read its successors. Presently I quite ceased to expect this, and saw why it was (it interested me much) that my writings could not appeal to him. He cared, more than anything else, for the air of reality, and my reality was a good deal too thin. I do not think my stories struck him as quite meat for men. The manner was more apparent than the matter; they were too *tarabiscoté*, as I once heard him say of the style of a book—had on the surface too many little flowers and knots of ribbon. He had read a great deal of English, and knew the language remarkably well—too well, I used often to think, for he liked to speak it with those to whom it was native, and, successful as the effort always was, it deprived him of the facility and raciness with which he expressed himself in French.

I have said that he had no prejudices: but perhaps after all he had one. I think he imagined it to be impossible to a person of English speech to converse in French with complete correctness. He knew Shakespeare thoroughly, and at one time had wandered far and wide in English literature. His opportunities for speaking English were not at all frequent, so that when the necessity (or at least the occasion) presented itself he remembered the phrases he had encountered in books. This often gave a charming quaintness and an unexpected literary turn to what he said. "In Russia, in spring, if you enter a beechen grove"—those words come back to me from the very last time I saw him. He continued to read English books, and was not incapable of attacking the usual Tauchnitz novel. The English writer (of our day) of whom I remember to have heard him

speak with most admiration was Dickens, of whose faults he was conscious, but whose power of presenting to the eye a vivid, definite figure he rated very high. George Eliot he also greatly admired. He had made her acquaintance during the sorrowful winter of the Franco-Prussian war, which he spent in London, and I have heard her express a high appreciation of his own genius. In the young French school he was much interested; I mean, in the new votaries of realism, the grandsons of Balzac. He was a good friend of most of them, and with Gustave Flaubert, the most singular and most original of the group, he was altogether intimate. He had his reservations and discriminations, and he had, above all, the great back garden of his Slav imagination and his Germanic culture, into which the door constantly stood open, and into which the grandsons of Balzac were not, I think, particularly free to accompany him. But he had much sympathy with their experiment, their general movement, and it was on the side of the careful study of life as the best line of the novelist that, as may easily be supposed, he ranged himself. For some of the manifestations of the opposite tradition he had a great contempt. This was a kind of emotion he rarely expressed, save in regard to certain public wrongs and iniquities; bitterness and denunciation seldom passed his mild lips. But I remember well the little flush of conviction, the seriousness, with which he once said, in allusion to a novel which had just been running through the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, "If I had written anything so bad as that, I should blush for it all my life."

His was not, I should say, predominantly, or even in a high degree, the artistic nature, though it was deeply, if I may make the distinction, the poetic. But during the last twelve years of his life he lived much with artists and men of letters, and he was eminently capable

of kindling in the glow of discussion. He cared for questions of form, though not in the degree in which Flaubert and Edmond de Goncourt cared for them, and he had very lively sympathies. He had a great regard for Madame George Sand, the head and front of the old romantic tradition; but this was on general grounds, quite independent of her novels, which he never read, and which she never expected him, or apparently any one else, to read. He thought her character remarkably noble and sincere. His opinion of Victor Hugo could not have been expressed in a few words, but admiration, of course, was a considerable part of it. I remember (on Turgénieff's lips) a brilliant description of Victor Hugo's transcendent state of mind with regard to himself (Victor Hugo), and as a corollary with regard to others. If it was deliberate and discriminating, it was also pictorial and humorous. He had, as I have said, a great affection for Gustave Flaubert, who returned it; and he was much interested in Flaubert's extraordinary attempts at refinement of form and irony of matter, knowing perfectly well when they failed. During those months which it was Flaubert's habit to spend in Paris, Turgénieff went almost regularly to see him on Sunday afternoons, and was so good as to introduce me to the author of *Madame Bovary*, in whom I saw many reasons for Turgénieff's regard. It was on these Sundays, in Flaubert's little salon, which, at the top of a house at the head of the Faubourg Saint-Honoré, looked rather bare and provisional, that, in the company of the other familiars of the spot, more than one of whom¹ have commemorated these occasions, Turgénieff's beautiful faculty of talk showed at its best. He was easy, natural, abundant, more than I can describe, and everything that he said was touched with the exquisite

quality of his imagination. What was discussed in that little smoke-clouded room was chiefly questions of taste, questions of art and form; and the speakers, for the most part, were in æsthetic matters radicals of the deepest dye. It would have been late in the day to propose among them any discussion of the relation of art to morality, any question as to the degree in which a novel might or might not concern itself with the teaching of a lesson. They had settled these preliminaries long ago, and it would have been primitive and incongruous to recur to them. The conviction that held them together was the conviction that art and morality are two perfectly different things, and that the former has no more to do with the latter than it has with astronomy or embryology. The only duty of a novel was to be well written; that merit included every other of which it was capable. This state of mind was never more apparent than one afternoon when *ces messieurs* delivered themselves on the subject of an incident which had just befallen one of them. *L'Assommoir* of Emile Zola had been discontinued in the journal through which it was running as a serial, in consequence of repeated protests from the subscribers. The subscriber, as a type of human imbecility, received a wonderful dressing, and the Philistine in general was roughly handled. There were gulfs of difference between Turgénieff and Zola, but Turgénieff, who, as I say, understood everything, understood Zola too, and rendered perfect justice to the extraordinary solidity of much of his work. His attitude, at such times, was admirable, and I could imagine nothing more genial or more fitted to give an idea of light, easy human intelligence. No one could desire more than he that art should be art; always, ever, incorruptibly, art. To him this proposition would have seemed as little in need of proof, or susceptible of refutation, as the

¹ Maxime Du Camp, Alphonse Daudet, Emile Zola.

axiom that law should always be law, or medicine always medicine. As much as any one he was prepared to take note of the fact that the demand for abdications and concessions never comes from artists themselves, but always from purchasers, editors, subscribers. I am pretty sure that his word about all this would have been that he could not quite see what was meant by the talk about novels being moral or the reverse; that a novel could no more propose to itself to be moral than a painting or a symphony, and that it was arbitrary to lay down a distinction between such forms of art. I suspect that he would have said, in short, that distinctions were demanded in the interest of the moralists, and that the demand was indelicate, owing to their want of jurisdiction. It was not for art to be moral, any more than for chemistry; it was for morality, since it cared so much about the matter, to be artful. Yet at the same time that I make this suggestion as to Turgénieff's state of mind, I remember how little he struck me as bound by mere neatness of formula, how little there was in him of the partisan or the pleader. What he thought of the relation of art to life, his stories, after all, show better than anything else. The immense variety of life was ever present to his mind, and he would never have argued the question I have just hinted at, in the interest of particular liberties — the liberties that were apparently the dearest to his French *confrères*. It was this air that he carried about with him of feeling all the variety of life, of knowing strange and far-off things, of having an horizon in which the Parisian horizon — so familiar, so wanting in mystery, so perpetually *exploité* — easily lost itself, that distinguished him from these companions. He was not all there, as the phrase is; he had something behind, in reserve. It was Russia, of course, in a large measure; and, especially before the spectacle of what is going on there

to-day, that was a large quantity. But so far as he was on the spot, he was an element of pure sociability. He was with everything that was said, and the simplicity, naturalness, *bonhomie*, of his talk made it as charming as it was just. His contribution to every discussion always touched the essential part of it.

I did not intend to go into these details immediately, for I had only begun to say what an impression of magnificent manhood he made upon me when I first knew him. That impression, indeed, always remained with me, even after it had been brought home to me how much there was in him of the quality of genius. He was a beautiful intellect, of course, but above all he was a delightful, mild, masculine figure. The combination of his deep, soft, lovable spirit, in which one felt all the tender parts of genius, with his immense, fair Russian physique was one of the most attractive things I have known. He had a frame which would have made it perfectly lawful, and even becoming, for him to be brutal; but there was not a grain of brutality in his composition. He had always been a passionate sportsman; to wander in the woods or the steppes, with his dog and gun, was the pleasure of his heart. Late in life he continued to shoot, and he had a friend in Cambridgeshire for the sake of whose partridges, which were famous, he used sometimes to cross the Channel. It would have been impossible to imagine a better representation of a Nimrod of the North. He was exceedingly tall, and broad and robust in proportion. His head was one of the finest, and though the line of his features was irregular there was a great deal of beauty in his face. It was eminently of the Russian type, — almost everything in it was wide. His expression had a singular sweetness, with a touch of Slav languor, and his eye, the kindest of eyes, was deep and melancholy. His hair, abundant and straight, was as white

as silver; and his beard, which he wore trimmed rather short, was of the color of his hair. In all his tall person, which was very striking wherever it appeared, there was an air of neglected strength, as if it had been a part of his modesty never to remind himself that he was strong. He used sometimes to blush like a boy of sixteen. He had very few forms and ceremonies, and almost as little manner as was possible to a man of his natural *prestance*. His noble appearance was in itself a manner; but whatever he did he did very simply, and he had not the slightest pretension of not being subject to rectification. I never saw any one receive it with less irritation. Friendly, candid, unaffectedly benignant, the impression that he produced most strongly and most generally was, I think, simply that of goodness.

When I made his acquaintance he had been living, since his removal from Baden-Baden, which took place in consequence of the Franco-Prussian war, in a large detached house on the hill of Montmartre, with his friends of many years, Madame Pauline Pierdot and her husband, as his fellow-tenants. He occupied the upper floor, and I like to recall, for the sake of certain delightful talks, the aspect of his little green sitting-room, which has, in memory, the consecration of irrecoverable hours. It was almost entirely green, and the walls were not covered with paper, but draped in stuff. The *portières* were green, and there was one of those immense divans, so indispensable to Russians, which had apparently been fashioned for the great person of the master, so that smaller folk had to lie upon it rather than sit. I remember the white light of the Paris street, which came in through windows more or less blinded in their lower part, like those of a studio. It rested, during the first years that I went to see Turgénieff, upon several choice pictures of the modern French school, especially upon

a very fine specimen of Théodore Rousseau, which he valued exceedingly. He had a great love of painting, and was an excellent critic of a picture. The last time I saw him — it was at his house in the country — he showed me half a dozen large copies of Italian works, made by a young Russian, in whom he was interested, which he had, with characteristic kindness, taken into his own apartments, in order that he might bring them to the knowledge of his friends. He thought them, as copies, remarkable; and they were so, indeed, especially when one perceived that the original work of the artist had little value. Turgénieff warmed to the work of praising them, as he was very apt to do; like all men of imagination, he had frequent and zealous admirations. As a matter of course, there was almost always some young Russian in whom he was interested, and refugees and pilgrims of both sexes were his natural clients. I have heard it said, by persons who had known him long and well, that these enthusiasms sometimes led him into error; that in the French phrase he was apt to *se monter la tête* on behalf of his protégés. He was prone to believe that he had discovered the coming Russian genius; he talked about his discovery for a month, and then, suddenly, one heard no more of it. I remember his once telling me of a young woman who had come to see him on her return from America, where she had been studying obstetrics at some medical college, and who, without means and without friends, was in want of help and of work. He accidentally learned that she had written something, and asked her to let him see it. She sent it to him, and it proved to be a tale in which certain phases of rural life were described with striking truthfulness. He perceived in the young lady a great natural talent; he sent her story off to Russia to be printed, with the conviction that it would make a great impression, and he expressed the hope of

being able to introduce her to French readers. When I mentioned this to an old friend of Turgénieff, he smiled and said that we should not hear of her again; that Ivan Sergeïevitch had already discovered a great many surprising talents, who, as a general thing had not borne the test. There was apparently some truth in this, and Turgénieff's liability to be deceived was too generous a weakness for me to hesitate to allude to it, even after I have insisted on the usual certainty of his taste. He was deeply interested in his young Russians; they were what interested him most in the world. They were almost always unhappy, in want, and in rebellion against an order of things which he himself detested. The study of the Russian character absorbed and fascinated him, as all readers of his stories know. Rich, unformed, undeveloped, with all sorts of adumbrations, of qualities in a state of fusion, it stretched itself out as a mysterious expanse, in which it was impossible as yet to perceive the relation between gifts and weaknesses. Of its weaknesses he was keenly conscious, and I once heard him express himself with an energy that did him honor, and a frankness that even surprised me (considering that it was of his countrymen that he spoke), in regard to a weakness which he deemed the greatest of all — a weakness for which a man whose love of the truth was his strongest feeling would have least toleration. His young compatriots, seeking their fortune in foreign lands, touched his imagination and his pity, and it is easy to conceive that under the circumstances the impression they often made upon him may have had great intensity. The Parisian background, with its brilliant sameness, its absence of surprises (for those who have known it long), threw them into relief, and made him see them as he saw the figures in his tales, in relations, in situations, which brought them out. There passed before him, in the course

of time, many wonderful Russian types. He told me once of his having been visited by a religious sect. The sect consisted of but two persons, one of whom was the object of worship, and the other the worshiper. The divinity, apparently, was traveling about Europe in company with his prophet. They were intensely serious; but it was very handy, as the term is, for each. The god had always his altar, and the altar had (unlike some altars) always its god.

On the first floor of the house in the Rue de Douai was a gallery of pictures (where later, I remember, one evening, I saw him take part with delightful comicality in an extemporized charade), into which, one of the first times I saw him, he took me to look at a portrait just painted of him by a Russian artist working in Paris. This, perhaps, was one of his premature admirations, for the picture, though respectable, could not long satisfy any one who carried well in his eye the admirable head and the deep physiognomy of the original; and I remember that in the Salon of that year it produced little effect. To paint Turgénieff at all properly would have required a painter of style. I may appear to gossip too much; but it seems to me that if with the more irresponsible method of the pen one attempts a sketch of so interesting a man, every trifle is of value as an item of resemblance. I will venture to say, then, that in his personal arrangements there was an almost exaggerated neatness, a love of order which resulted sometimes in angularity. In this little green salon nothing was out of place; there were none of the odds and ends of the usual man of letters, which indeed Turgénieff was not; and the case was the same in his library at Bougival, of which I shall presently speak. Few books, even, were visible; it was as if everything had been put away. The traces of work had been carefully removed. An air of great comfort, an immeasurable divan, and sev-

eral valuable pictures — that was the effect of the place. I know not exactly at what hours Turgénieff did his work; I think he had no regular times and seasons, being in this respect as different as possible from Anthony Trollope, whose autobiography, with its extraordinary record of fixed habits, I have just been reading. It is my impression that in Paris Turgénieff wrote little; his times of production being rather those weeks of the summer that he spent at Bougival, and the period of that visit to Russia which he supposed himself to make every year. I say “supposed himself,” because it was impossible to see much of him without discovering that he was a man of delays. As on the part of some other Russians whom I have known, there was something almost Asiatic in his faculty of procrastination. But even if one suffered from it a little, one thought of it with kindness, as a part of his general mildness and want of rigidity. He went to Russia, at any rate, at intervals not infrequent, and he spoke of these visits as his best time for production. He had an estate far in the interior, and here, amid the stillness of the country and the scenes and figures which give such a charm to the *Memoirs of a Sportsman*, he drove his pen without interruption.

It is not out of place to allude to the fact that he possessed considerable fortune; for such an accident in the life of a man of letters has the highest importance. It had been of great value to Turgénieff, and I think that much of the fine quality of his work is owing to it. He could write according to his taste and his mood; he was never pressed nor checked (putting the Russian censorship aside) by considerations foreign to his plan, and never was in danger of becoming a hack. Indeed, taking into consideration the absence of a pecuniary spur, and that complicated indolence from which he was not exempt, his industry

is surprising, for his tales are very numerous. In Paris, at all events, he was always open to proposals for the mid-day breakfast. He liked to breakfast *au cabaret*, and freely consented to an appointment. It is not unkind to add that, at first, he never kept it. I may mention without reserve this idiosyncrasy of Turgénieff's, because in the first place it was so inveterate as to be very amusing — it amused not only his friends, but himself; and in the second, he was as sure to come in the end as he was sure not to come in the beginning. After the appointment had been made, or the invitation accepted, when the occasion was at hand, there arrived a note or a telegram, in which Ivan Sergeïevitch excused himself, and begged that the meeting might be deferred to another date, which he usually himself proposed. For this second date, still another was sometimes substituted; but if I remember no appointment that he exactly kept, I remember none that he completely missed. His friends waited for him frequently, but they never lost him. He was very fond of that wonderful Parisian *déjeuner* — fond of it, I mean, as a feast of reason. He was extremely temperate, and often ate no breakfast at all; but he found it a good hour for talk, and little, on general grounds, as one might be prepared to agree with him, if he was at the table one was speedily convinced. I call it wonderful, the *déjeuner* of Paris, on account of the assurance with which it plants itself in the very middle of the morning. It divides the day between rising and dinner so unequally, and opposes such barriers of repletion to any view of ulterior labors, that the unacclimated stranger wonders when the fertile French people do their work. Not the least wonderful part of it is that the stranger himself likes it, at last, and manages to piece together his day with the shattered fragments that survive. It was not, at any rate, when one had the good fortune to breakfast at twelve

o'clock with Turgénieff that one was struck with its being an inconvenient hour. Any hour was convenient for meeting a human being that conformed so completely to one's idea of the best that human nature is capable of. There are places in Paris which I can think of only in relation to some occasion on which he was present, and when I pass them the particular things I heard him say there come back to me. There is a café in the Avenue de l'Opéra — a new, sumptuous establishment, with very deep settees — on the right as you leave the Boulevard, where I once had a talk with him, over an order singularly "moderate," which was prolonged far into the afternoon, and in the course of which he was extraordinarily suggestive and interesting, so that my memory now reverts to all the circumstances with a tenderness that I cannot express. It evokes the gray damp of a Parisian December, which made the dark interior of the café look more and more rich and hospitable, while the light faded, the lamps were lit, the habitués came in to drink absinthe and play their afternoon game of dominoes, and we still lingered over our "breakfast." Turgénieff talked almost exclusively about Russia, the Nihilists, the remarkable figures that came to light among them, the curious visits he received, the dark prospects of his native land. When he was in the vein, no man could speak more to the imagination of his auditor. For myself, at least, at such times, there was something extraordinarily vivifying and stimulating in his talk, and I always left him in a state of "intimate" excitement, with a feeling that all sorts of valuable things had been suggested to me; the condition in which a man swings his cane as he walks, leaps lightly over gutters, and then stops, for no reason at all, to look with an air of brightness into a shop-window, where he sees nothing. I remember another symposium at a restaurant on one of the corners of the little

place in front of the Opéra Comique, where we were four, including Ivan Sergeievitch, and the two other guests were also Russian, one of them uniting to the charm of this nationality the merit of a sex that makes the combination irresistible. The establishment had been a discovery of Turgénieff's — a discovery, at least, as far as our particular needs were concerned — and I remember that we hardly congratulated him on it. The dinner, in a low entresol, was not what it had been intended to be, but the talk was better even than our expectations. It was not about Nihilism, but about some more agreeable features of life, and I have no recollection of Turgénieff in a mood more spontaneous and charming. One of our friends had, when he spoke French, a peculiar way of sounding the word *adorable*, which was frequently on his lips, and I remember well his expressive prolongation of the *a* when, in speaking of the occasion afterwards, he applied this term to Ivan Sergeievitch. I scarcely know, however, why I should drop into the detail of such reminiscences, and my excuse is but the desire that we all have, when a human relationship is closed, to save a little of it from the past — to make a mark which may stand for some of the moments of it.

Nothing that Turgénieff had to say could be more interesting than his talk about his own work, his manner of writing. What I have heard him tell of these things was worthy of the beautiful results he produced; of the deep purpose, pervading them all, to show us life itself. The germ of a story, with him, was never an affair of plot — that was the last thing he thought of; it was the representation of certain persons. The first form in which a tale appeared to him was as the figure of one individual or a combination of individuals, whom he wished to see in action, being sure that such people must do something very special and interesting. They stood be-

fore him definite, vivid, and he wished to know, and to show, as much as possible of their nature. The first thing was to make clear to himself what he did know, to begin with ; and to this end, he wrote out a sort of biography of each of his characters and everything that they had done and that had happened to them, up to the opening of the story. He had their *dossier*, as the French say, and as the police has of that of every conspicuous criminal. With this material in his hand he was able to proceed ; the story all lay in the question, What shall I make them do ? He always made them do things that showed them completely ; but, as he said, the defect of his manner and the reproach that was made him was his want of "architecture" — in other words, of composition. The great thing, of course, is to have architecture as well as precious material, as Walter Scott had them, as Balzac had them. If one reads Turgénieff's stories with the knowledge that they were composed — or rather that they came into being — in this way, one can trace the process in every line. Story, in the conventional sense of the word, — a fable constructed, like Wordsworth's phantom, "to startle and waylay," — there is as little as possible. The thing consists of the motions of a group of selected creatures, which are not the result of a preconceived action, but a consequence of the qualities of the actors. Works of art are produced from every possible point of view, and stories, and very good ones, will continue to be written in order to illustrate a plot. Such stories will always, probably, find most favor with many readers, because they remind them enough, without reminding them too much, of life. On this opposition many young talents, in France, are ready to rend each other, for there is a numerous school on either side. We have not yet, in England and America, arrived at the point of treating such questions with passion, for we have not

yet arrived at the point of feeling them intensely, or indeed, for that matter, of understanding them very well. It is not open to us, as yet, to discuss whether a novel had better be an excision from life, or a structure built up of picture-cards, for we have not made up our mind as to whether life in general may be described. Among us, therefore, even a certain ridicule attaches to the consideration of such alternatives. But individuals may feel their way, and perhaps even pass unchallenged if they remark that for them the manner in which Turgénieff worked will always seem the most fruitful. It has the immense recommendation that in relation to any human occurrence it begins, as it were, further back. It lies in its power to tell us the most about men and women. Of course it will but slenderly satisfy those numerous readers among whom the answer to this would be, "Hang it, we don't care a straw about men and women : we want a good story !"

And yet, after all, Elena is a good story, and A Nest of Noblemen and Virgin Soil are good stories. Reading over lately several of Turgénieff's novels and tales, I was struck afresh with their combination of beauty and reality. One must never forget, in speaking of him, that he was both an observer and a poet. The poetic element was constant, and it had great strangeness and power. It inspired most of the short things that he wrote during the last few years of his life, since the publication of Virgin Soil, and which are in the highest degree fanciful and exotic. It pervades the frequent little reveries, visions, epigrams, of the *Senilia*. It was no part of my intention, here, to criticise his writings, having said my say about them, so far as possible, some years ago. But I may mention that in re-reading them I find in them all that I formerly found of two other elements — their depth and their sadness. They give one the impression of life itself, and not of an

arrangement, a *réchauffé* of life. I remember Turgénieff's once saying in regard to Homais, the little Norman country apothecary, with his pedantry of "enlightened opinions," in Madame Bovary, that the great strength of such a portrait consisted in its being at once an individual, of the most concrete sort, and a type. This is the great strength of his own representations of character; they are so strangely, fascinatingly particular, and yet they are so recognizably general. Such a remark as that about Homais makes me wonder why it was that Turgénieff should have rated Dickens so high, the weakness of Dickens being in regard to just that point. If Dickens fails to live long, it will be because his figures are particular without being general; because they are individuals without being types; because we do not feel their continuity with the rest of humanity — see the matching of the pattern with the piece out of which all the creations of the novelist and the dramatist are cut. I often meant, but accidentally neglected, to put Turgénieff on the subject of Dickens again, and ask him to explain his opinion. I suspect that his opinion was in a large measure merely that Dickens entertained him, as well he might. That curiosity of the pattern was in itself fascinating.

I have mentioned Flaubert, and I will return to him simply to say that there was something very touching to me in the nature of the friendship that united these two men. It is much to the honor of Flaubert, to my sense, that he appreciated Ivan Turgénieff. There was a partial similarity between them. Both were tall, massive men, though the Russian reached to a greater height than the Norman; both were completely honest and sincere, and both had in their composition the element of irony and sadness. Each had a tender regard for the other, and I think that I am neither incorrect nor indiscreet in saying that on Turgénieff's part this regard had

in it a strain of compassion. There was something in Gustave Flaubert that appealed to such a feeling. He had failed, on the whole, more than he had succeeded, and the great machinery of erudition and labor which he brought to bear upon his productions was not accompanied with proportionate results. He had talent without having cleverness, and imagination without having fancy. His effort was heroic, but except in the case of Madame Bovary, a masterpiece, he imparted something to his works which sunk them rather than floated them. He had a passion for perfection of form and for a certain splendid suggestiveness of style. He wished to produce perfect phrases, perfectly interrelated, and as closely woven together as a suit of chain-mail. He looked at life altogether as an artist, and took his work with a seriousness that never belied itself. To write an admirable page — and his idea of what constituted an admirable page was transcendent — seemed to him something to live for. He tried it again and again, and he came very near it; more than once he touched it, for Madame Bovary surely will live. But there was something unfruitful in his genius. He was cold, and he would have given everything he had to be able to glow. There is nothing in his novels like the passion of Elena for Inssaroff, like the purity of Lisa, like the anguish of the parents of Bazaroff, like the hidden wound of Tatiana; and yet Flaubert yearned, with all the accumulations of his vocabulary, to touch the chord of pathos. There were some parts of his mind that did not "give," as the French say, that did not render a sound. He had had too much of some sorts of experience, and not enough of others. And yet this local dumbness, as I may call it, inspired those who knew him with a kindness. If Flaubert was powerful and limited, there is something impressive in a strong man who has not been able completely to express himself.

After the first year of my acquaintance with Turgénieff, I saw him much less often. I was seldom in Paris, and sometimes when I was there he was absent. But I neglected no opportunity of seeing him, and fortune frequently favored me. He came two or three times to London, for visits provokingly brief. He went to shoot in Cambridge-shire, and he passed through town in arriving and departing. He liked the English, but I am not sure that he liked London, where he had passed a lugubrious winter in 1870-71. I remember some of his impressions of that period, especially a visit that he had paid to a "bishopess" surrounded by her daughters, and a description of the cookery at the lodgings which he occupied. After 1876 I frequently saw him as an invalid. He was tormented by gout, and sometimes terribly besieged; but his account of what he suffered was as charming — I can apply no other word to it — as his description of everything else. He had so the habit of observation that he perceived in excruciating sensations all sorts of curious images and analogies, and analyzed them to an extraordinary fineness. Several times I found him at Bougival, above the Seine, in a very spacious and handsome chalet — a little unsunned, it is true — which he had built alongside of the villa occupied by the family to which, for years, his life had been devoted. The place is delightful; the two houses are midway up a long slope, which descends, with the softest inclination, to the river, and behind them the hill rises to a wooded crest. On the left, in the distance, high up, and above an horizon of woods, stretches the romantic aqueduct of Marly. It is a very pretty domain. The last time I saw him, in November, 1882, it was at Bougival. He had been very ill, with strange, intolerable symptoms, but he was better, and he had good hopes. They were not justified by the event. He got worse

again, and the months that followed were cruel. His beautiful, serene mind should not have been darkened and made acquainted with violence; it should have been able to the last to take part, as it had always done, in the decrees and mysteries of fate. At the moment I saw him, however, he was, as they say in London, in very good form, and my last impression of him was almost bright. He was to drive into Paris, not being able to bear the railway, and he gave me a seat in the carriage. For an hour and a half he constantly talked, and never better. When we got into the city I alighted on the Boulevard extérieur, as we were to go in different directions. I bade him good-by at the carriage window, and never saw him again. There was a kind of fair going on, near by, in the chill November air, beneath the denuded little trees of the Boulevard, and a Punch and Judy show, from which nasal sounds proceeded. I almost regret having accidentally to mix up so much of Paris with this, perhaps too complacent, enumeration of occasions, for the effect of it may be to suggest that Ivan Sergeievitch had been gallicized. But this was not the case; no sojourner in Paris was less French than he. Paris touched him at many points, but it let him alone at many others, and he had with that great tradition of ventilation of the Russian mind windows open into distances which stretched far beyond the *banlieue*. I have spoken of him from the limited point of view of my own acquaintance with him, and unfortunately left myself little space to allude to a matter which filled his existence a good deal more than the consideration of how a story should be written — his hopes and fears on behalf of his native land. He wrote fictions and dramas, but the great drama of his life was the struggle for a better state of things in Russia. In this drama he played a distinguished part, and the splendid obsequies that, simple and modest as he was, have un-

folded themselves over his grave, sufficiently attest the recognition of it by his countrymen. His funeral, restricted and officialized, was none the less a magnificent "manifestation." I have read the accounts of it, however, with a kind of chill, a feeling in which assent to the honors paid him bore less part than it ought. All this pomp and ceremony seemed to lift him out of the range of familiar recollection, of valued reci-

procity, into the majestic position of a national glory. And yet it is in the presence of this obstacle to social contact that those who knew and loved him must address their farewell to him now. After all, it is difficult to see how the obstacle can be removed. He was the most generous, the most tender, the most delightful, of men; his large nature overflowed with the love of justice; but he was also a rare genius.

Henry James.

LEPAGE'S JOAN OF ARC.

ONCE, it may be, the soft gray skies were dear,
 The clouds above in crowds, like sheep below,
 The bending of each kindly wrinkled tree;
 Or blossoms at the birth-time of the year,
 Or lambs unweaned, or water in still flow,
 In whose brown glass a girl her face might see.

Such days are gone, and strange things come instead;
 For she has looked on other faces white,
 Pale bloom of fear, before war's whirlwind blown;
 Has stooped, ah Heaven! in some low sheltering shed
 To tend dark wounds, the leaping arrow's bite,
 While the cold death that hovered seemed her own.

And in her hurt heart, o'er some grizzled head,
 The mother that shall never be has yearned;
 And love's fine voice, she else shall never hear,
 Came to her as the call of saints long dead;
 And straightway all the passion in her burned,
 One altar-flame, that hourly waxes clear.

Hence goes she ever in a glimmering dream,
 And very oft will sudden stand at gaze,
 With blue, dim eyes that still not seem to see:
 For now the well-known ways with visions teem;
 Unfelt is toil, and summer one green daze,
 Till that the king be crowned, and France be free!

Helen Gray Cone.

A ROMAN SINGER.

XIII.

I WENT to Palestrina because all foreigners go there, and are to be heard of from other parts of the mountains in that place. It was a long and tiresome journey; the jolting stagecoach shook me very much. There was a stout woman inside, with a baby that squealed; there was a very dirty old country curate, who looked as though he had not shaved for a week, or changed his collar for a month. But he talked intelligently, though he talked too much, and he helped to pass the time until I was weary of him. We jolted along over the dusty roads, and were at least thankful that it was not yet hot.

In the evening we reached Palestrina, and stopped before the inn in the market-place, as tired and dusty as might be. The woman went one way, and the priest the other, and I was left alone. I soon found the fat old host, and engaged a room for the night. He was talkative and curious, and sat by my side when he had prepared my supper in the dingy dining-room down-stairs. I felt quite sure that he would be able to tell me what I wanted, or at least to give me a hint from hearsay. But he at once began to talk of last year, and how much better his business had been then than it was now, as country landlords invariably do.

It was to no purpose that I questioned him about the people that had passed during the fortnight, the month, the two months, back; it was clear that no one of the importance of my friends had been heard of. At last I was tired, and he lit a wax candle, which he would carefully charge in the bill afterwards, at double its natural price, and he showed me the way to my room. It was a very decent little room, with

white curtains and a good bed and a table, — everything I could desire. A storm had come up since I had been at my supper, and it seemed a comfortable thing to go to bed, although I was disappointed at having got no news.

But when I had blown out my candle, determining to expostulate with the host in the morning, if he attempted to make me pay for a whole one, I lay thinking of what I should do; and turning on my side, I observed that a narrow crack of the door admitted rays of light into the darkness of my chamber. Now I am very sensitive to draughts and inclined to take cold, and the idea that there was a door open troubled me, so that at last I made up my mind to get up and close it. As I rose to my feet, I perceived that it was not the door by which I had entered; and so, before shutting it, I called out, supposing there might be some one in the next room.

"Excuse me," I said loudly, "I will shut this door." But there was no reply.

Curiosity is perhaps a vice, but it is a natural one. Instead of pulling the door to its place, I pushed it a little, knocking with my knuckles at the same time. But as no one answered, I pushed it further, and put in my head. It was a disagreeable thing I saw.

The room was like mine in every way, save that the bed was moved to the middle of the open space, and there were two candles on two tables. On the bed lay a dead man. I felt what we call a brivido, — a shiver like an ague.

It was the body of an old man, with a face like yellow wax, and a singularly unpleasant expression even in death. His emaciated hands were crossed on his breast, and held a small black crucifix. The candles stood, one at the head and one at the foot, on little tables. I entered the room and looked long at the

dead old man. I thought it strange that there should be no one to watch him, but I am not afraid of dead men, after the first shudder is past. It was a ghastly sight enough, however, and the candles shed a glaring, yellowish light over it all.

"Poor wretch," I said to myself, and went back to my room, closing the door carefully behind me.

At first I thought of rousing the host, and explaining to him my objections to being left almost in the same room with a corpse. But I reflected that it would be foolish to seem afraid of it, when I was really not at all timid, and so I went to bed, and slept until dawn. But when I went down-stairs I found the innkeeper, and gave him a piece of my mind.

"What sort of an inn do you keep? What manners are these?" I cried angrily. "What diavolo put into your pumpkin head to give me a sepulchre for a room?"

He seemed much disturbed at what I said, and broke out into a thousand apologies. But I was not to be so easily pacified.

"Do you think," I demanded, "that I will ever come here again, or advise any of my friends to come here? It is insufferable. I will write to the police" — But at this he began to shed tears and to wring his hands, saying it was not his fault.

"You see, signore, it was my wife who made me arrange it so. Oh! these women — the devil has made them all! It was her father — the old dead man you saw. He died yesterday morning, — may he rest! — and we will bury him to-day. You see every one knows that unless a dead man is watched by some one from another town his soul will not rest in peace. My wife's father was a jettatore; he had the evil eye, and people knew it for miles around, so I could not persuade any one from the other villages to sit by him and watch his body,

though I sent everywhere all day yesterday. At last that wife of mine — maledictions on her folly! — said, 'It is my father, after all, and his soul must rest, at any price. If you put a traveler in the next room, and leave the door open, it will be the same thing; and so he will be in peace.' That is the way it happened, signore," he continued, after wiping away his tears; "you see I could not help it at all. But if you will overlook it, I will not make any charges for your stay. My wife shall pay me. She has poultry by the hundred. I will pay myself with her chickens."

"Very good," said I, well pleased at having got so cheap a lodging. "But I am a just man, and I will pay for what I have eaten and drunk, and you can take the night's lodging out of your wife's chickens, as you say." So we were both satisfied.¹

The storm of the night had passed away, leaving everything wet and the air cool and fresh. I wrapped my cloak about me, and went into the market-place, to see if I could pick up any news. It was already late, for the country, and there were few people about. Here and there, in the streets, a wine-cart was halting on its way to Rome, while the rough carter went through the usual arrangement of exchanging some of his employer's wine for food for himself, filling up the barrel with good pure water, that never hurt any one. I wandered about, though I could not expect to see any face that I knew; it is so many years since I lived at Serveti, that even were the carters from my old place, I should have forgotten how they looked. Suddenly, at the corner of a dirty street, where there was a little blue and white shrine to the Madonna, I stumbled against a burly fellow with a gray beard, carrying a bit of salt codfish in one hand and a cake of corn bread in the other, eating as he went.

¹ This incident actually occurred, precisely as related. — F. M. C.

"Gigi!" I cried in delight, when I recognized the old carrettiere who used to bring me grapes and wine, and still does when the fancy takes him.

"Dio mio! Signor Conte!" he cried with his mouth full, and holding up the bread and fish with his two hands, in astonishment. When he recovered himself, he instantly offered to share his meal with me, as the poorest wretch in Italy will offer his crust to the greatest prince, out of politeness. "Vuol favorire?" he said, smiling.

I thanked him and declined, as you may imagine. Then I asked him how he came to be in Palestrina; and he told me that he was often there in the winter, as his sister had married a vinedresser of the place, of whom he bought wine occasionally. Very well-to-do people, he explained eagerly, proud of his prosperous relations.

We clambered along through the rough street together, and I asked him what was the news from Serveti and from that part of the country, well knowing that if he had heard of any rich foreigners in that neighborhood he would at once tell me of it. But I had not much hope. He talked about the prospects of the vines, and such things, for some time, and I listened patiently.

"By the bye," he said at last, "there is a gran signore who is gone to live in Fillettino, — a crazy man, they say, with a beautiful daughter, but really beautiful, as an angel."

I was so much surprised that I made a loud exclamation.

"What is the matter?" asked Gigi.

"It is nothing, Gigi," I answered, for I was afraid lest he should betray my secret, if I let him guess it. "It is nothing. I struck my foot against a stone. But you were telling about a foreigner who is gone to live somewhere. Fillettino? Where is that?"

"Oh, the place of the diavolo! I do not wonder you do not know, conte, for gentlemen never go there. It is in

the Abruzzi, beyond Trevi. Did you ever hear of the Serra di Sant' Antonio, where so many people have been killed?"

"Diana! I should think so! In the old days" —

"Bene," said Gigi, "Fillettino is there, at the beginning of the pass."

"Tell me, Gigi mio," I said, "are you not very thirsty?" The way to the heart of the wine carter lies through a pint measure. Gigi was thirsty, as I supposed, and we sat down in the porch of my inn, and the host brought a stoup of his best wine and set it before us.

"I would like to hear about the crazy foreigner who is gone to live in the hills among the briganti," I said, when he had wet his throat.

"What I know I will tell you, Signor Conte," he answered, filling his pipe with bits that he broke off a cigar. "But I know very little. He must be a foreigner, because he goes to such a place; and he is certainly crazy, for he shuts his daughter in the old castle, and watches her as though she was made of wax, like the flowers you have in Rome under glass."

"How long have they been there, these queer folks?" I asked.

"What do I know? It may be a month or two. A man told me, who had come that way from Fucino, and that is all I know."

"Do people often travel that way, Gigi?"

"Not often, indeed," he answered, with a grin. "They are not very civil, the people of those parts." Gigi made a gesture, or a series of gestures. He put up his hands as though firing a gun. Then he opened his right hand and closed it, with a kind of insinuating twirl of the fingers, which means "to steal." Lastly he put his hand over his eyes, and looked through his fingers as though they were bars, which means "prison." From this I inferred that the inhabitants of Fillettino were ad-

dicted to murder, robbery, and other pastimes, for which they sometimes got into trouble. The place he spoke of is about thirty miles, or something more, from Palestrina, and I began planning how I should get there as cheaply as possible. I had never been there, and wondered what kind of a habitation the count had found; for I knew it must be the roughest sort of mountain town, with some dilapidated castle, or other, overhanging it. But the count was rich, and he had doubtless made himself very comfortable. I sat in silence, while Gigi finished his wine, and chatted about his affairs between the whiffs of his pipe.

"Gigi," I said at last, "I want to buy a donkey."

"Eh, your excellency can be accommodated; and a saddle, too, if you wish."

"I think I could ride without a saddle," I said, for I thought it a needless piece of extravagance.

"*Madonna mia!*" he cried. "The Signor Conte ride bareback on a donkey! They would laugh at you. But my brother-in-law can sell you a beast this very day, and for a mere song."

"Let us go and see the beast," I said. I felt a little ashamed of having wished to ride without a saddle. But as I had sold all I had, I wanted to make the money last as long as possible; or at least I would spend as little as I could, and take something back, if I ever went home at all. We had not far to go, and Gigi opened a door in the street, and showed me a stable, in which something moved in the darkness. Presently he led out an animal and began to descant upon its merits.

"Did you ever see a more beautiful donkey?" asked Gigi admiringly. "It looks like a horse!" It was a little ass, with sad eyes, and ears as long as its tail. It was also very thin, and had the hair rubbed off its back from carrying burdens. But it had no sore places, and did not seem lame.

"He is full of fire," said Gigi, poking the donkey in the ribs to excite a show of animation. "You should see him gallop up hill with my brother on his back, and a good load into the bargain. Brrrr! Stand still, will you!" he cried, holding tight by the halter, though the animal did not seem anxious to run away.

"And then," said Gigi, "he eats nothing, — positively nothing."

"He does not look as though he had eaten much of late," I said.

"Oh, my brother-in-law is as good to him as though he were a Christian. He gives him corn bread and fish, just like his own children. But this ass prefers straw."

"A frugal ass," I said, and we began to bargain. I will not tell you what I gave Gigi's brother-in-law for the beast, because you would laugh. And I bought an old saddle, too. It was really necessary, but it was a dear bargain, though it was cheaper than hiring; for I sold the donkey and the saddle again, and got back something.

It is a wild country enough that lies behind the mountains towards the sources of the Aniene, — the river that makes the falls at Tivoli. You could not half understand how in these times, under the new government, and almost within a long day's ride from Rome, such things could take place as I am about to tell you of, unless I explained to you how very primitive that country is which lies to the southeast of the capital, and which we generally call the Abruzzi. The district is wholly mountainous, and though there are no very great elevations there are very ragged gorges and steep precipices, and now and then an inaccessible bit of forest far up among the rocks, which no man has ever thought of cutting down. It would be quite impossible to remove the timber. The people are mostly shepherds in the higher regions, where there are no vines, and when opportunity offers they will way-

lay the unwary traveler and rob him, and even murder him, without thinking very much about it. In the old days, the boundary between the Papal States and the kingdom of Naples ran through these mountains, and the contrabbandieri—the smugglers of all sorts of wares—used to cross from one dominion to the other by circuitous paths and steep ways of which only a few had knowledge. The better known of these passes were defended by soldiers and police, but there have been bloody fights fought, within a few years, between the law and its breakers. Foreigners never penetrate into the recesses of these hills, and even the English guide-books, which are said to contain an account of everything that the Buon Dio ever made, compiled from notes taken at the time of the creation, make no mention of places which surpass in beauty all the rest of Italy put together.

No railroad or other modern innovation penetrates into those Arcadian regions, where the goatherd plays upon his pipe all the day long, the picture of peace and innocence, or prowls in the passes with a murderous long gun, if there are foreigners in the air. The women toil at carrying their scant supply of drinking-water from great distances during a part of the day, and in the evening they spin industriously by their firesides or upon their doorsteps, as the season will have it. It is an old life, the same to-day as a thousand years ago, and perhaps as it will be a thousand years hence. The men are great travelers, and go to Rome in the winter to sell their cheese, or to milk a flock of goats in the street at daybreak, selling the foaming canful for a sou. But their visits to the city do not civilize them; the outing only broadens the horizon of their views in regard to foreigners, and makes them more ambitious to secure one, and see what he is like, and cut off his ears, and get his money. Do not suppose that the shepherd of the Abruzzi

lies all day on the rocks in the sun, waiting for the foreign gentleman to come within reach. He might wait a long time. Climbing has strengthened the muscles of his legs into so much steel, and a party of herdsmen have been known to come down from the Serra to the plains around Velletri, and to return to their inaccessible mountains, after doing daring deeds of violence, in twenty-four hours from the time of starting; covering at least from eighty to ninety miles by the way. They are extraordinary fellows, as active as tigers, and fabulously strong, though they are never very big.

This country begins behind the range of Sabine mountains seen from Rome across the Campagna, and the wild character of it increases as you go towards the southeast.

Since I have told you this much, I need not weary you with further descriptions. I do not like descriptions, and it is only when Nino gives me his impressions that I write them, in order that you may know how beautiful things impress him, and the better judge of his character.

I do not think that Gigi really cheated me so very badly about the donkey. Of course I do not believe the story of his carrying the brother-in-law and the heavy load uphill at a gallop; but I am thin and not very heavy, and the little ass carried me well enough through the valleys, and when we came to a steep place I would get off and walk, so as not to tire him too much. If he liked to crop a thistle or a blade of grass, I would stop a moment, for I thought he would grow fatter in that way, and I should not lose so much when I sold him again. But he never grew very fat.

Twice I slept by the way, before I reached the end of my journey,—once at Olevano, and once at Trevi; for the road from Olevano to Trevi is long, and some parts are very rough, especially at first. I could tell you just how every

stone on the road looks — Rojate, the narrow pass beyond, and then the long valley with the vines; then the road turns away and rises as you go along the plateau of Arcinazzo, which is hollow beneath, and you can hear the echoes as you tread; then at the end of that the desperate old inn, called by the shepherds the *Madre dei Briganti*, — the mother of brigands, — smoke-blackened within and without, standing alone on the desolate heath; further on, a broad bend of the valley to the left, and you see Trevi rising before you, crowned with an ancient castle, and overlooking the stream that becomes the Aniene afterwards; from Trevi through a rising valley that grows narrower at every step, and finally seems to end abruptly, as indeed it does, in a dense forest far up the pass. And just below the woods lies the town of Fillettino, where the road ends; for there is a road which leads to Tivoli, but does not communicate with Olevano, whence I had come.

Of course I had made an occasional inquiry by the way, when I could do so without making people too curious. When any one asked me where I was going, I would say I was bound for Fucino, to buy beans for seed at the wonderful model farm that Torlonia has made by draining the old lake. And then I would ask about the road; and sometimes I was told there was a strange foreigner at Fillettino, who made everybody wonder about him by his peculiar mode of life. Therefore, when I at last saw the town, I was quite sure that the count was there, and I got off my little donkey, and let him drink in the stream, while I myself drank a little higher up. The road was dusty, and my donkey and I were thirsty.

I thought of all I would do, as I sat on the stone by the water, and the beast cropped the wretched grass; and soon I came to the conclusion that I did not know in the least what I should do. I had unexpectedly found what I wanted,

very soon, and I was thankful enough to have been so lucky. But I had not the first conception of what course I was to pursue when once I had made sure of the count. Besides, it was barely possible that it was not he, after all, but another foreigner, with another daughter. The thought frightened me, but I drove it away. If it were really old Lira who had chosen this retreat in which to imprison his daughter and himself, I asked myself whether I could do anything, save send word to Nino as soon as possible.

I felt like a sort of Don Quixote, suddenly chilled into the prosaic requirements of common sense. Perhaps if Hedwig had been my *Dulcinea*, instead of Nino's, the crazy fit would have lasted, and I would have attempted to scale the castle wall and carry off the prize by force. There is no telling what a sober old professor of philosophy may not do, when he is crazy. But meanwhile I was sane. Graf von Lira had a right to live anywhere he pleased with his daughter, and the fact that I had discovered the spot where he pleased to live did not constitute an introduction. Or finally, if I got access to the old count, what had I to say to him? Ought I to make a formal request for Nino? I looked at my old clothes, and almost smiled.

But the weather was cold, though the roads were dusty; so I mounted my ass and jogged along, meditating deeply.

XIV.

Fillettino is a trifle cleaner than most towns of the same kind. Perhaps it rains more often, and there are fewer people. Considering that its vicinity has been the scene of robbery, murder, and all manner of adventurous crime from time immemorial, I had expected to find it a villainous place. It is nothing of the kind. There is a decent ap-

pearance about it that is surprising ; and though the houses are old and brown and poor, I did not see pigs in many rooms, nor did the little children beg of me, as they beg of every one elsewhere. The absence of the pigs struck me particularly, for in the Sabine towns they live in common with the family, and go out only in the daytime to pick up what they can get.

I went to the apothecary — there is always an apothecary in these places — and inquired for a lodging. Before very long I had secured a room, and it seemed that the people were accustomed to travelers, for it was surprisingly clean. The bed was so high that I could touch the ceiling when I sat on it, and the walls were covered with ornaments, such as glazed earthenware saints, each with a little basin for holy water, some old engravings of other saints, a few paper roses from the last fair, and a weather-beaten game pouch of leather. The window looked out over a kind of square, where a great quantity of water ran into a row of masonry tanks out of a number of iron pipes projecting from an overhanging rock. Above the rock was the castle, the place I had come to see, towering up against the darkening sky.

It is such a strange place that I ought to describe it to you, or you will not understand the things that happened there. There is a great rock, as I said, rising above the town, and upon this is built the feudal stronghold, so that the walls of the building do not begin less than forty feet from the street level. The height of the whole castle consequently seems enormous. The walls, for the most part, follow the lines of the gray rock, irregularly, as chance would have it, and the result is a three-cornered pile, having a high square tower at one angle, where also the building recedes some yards from the edge of the cliff, leaving on that side a broad terrace guarded by a stone parapet. On another side of the great isolated boulder

a narrow roadway heads up a steep incline, impracticable for carriages, but passable for four-footed beasts ; and this path gives access to the castle through a heavy gate opening upon a small court within. But the rock itself has been turned to account, and there are chambers within it, which formerly served as prisons, opening to the right and left of a narrow staircase, hewn out of the stone, and leading from the foot of the tower to the street below ; upon which it opens through a low square door, set in the rock and studded with heavy iron nails.

Below the castle hangs the town, and behind it rises the valley, thickly wooded with giant beech-trees. Of course I learned the details of the interior little by little, and I gathered also some interesting facts regarding the history of Fillettino, which are not in any way necessary to my story. The first thing I did was to find out what means of communication there were with Rome. There was a postal service twice a week, and I was told that Count von Lira, whose name was no secret in the village, sent messengers very often to Subiaco. The post left that very day, and I wrote to Nino to tell him that I had found his friends in villeggiatura at Fillettino, advising him to come as soon as he could, and recruit his health and his spirits.

I learned, further, from the woman who rented me my lodging, that there were other people in the castle besides the count and his daughter. At least, she had seen a tall gentleman on the terrace with them during the last two days ; and it was not true that the count kept Hedwig a prisoner. On the contrary, they rode out together almost every day, and yesterday the tall gentleman had gone with them. The woman also went into many details ; telling me how much money the count had spent in a fortnight, bringing furniture and a real piano and immense loads of baskets,

which the porters were told contained glass and crockery, and must be carefully handled. It was clear that the count was settled for some time. He had probably taken the old place for a year, by a lease from the Roman family to whom Fillettino and the neighboring estates belong. He would spend the spring and the summer there, at least.

Being anxious to see who the tall gentleman might be, of whom my landlady had spoken, I posted myself in the street, at the foot of the inclined bridle-path leading to the castle gate. I walked up and down for two hours, about the time I supposed they would all ride, hoping to catch a glimpse of the party. Neither the count nor his daughter knew me by sight, I was sure, and I felt quite safe. It was a long time to wait, but at last they appeared, and I confess that I nearly fell down against the wall when I saw them.

There they were on their horses, moving cautiously down the narrow way above me. First came the count, sitting in his saddle as though he were at the head of his old regiment, his great gray mustaches standing out fiercely from his severe, wooden face. Then came Hedwig, whom I had not seen for a long time, looking as white and sorrowful as the angel of death, in a close black dress, or habit, so that her golden hair was all the color there was to be seen about her.

But the third rider, — there was no mistaking that thin, erect figure, dressed in the affectation of youth; those fresh pink cheeks, with the snowy mustache, and the thick white hair showing beneath the jaunty hat; the eagle nose and the bright eyes. Baron Benoni, and no other.

My first instinct was to hide myself; but before I could retreat, Benoni recognized me, even with my old clothes. Perhaps they are not so much older than the others, compared with his fashionable garments. He made no sign as

the three rode by; only I could see by his eyes, that were fixed angrily upon me, that he knew me, and did not wish to show it. As for myself, I stood stock still in amazement.

I had supposed that Benoni had really gone to Austria, as he had told me he was about to do. I had thought him ignorant of the count's retreat, save for the hint which had so luckily led me straight to the mark. I had imagined him to be but a chance acquaintance of the Lira family, having little or no personal interest in their doings. Nevertheless, I had suspected him, as I have told you. Everything pointed to a deception on his part. He had evidently gone immediately from Rome to Fillettino. He must be intimate with the count, or the latter would not have invited him to share a retreat seemingly intended to be kept a secret. He also, I thought, must have some very strong reason for consenting to bury himself in the mountains in company with a father and daughter who could hardly be supposed to be on good terms with each other.

But again, why had he seemed so ready to help me and to forward Nino's suit? Why had he given me the smallest clue to the count's whereabouts? Now I am not a strong man in action, perhaps, but I am a very cunning reasoner. I remembered the man, and the outrageous opinions he had expressed, both to Nino and to me. Then I understood my suspicions. It would be folly to expect such a man to have any real sympathy or sense of friendship for any one. He had amused himself by promising to come back and go with me on my search, perhaps to make a laughing-stock of me, or even of my boy, by telling the story to the Liras afterwards. He had entertained no idea that I would go alone, or that, if I went, I could be successful. He had made a mistake, and was very angry; his eyes told me that. Then I made a bold resolution. I would

see him and ask him what he intended to do ; in short, why he had deceived me.

There would probably be no difficulty in the way of obtaining an interview. I was not known to the others of the party, and Benoni would scarcely refuse to receive me. I thought he would excuse himself, with ready cynicism, and pretend to continue his offers of friendship and assistance. I confess, I regretted that I was so humbly clad, in all my old clothes ; but after all, I was traveling, you know.

It was a bold resolution, I think, and I revolved the situation in my mind during two days, thinking over what I should say. But with all my thought I only found that everything must depend on Benoni's answer to my own question — " Why ? "

On the third day, I made myself look as fine as I could, and though my heart beat loudly as I mounted the bridle-path, I put on a bold look and rang the bell. It was a clanging thing, that seemed to creak on a hinge, as I pulled the stout string from outside. A man appeared, and on my inquiry said I might wait in the porch behind the great wooden gate, while he delivered my message to his excellency the baron. It seemed to take a long time, and I sat on a stone bench, eying the courtyard curiously from beneath the archway. It was sunny and clean, with an old well in the middle, but I could see nothing save a few windows opening upon it. At last, the man returned, and said that I might come with him.

I found Benoni, clad in a gorgeous dressing-gown, stalking up and down a large vaulted apartment, in which there were a few new armchairs, a table covered with books, and a quantity of ancient furniture, that looked unsteady and fragile, although it had been carefully dusted. A plain green baize carpet covered about half the floor, and the remainder was of red brick. The morning sun streamed in through tall win-

dows, and played in a rainbow-like effulgence on the baron's many colored dressing-gown, as he paused in his walk to greet me.

" Well, my friend," said Benoni gayly, " how in the name of the devil did you get here ? " I thought I had been right ; he was going to play at being my friend again.

" Very easily, by the help of your little hint," I replied ; and I seated myself, for I felt that I was master of the situation.

" Ah, if I had suspected you of being so intelligent, I would not have given you any hint at all. You see I have not been to Austria on business, but am here in this good old flesh of mine, such as it is."

" Consequently " — I began, and then stopped. I suddenly felt that Benoni had turned the tables upon me, I could not tell how.

" Consequently," said he, continuing my sentence, " when I told you that I was going to Austria I was lying."

" The frankness of the statement obliges me to believe that you are now telling the truth," I answered angrily. I felt uneasy. Benoni laughed in his peculiar way.

" Precisely," he continued again, " I was lying. I generally do, for so long as I am believed I deceive people ; and when they find me out, they are confused between truth and lying, so that they do not know what to believe at all. By the bye, I am wandering. I am sorry to see you here. I hope you understand that." He looked at me with the most cheerful expression. I believe I was beginning to be angry at his insulting calmness. I did not answer him.

" Signor Grandi," he said in a moment, seeing I was silent, " I am enchanted to see you, if you prefer that I should be. But may I imagine if I can do anything more for you, now that you have heard from my own lips that I am a liar ? I say it again, — I like the word,

— I am a liar, and I wish I were a better one. What can I do for you ? ”

“ Tell me why you have acted this comedy,” said I, recollecting at the right moment the gist of my reflections during the past two days.

“ Why ? To please myself, good sir ; for the sovereign pleasure of myself.”

“ I would surmise,” I retorted tartly, “ that it could not have been for the pleasure of any one else.”

“ Perhaps you mean, because no one else could be base enough to take pleasure in what amuses me ? ” I nodded savagely at his question. “ Very good. Knowing this of me, do you further surmise that I should be so simple as to tell you how I propose to amuse myself in the future ? ” I recognized the truth of this, and I saw myself checkmated at the outset. I therefore smiled, and endeavored to seem completely satisfied, hoping that his vanity would betray him into some hint of the future. He seemed to have before taken pleasure in misleading me with a fragment of truth, supposing that I could not make use of it. I would endeavor to lead him into such a trap again.

“ It is a beautiful country, is it not ? ” I remarked, going to the window before which he stood, and looking out. “ You must enjoy it greatly, after the turmoil of society.” You see, I was once as gay as any of them, in the old days ; and so I made the reflection that seemed natural to his case, wondering how he would answer.

“ It is indeed a very passable landscape,” he said indifferently. “ With horses and a charming companion one may kill a little time here, and find a satisfaction in killing it.” I noticed the slip, by which he spoke of a single companion instead of two.

“ Yes,” I replied, “ the count is said to be a most agreeable man.”

He paused a moment, and the hesitation seemed to show that the count was not the companion he had in his mind.

“ Oh, certainly,” he said, at length, “ the count is very agreeable, and his daughter is the paragon of all the virtues and accomplishments.” There was something a little disparaging in his tone as he made the last remark, which seemed to me a clumsy device to throw me off the scent, if scent there were. Considering his surpassing personal vanity, of which I had received an ocular demonstration when he visited me in Rome, I fancied that if there were nothing more serious in his thoughts he would have given me to understand that Hedwig found him entirely irresistible. Since he was able to control his vanity, there must be a reason for it.

“ I should think that the contessina must be charmed at having so brilliant a companion as yourself in her solitude,” I said, feeling my way to the point.

“ With me ? I am an old man. Children of that age detest old men.” I thought his manner constrained, and it was unlike him not to laugh as he made the speech. The conviction grew upon me that Hedwig was the object of his visit. Moreover, I became persuaded that he was but a poor sort of villain, for he was impulsive, as villains should never be. We leaned over the stone sill of the window, which he had opened during the conversation. There was a little trail of ants climbing up and down the wall at the side, and he watched them. One of the small creatures, heavily laden with a seed of some sort, and toiling painfully under the burden, had been separated from the rest, and clambered over the edge of the window-sill. On reaching the level surface it paused, as though very weary, and looked about, moving its tiny horns. Benoni looked at it a moment, and then with one finger he suddenly whisked the poor little thing into space. It hurt me to see it, and I knew he must be cruel, for he laughed aloud. Somehow, it would have seemed less cruel to have brushed away the whole trail of insects, rather than to

pitch upon this one small, tired workman, overladen and forgotten by the rest.

"Why did you do that?" I asked involuntarily.

"Why? Why do I do anything? Because I please, the best of all reasons."

"Of course; it was foolish of me to ask you. That is probably the cause of your presence here. You would like to hurl my boy Nino from the height he has reached in his love, and to satisfy your cruel instincts you have come here to attack the heart of an innocent girl." I watched him narrowly, and I have often wondered how I had the courage to insult him. It was a bold shot at the truth, and his look satisfied me that I was not very wide of the mark. To accuse a gray-haired old man of attempting to win the affections of a young girl would seem absurd enough. But if you had ever seen Benoni, you would understand that he was anything but old, save for his snowy locks. Many a boy might envy the strange activity of his thin limbs, the bloom and freshness of his eager face, and the fire of his eyes. He was impulsive, too; for instead of laughing at the absurdity of the thing, or at what should have been its absurdity, as a more accomplished villain would have done, he was palpably angry. He looked quickly at me and moved savagely, so that I drew back, and it was not till some moments later that it occurred to him that he ought to seem amused.

"How ridiculous!" he cried at last, mastering his anger. "You are joking."

"Oh, of course I am joking," I answered, leaving the window. "And now I must wish you good-morning, with many apologies for my intrusion." He must have been glad to be rid of me, but he politely insisted on showing me to the gate. Perhaps he wanted to be sure that I should not ask questions of the servants.

As we passed through an outer hall, we came suddenly upon Hedwig, entering from the opposite direction, dressed in black, and looking like a beautiful shadow of pain. As I have told you, she did not know me. Benoni bowed to the ground, as she went by, making some flattering speech about her appearance. She had started slightly on first seeing us, and then she went on without speaking; but there was on her face a look of such sovereign scorn and loathing as I never saw on the features of any living being. And more than scorn, for there was fear and hatred with it; so that if a glance could tell a whole history, there would have been no detail of her feeling for Benoni left to guess.

This meeting produced a profound impression on me, and I saw her face in my dreams that night. Had anything been wanting to complete, in my judgment, the plan of the situation in the castle, that something was now supplied. The Jew had come there to get her for himself. She hated him for his own sake; she hated him because she was faithful to Nino; she hated him because he perhaps knew of her secret love for my boy. Poor maiden, shut up for days and weeks to come with a man she dreaded and scorned at once! The sight of her recalled to me that I had in my pocket the letter Nino had sent me for her, weeks before, and which I had found no means of delivering since I had been in Fillettino. Suddenly I was seized with a mad determination to deliver it at any cost. The baron bowed me out of the gate, and I paused outside when the ponderous door had swung on its hinges and his footsteps were echoing back through the court.

I sat down on the parapet of the bridle-path, and with my knife cut some of the stitches that sewed my money between my two waistcoats. I took out one of the bills of a hundred francs that were concealed within, I found the letter Nino had sent me for Hedwig, and

I once more rang the bell. The man who had admitted me came again, and looked at me in some astonishment. But I gave him no time to question me.

"Here is a note for a hundred francs," I said. "Take it, and give this letter to the Signora Contessina. If you bring me a written answer here to-morrow at this hour, I will give you as much more." The man was dumfounded for a moment, after which he clutched the money and the letter greedily, and hid them in his coat.

"Your excellency shall be punctually obeyed," he said, with a deep bow, and I went away.

It was recklessly extravagant of me to do this, but there was no other course. A small bribe would have been worse than none at all. If you can afford to pay largely, it is better to bribe a servant than to trust a friend. Your friend has nothing to gain by keeping your secret, whereas the servant hopes for more money in the future, and the prospect of profit makes him as silent as the grave.

I would certainly not have acted as I did, had I not met Hedwig in the hall. But the sight of her pale face and heavy eyes went to my heart, and I would have given the whole of my little fortune to bring some gladness to her, even though I might not see it. The situation, too, was so novel and alarming that I felt obliged to act quickly, not knowing what evils delay might produce.

On the following morning I went up to the gateway again and rang the bell. The same man appeared. He slipped a note into my hand, and I slipped a bill into his. But, to my surprise, he did not shut the door and retire.

"The signorina said your excellency should read the note, and I should accompany you," he said; and I saw he had his hat in his hand, as if ready to go. I tore open the note. It merely said that the servant was trustworthy, and would "instruct the Signor Grandi" how to act.

"You told the contessina my name, then?" I said to the man. He had announced me to the baron, and consequently knew who I was. He nodded, closed the door behind him, and came with me. When we were in the street, he explained that Hedwig desired to speak with me. He expounded the fact that there was a staircase in the rock, leading to the level of the town. Furthermore, he said that the old count and the baron occasionally drank deeply, as soldiers and adventurers will do, to pass the evening. The next time it occurred, he, the faithful servant, would come to my lodging and conduct me into the castle by the aforesaid passage, of which he had the key.

I confess I was unpleasantly alarmed at the prospect of making a burglarious entrance in such romantic fashion. It savored more of the last century than of the quiet and eminently respectable age in which we live. But then, the castle of Fillettino was built hundreds of years ago, and it is not my fault if it has not gone to ruin, like so many others of its kind. The man recommended me to be always at home after eight o'clock in the evening, in case I were wanted, and to avoid seeing the baron when he was abroad. He came and saw where I lived, and with many bows he left me.

You may imagine in what anxiety I passed my time. A whole week elapsed, and yet I was never summoned. Every evening at seven, an hour before the time named, I was in my room, waiting for some one who never came. I was so much disturbed in mind that I lost my appetite and thought of being bled again. But I thought it too soon, and contented myself with getting a little tamarind from the apothecary.

One morning the apothecary, who is also the postmaster, gave me a letter from Nino, dated in Rome. His engagement was over, he had reached Rome, and he would join me immediately.

F. Marion Crawford.

AT THE SATURDAY CLUB.

THIS is our place of meeting; opposite
 That towered and pillared building: look at it;
King's Chapel in the Second George's day,
 Rebellion stole its regal name away,—
Stone Chapel sounded better; but at last
 The poisoned name of our provincial past
 Had lost its ancient venom; then once more
Stone Chapel was *King's Chapel* as before,—
 (So let rechristened North Street, when it can,
 Bring back the days of Marlborough and Queen Anne!)

Next the old church your wandering eye will meet
 A granite pile that stares upon the street,—
 Our civic temple; slanderous tongues have said
 Its shape was modelled from Saint Botolph's head,
 Lofty, but narrow; jealous passers-by
 Say Boston always held her head too high.

Turn half-way round, and let your look survey
 The white façade that gleams across the way,—
 The many-windowed building, tall and wide,
 The palace-inn that shows its northern side
 In grateful shadow when the sunbeams beat
 The granite wall in summer's scorching heat;
 This is the place; whether its name you spell
 Tavern, or caravansera, or hotel.
 Would I could steal its echoes! you should find
 Such store of vanished pleasures brought to mind,—
 Such feasts! the laughs of many a jocund hour
 That shook the mortar from King George's tower,—
 Such guests! What famous names its record boasts,
 Whose owners wander in the mob of ghosts!
 Such stories! every beam and plank is filled
 With juicy wit the joyous talkers spilled,
 Ready to ooze, as once the mountain pine
 The floors are laid with oozed its turpentine!

A month had flitted since The Club had met;
 The day came round; I found the table set,
 The waiters lounging round the iron stairs,
 Empty as yet the double row of chairs.
 I was a full half hour before the rest,
 Alone, the banquet-chamber's single guest.
 So from the table's side a chair I took,
 And having neither company nor book
 To keep me waking, by degrees there crept
 A torpor over me,—in short, I slept.
 Loosed from its chain, along the wreck-strown track
 Of the dead years my soul goes travelling back;

My ghosts take on their robes of flesh ; it seems
 Dreaming is life ; nay, life less life than dreams,
 So real are the shapes that meet my eyes.
 They bring no sense of wonder, no surprise,
 No hint of other than an earth-born source ;
 All seems plain daylight, everything of course.

How dim the colors are, how poor and faint
 This palette of weak words with which I paint !
 Here sit my friends ; if I could fix them so
 As to my eyes they seem, my page would glow
 Like a queen's missal, warm as if the brush
 Of Titian or Velasquez brought the flush
 Of life into their features. *Ay de mi !*
 If syllables were pigments, you should see
 Such breathing portraitures as never man
 Found in the Pitti or the Vatican.

Here sits our POET, Laureate, if you will,
 Long has he worn the wreath, and wears it still.
Dead ? Nay, not so ; and yet they say his bust
 Looks down on marbles covering royal dust,
 Kings by the Grace of God, or Nature's grace ;
Dead ! No ! Alive ! I see him in his place,
 Full-featured, with the bloom that heaven denies
 Her children, pinched by cold New England skies,
 Too often, while the nursery's happier few
 Win from a summer cloud its roseate hue.
 Kind, soft-voiced, gentle, in his eye there shines
 The ray serene that filled Evangeline's.

Modest he seems, not shy ; content to wait
 Amid the noisy clamor of debate
 The looked-for moment when a peaceful word
 Smooths the rough ripples louder tongues have stirred.
 In every tone I mark his tender grace
 And all his poems hinted in his face ;
 What tranquil joy his friendly presence gives !
 How could I think him dead ? He lives ! He lives !

There, at the table's further end I see
 In his old place our Poet's *vis-à-vis*,
 The great PROFESSOR, strong, broad-shouldered, square,
 In life's rich noontide, joyous, debonair.
 His social hour no leaden care alloys,
 His laugh rings loud and mirthful as a boy's,
 That lusty laugh the Puritan forgot,
 What ear has heard it and remembers not ?
 How often, halting at some wide crevasse
 Amid the windings of his Alpine pass, ♦
 High up the cliffs, the climbing mountaineer,
 Listening the far-off avalanche to hear,

Silent, and leaning on his steel-shod staff,
Has heard that cheery voice, that ringing laugh,
From the rude cabin whose nomadic walls
Creep with the moving glacier as it crawls!

How does vast Nature lead her living train
In ordered sequence through that spacious brain,
As in the primal hour when Adam named
The new-born tribes that young creation claimed! —
How will her realm be darkened, losing thee,
Her darling, whom we call *our* AGASSIZ!

But who is he whose massive frame belies
The maiden shyness of his downcast eyes?
Who broods in silence till, by questions pressed,
Some answer struggles from his laboring breast?
An artist Nature meant to dwell apart,
Locked in his studio with a human heart,
Tracking its caverned passions to their lair,
And all its throbbing mysteries laying bare.

Count it no marvel that he broods alone
Over the heart he studies, — 't is his own;
So in his page whatever shape it wear,
The Essex wizard's shadowed self is there, —
The great ROMANCER, hid beneath his veil
Like the stern preacher of his sombre tale;
Virile in strength, yet bashful as a girl,
Prouder than Hester, sensitive as Pearl.

From his mild throng of worshippers released,
Our Concord Delphi sends its chosen priest,
Prophet or poet, mystic, sage, or seer,
By every title always welcome here.
Why that ethereal spirit's frame describe?
You know the race-marks of the Brahmin tribe, —
The spare, slight form, the sloping shoulders' droop,
The calm, scholastic air, the clerkly stoop,
The lines of thought the narrowed features wear,
Worn sharp by studious nights and frugal fare.

List! for he speaks! As when a king would choose
The jewels for his bride, he might refuse
This diamond for its flaw, — find that less bright
Than those, its fellows, and a pearl less white
Than fits her snowy neck, and yet at last,
The fairest gems are chosen, and made fast
In golden fetters; so, with light delays
He seeks the fittest word to fill his phrase;
Nor vain nor idle his fastidious quest,
His chosen word is sure to prove the best.

Where in the realm of thought, whose air is song,
Does he, the Buddha of the West, belong?

He seems a winged Franklin, sweetly wise,
 Born to unlock the secrets of the skies;
 And which the nobler calling,—if 'tis fair
 Terrestrial with celestial to compare,—
 To guide the storm-cloud's elemental flame,
 Or walk the chambers whence the lightning came,
 Amidst the sources of its subtile fire,
 And steal their effluence for his lips and lyre?
 If lost at times in vague aerial flights,
 None treads with firmer footstep when he lights;
 A soaring nature, ballasted with sense,
 Wisdom without her wrinkles or pretence,
 In every Bible he has faith to read,
 And every altar helps to shape his creed.
 Ask you what name this prisoned spirit bears
 While with ourselves this fleeting breath it shares?
 Till angels greet him with a sweeter one
 In Heaven, on earth we call him EMERSON.

I start; I wake; the vision is withdrawn
 New faces greet me, but the old are gone;
 Crossed from the roll of life their cherished names,
 And memory's pictures fading in their frames;
 Yet life is lovelier for these transient gleams
 Of buried friendships; blest is he who dreams!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE STUDY OF GREEK.

THERE are reasons why the earliest philosophy and literature of the civilized world should have not only a transcendent interest, but a unique teaching power. Our abstract terms are concrete; our simple ideas are complex. In the realm of mind the course of things in physical science has been reversed. The ancients had four elements; we have fourscore, or more. But it often takes many of their elementary thoughts to make one of ours. Thus the study of the old philosophers leads us into a more minute analysis of the rudiments of ontology, and of deontology, too, than is dreamed of by their successors in these latter centuries. In poetry, equally, our comprehensive knowledge and

our easy command of nature place us at a disadvantage. There is no scope for the imagination in fields of space thoroughly measured, familiarly known, and traversed with more than the speed of the wind. The master of a paltry coasting vessel who should encounter any serious peril, or bring home accounts of any wonderful adventure or strange sight, on a voyage like that described in the *Odyssey*, would be remanded to the fore-castle. Yet there still exist on that route as rich materials for the plastic imagination as Homer found there; but we must go back to Homer to find them. It is, moreover, well that we should go back; for steam and electro-magnetism are too fast ex-

orising the spirits that used to dwell in wave and storm, in fountain, field, and forest, and degrading poetry into loose-jointed metaphysics, or sentimental egotism, rhythmically written. We must admit, however, that the best translations will furnish a very large part of the profit and pleasure to be derived from the Greek classics.

Yet not all. There is the untranslatable in every language, and in none more than in the Greek. There are, especially in Homer, in the tragedians, and in Aristophanes, compound words to which we have none that correspond, and which drop much of their meaning in a paraphrase; and there are turns of expression, descriptive traits, metaphors, which are almost despoiled of their pertinence and beauty either by a literal rendering or by a free translation. Take, for instance, the apostrophe of Prometheus to the sea, in the tragedy of Æschylus that bears his name, — *ποντίων κυμάτων ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα*, literally, *innumerable laugh of sea-waves*, which is not graceful English. The Greek implies something seen and something heard, — the manifold glancing of the sunlight from a slightly mottled surface, and the gentle, gleeful murmur of the sluggish waves as they lap the shore. This very phrase adds a new joy to the seaside. There are, too, single words, phrases, verses, which plant themselves ineradicably in the memory, and which are not infrequently recalled even by those whose Greek scholarship is neither deep nor fresh. It is hardly too much to say that the pleasure of reading and of having read the Prometheus Vincit of Æschylus in the original is worth the time and labor spent in acquiring the capacity to read it.

But it is not our present purpose to discuss the comparative worth of æsthetic pleasures; nor are we prepared to deny that, for many minds at least, equal enjoyment with that derived from the ancient classics may flow from the litera-

ture of our own or other modern tongues. What is now proposed is to consider the worth of Greek, in its practical aspects, for a liberally educated man, whatever his profession may be.

In the first place, the study of Greek is of immeasurable worth in forming a good English style. Comparative philology is as essential to a knowledge of grammar as comparative anatomy is to a knowledge of the human frame. No man ignorant of other languages understands the powers and capacities of his own. Especially is grammar learned by acquaintance with languages that have a grammar, which the English hardly possesses, and which those modern languages that are the abraded *débris* of the Latin possess very imperfectly, but which is preëminently the attribute of the Greek. There is not an inflection of a variable Greek word which does not represent a corresponding inflection of thought, and a corresponding expression of the thought in English. Conversance with such a language tends to create precision, copiousness, and flexibility in the choice and use of words. Then, too, the translation of Greek into English teaches the pupil as much English as Greek. In the competitive endeavor to furnish the best rendering of the Greek text, he enriches his English vocabulary, and acquires invaluable experience in its use. It is virtually an exercise in English composition, with this difference in its favor: that the young writer of themes is confined within his own narrow range of thoughts and the words that represent them, while in translating Greek he is obliged to seek and ambitious to find adequate expression for what is picturesque, graphic, grand, and beautiful, far beyond anything of his own that he will write for years to come, if ever, yet enabling him, whenever he has anything to say, to clothe it in such drapery as shall render it presentable.

This is not a matter of mere theory. It is perfectly easy to detect the absence

of classical training in a writer. There are undoubtedly exceptions, but so few as not to disprove the rule. In many years' experience as an editor we never failed to detect a difference in favor of contributors who had received a classical education; and in some cases, and with reference to writers of superior ability and reputation, we discovered the deficiency in that regard from internal evidence before we otherwise obtained knowledge of the fact. Nor was it unusual for such a writer to impose upon the editor hardly less labor in bringing a valuable paper before the public than had been employed in its first composition; thus rendering it certain that, when he published anything on his own account, he was largely indebted to a competent reviser or proof-reader. The men to whom we refer were all well educated, doubtless familiar with one or two modern languages, and it may be supposed with the amount of Latin that used to be taught in the upper classes of our academies and high schools. One of them was the president of one of our oldest and best endowed colleges, after an eminent career at the bar and on the bench of his native State; and he not only in his letters expressed deep regret that he had learned, in his boyhood, little Latin and no Greek, but showed in papers, otherwise of great merit, a sad lack of proper linguistic training.

It would be well worth our while to see how a man of this sort would conduct the war against Greek. Its assailants, so far as we know, have had and have manifested the benefit of classical training in a style with the genuine stamp and ring; and one of the ablest and most graceful of them, among the recreations of his old age, found special delight and won no little reputation by the version of certain well-known nursery melodies into Greek verse, in metres with which the most fastidious scholar could find no fault.

It may, indeed, be said that every man does not need to be a good writer. True. But it is equally true that no well-educated man ought to be incapable of being a good writer. There are few men of culture who do not perform more or less pen-work, whether in private correspondence, or in reports or addresses to a smaller or larger public; and hardly less than good manners, the free and graceful use of the pen on ordinary occasions is essential to the ornament and dignity of social life. It is especially desirable that our scientific men should keep themselves on the same plane with their brethren in other lands. We crave for them the ease, suppleness, and elegance of diction so eminently characteristic of the great English scientists of our day, who may have obtained ascendancy among their peers chiefly by demonstration and argument, but who in large part have owed their power in moulding general opinion and belief to their skill in handling that most subtle and delicate of organs, our vernacular English. At least, let our scientific professors and writers learn a lesson from *Æsop's* curtailed fox, and keep out of the trap till they can make the amputation of classical culture, which some of them commend, acceptable to all their kind.

To pass to another consideration, we look to our liberally educated men for the guardianship and oversight of our educational institutions. Even the most sanguine of the anti-Greek host do not anticipate the speedy advent of the time when Greek will not form an important, and in some quarters a favored, portion of the high-school curriculum. Some years ago, the chairman of the committee on modern languages, appointed by the visiting board of one of our colleges, when asked which of four recitation-rooms, devoted to as many tongues, he would first honor by his presence, frankly replied, "It makes no manner of difference to me; I know not

a word of either of those languages." We should be sorry to see the time when a graduate of that same college may be constrained to make a like impartial visitation of a classical school or academy under his charge. Careful, discriminating cognizance of every kind of school-work by competent trustees or supervisors was never so necessary as now, when a large part of that work is in the hands of novices, who take the office of teacher on their way from college to some permanent profession. The utter incapacity to follow a class in a simple lesson in the Greek Reader would be taken by the class for much more than it means, and the incompetent classical scholar would suffer far more than he deserved as regards respect for and confidence in his general intelligence and scholarship. One would hardly covet the position of the college president already mentioned, who must either have kept clear of the Greek department, or felt an oppressive awkwardness in visiting it. It would be unfortunate were one of our colleges to establish an alternative curriculum, which should at some future time render its most honored graduates unfit to preside creditably in its counsels. This argument seems to us of no little weight; yet it would lose its force were the study of Greek to lapse into general disrepute and neglect. Let us pass to some reasons why it cannot so decline, but, even in case of temporary discredit, must be restored to a permanent place among the essential departments of liberal culture.

The Greek is in many respects the most important factor of the English language. Of the words used and understood by persons of narrow intelligence and little reading, while there are many derived from the Greek, the greater part are of other origin. Of the additional words used and understood by educated persons, by reading and thinking persons, and by those conversant with the arts and sciences, more, proba-

bly, are derived from the Greek than from all other languages beside. The same is true of words that have been formed and have come into use within the last half century, and of those which are at this moment pressing their way into current use. Of the sources of English diction, some are drained and dry, others are intermittent; the Greek alone maintains a constant and copious flow. It furnishes the names of all the sciences, and of many of the arts; of many geometrical figures; of almost every mathematical, astronomical, and physical instrument; of many of the old and of almost all the new surgical instruments; and of most of the various instruments, apparatus, and methods employed in the practical applications of science. Chemistry derives from it the larger and more important part of its nomenclature. In botany it has given names to all the classes and orders of the Linnæan system, and, equally, to the series, classes, sub-classes, and divisions thereof, in the system that has superseded it. There is no department of life, no line of business, hardly an invoice of goods, never a column of advertisements in a newspaper, that is not bristling with Greek words. The man who makes an invention, precious or worthless, deserving a high-sounding name or craving one to catch the popular ear, resorts nowhere but to the Greek for the term that he needs. In a late edition — we dare not say the last — of Webster's quarto Dictionary, of words beginning with *ana* there are 159, with *anth* 64, with *chl* 27, with *chr* 90, with *geo* 60, with *ph* 436, with *ps* 86, with *sy* 294. To these should be added about 100 out of 126 words, with these several beginnings, in the Supplement, a few of which are the same words with different meanings, but most of which are different words. We have in these several classes more than thirteen hundred words, not twenty of which are of other than Greek derivation. The

list, to be sure, embraces several large clusters of words from a common root, it may be, not larger than some from Latin roots that might be named; but if Greek roots are really more prolific than any others, it only shows their vitality when thus transplanted, and their special adaptation to English soil. There are also several terminations not uncommon in our language which, perhaps with no exceptions, certainly with few, indicate a Greek origin. Such are *atry*, *gen*, *ics*, *metry*, *ogy*, *phy*, *sis*, *tomy*. Many of the words thus ending are, indeed, included in the thirteen hundred; but the greater part of them would be found under other initial letters.

A great many of these words are technical words, the meaning of which it is important, or at least becoming, that scientific men and practical men of liberal culture should know. In saying this, we would place special emphasis on the word *know*. To know that a certain instrument is designated by a certain word is not to know the meaning of the word; a liberally educated man ought to know why the instrument is called by that name rather than by any other. Now the technical and scientific terms derived from the Greek are, without exception, significant names, descriptive of the properties, objects, or classes of objects which they represent, and so descriptive of them that one previously unacquainted with them would learn what they are from their names alone. Thus a Greek scholar who had never heard of a thermometer, or a microscope, or a phototype, would at once know what they were; while a man ignorant of Greek, though he might know that certain objects were called by these names, could give no reason why the thermometer might not as well be called a phototype. These technical and scientific words—we cannot cite an exception—bear the precise and ordinary signification of the Greek words from which they are derived or compounded.

A very limited Greek vocabulary, such as is acquired in the minimum classical course in our colleges, suffices to make these words easily intelligible, and thus to open to the student not only the nomenclature of his own specific science or profession, but the entire range of terms in all the arts and sciences. Moreover, as has been said, the terms within this range are constantly multiplying. Whole sheaves of them have come into being within the memory of the writer of this paper, and he has often seen a brand-new word, which but for the little of Greek he knew would have puzzled him and teased his curiosity, perhaps in vain, but which was its own prompt interpreter. This inrush of Greek will continue so long as classification, invention, and discovery shall still be progressive and aggressive; for the Greek furnishes a most ample affluence of words which combine the qualities of intelligibleness, euphony, and facility in the graceful formation of compound terms. Apart from any considerations connected with Greek literature, one who has lived in clear light as to so large and important a portion of our own language cannot think with patience of any theory of liberal education which should leave this, else the most luminous region of our English vocabulary, in perpetual eclipse. If our technological schools aim at making their graduates anything more than very narrow specialists, they will find it necessary to introduce Greek into their curriculum. We should be sorry for them to dispense with Latin; but Greek is by far the more important of the two.

We add yet another reason for the study of Greek by our educated classes. We call ourselves a Christian people, and ill as we deserve the name, it never was so truly ours as now, if we may trust the statistics of the churches and benevolent institutions of all the leading Christian denominations. The wave of agnosticism, already refluxing in Ger-

many, and past its flood in England, was slower and later in reaching our shores, yet shows infallible tokens that it has attained its high-water mark here. But for the self-laudation of those whom it lifts from their feet, thus giving them a transient elevation, its impact here has been so languid and of so limited extent as hardly to attract the notice of the religious world. For the greater part of our people the Christian Scriptures are a series of sacred books, and none the less so for the decline of bibliolatry. Indeed, the very writers who have been the most efficient in their assaults on unreasoning and superstitious reverence for the mere letter of the Bible are foremost in their appreciation of its paramount and inestimable worth, and of its rightful hold on the intelligent and fervent interest of every mind and heart. The Jews train their sons in Hebrew for the sole purpose of enabling them to read their Scriptures. Many Christian men and women have learned Greek even late in life, and at the utmost disadvantage, merely in order to read the New Testament in the original. The sacred books of a people have certainly a strong claim on such of its citizens as hold a foremost place in culture and influence. There are many questions raised in the discussion of dogmatic theology, and many references and allusions in the pulpit, which need for their clear understanding some conversance with the Greek of the New Testament. The Revised Version is creating in the arraignment and defense of its authors an already voluminous body of fresh literature, in which our principal reviews and, equally, some of our popular newspapers have borne no inconsiderable part; and the whole ground thus covered is well worthy of the enlightened cognizance of the Christian public, and ought to be within the easy comprehension of a liberally educated man. In fine, there are many occasions on which a person who has any interest — wheth-

er on the score of intelligence, taste, or piety — in Christianity and its canonical writings ought to be glad to know for himself, or to determine from his own best judgment, precisely what is the voice of Scripture.

More than all else, there is in the New Testament no little of the untranslatable. There are shades of meaning, delicate lines and hues of pictorial narrative, traits of sentiment, evanescent under the hand of the most skillful translator, yet flashing vividly upon him who reads the very words of the evangelist or the apostle. This is especially true, as every qualified witness will testify, of the biographies of Him who is his own religion. They are stories that grow perpetually on re-perusal and on close perusal, and no one who prizes them in the vernacular version can ever have read them in the Greek without being devoutly thankful for the ability so to read them. If Christianity has, as we believe it has, its birth in the bosom of Eternal Love, and its mission co-eternal with Him from whom it came, there will always remain sacred and cogent reasons for the study of the language consecrated by the earliest permanent records of the Divine humanity, destined to be the light and life of all ages and nations.

There exist exaggerated notions as to the time required for the study of Greek. It has been repeatedly said and written that it demands the hardest work of four years in a course preparatory for college. This may have been seemingly true of one or two schools a quarter of a century ago; but in most of our classical schools the entire preparatory course then occupied but three years, and was often completed in two. Indeed, at a still earlier period, when school vacations were merely nominal, when all that a studious boy did was to study, and when plain living did more to keep students in vigorous health than hygienic restrictions and rules do now,

it was no uncommon thing for a boy who had more brains than his father had money to fit himself for college in a year. The requirements then included more Greek and Latin than at present, but much less of mathematics, and very little beside, and a year then was probably equivalent to two years now; for about one third of the school year is now taken up by vacations and holidays, and our school-boys are encouraged, or at least permitted, to have not a few engrossing objects and pursuits aside from their school-life. In most of our good preparatory schools Greek now occupies a portion, by no means the principal portion, of from two to three years; being commenced in many of them in the last quarter (ten weeks) of the third year before entering college. We have before us the course of study in one of our principal schools, in which Greek is studied for three years. The Greek in this course embraces four books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*, one of Herodotus, four of the *Iliad*, portions of the *Cyropædia*, and the Greek Testament, with exercises for the last year and a half in reading at sight Xenophon, Herodotus, and Homer, and exercises during nearly the whole time in writing Greek. This is considerably in advance of the requirement for admission in any of our New England colleges; and the time spent in writing Greek might well seem excessive and unreasonable, were not this exercise so arranged and conducted as to supersede in great part the formal study of the grammar, and by enriching the student's vocabulary to save much of his mechanical toil in turning over the leaves of his lexicon.

We have before us a full statement of the time devoted to Greek in a private school, which always sends to college admirably prepared pupils, and which has its clientelage almost wholly among families in which there would be no disposition to shorten the term, or to apply undue stimulants to the diligence,

of school life. Greek in this school is commenced two years and a quarter before entering college. The lessons are from two to four each week. The entire number of lessons does not exceed three hundred. We are assured on the best authority that little more than half that number of lessons would suffice for a boy who made study his vocation, instead of his *a-vocation*, or side-calling, secondary to base-ball, military drill, and miscellaneous amusements.

It must be borne in mind that the lessons in Greek in our good schools are not, as of old, mere recitations, but what they purport to be, hours of direct and positive instruction; superseding a considerable portion of the study formerly required, and facilitating all the rest.

It ought, in this connection, to be emphatically stated that in the method of teaching Greek there has been in all our best schools not so much an essential improvement as an entire revolution, and one which must very soon sweep the old, cumbrous methods out of the way. The grammar is now studied, not in mass, but in great part from words and sentences as they occur in reading. The mode in which one acquires the command of his vernacular tongue is copied in every respect in which it can be made availing. The scholar learns what words are by seeing where they stand and how they are used. For much of the labor of the lexicon the pupil's own sagacity is substituted. The Greek tongue is justly reputed as the most copious of all ancient languages, and yet it is meagre in its roots. It is rich in its wealth and unequaled power of combination. The student used to be suffered to regard every word as a separate entity, to be sought by itself in the lexicon, without reference to any kindred words. He is now taught to analyze a compound word, and to determine its meaning by its component parts and its context. Thus reading at sight, which would formerly have been

considered as a more recondite art than Hindoo jugglery, is now made easy, and a very slender vocabulary, with an active mind, will enable a boy to feel quite at home in a page of the *Anabasis*, or in one of Lucian's Dialogues, which he had never seen before.

Nor let it be imagined that for a boy who is going to be an engineer, or an architect, or a chemist, the hours spent in learning Greek are, even in the utilitarian view, so much lost time. They will certainly facilitate his acquisition of the more difficult modern languages, especially of the German and its allied tongues. They will save him a great deal of labor in consulting dictionaries for words of Greek parentage. They will preclude embarrassing ignorance and mortifying blunders as to terms which he ought to understand. They will render the writing of English very much less toilsome, and thus will bring him into easier relations with the members of his own profession, and with the public at large.

The importance of the modern European tongues has been urged as a reason for dropping Greek in a scientific or practical education. With regard to these languages, the great mistake has been that in our colleges and classical schools they have been studied too much in the way in which Latin and Greek used to be studied, as if they were not only dead languages, but incapable of being raised to life. Better methods are fast coming into use. French and German are now taught as they might be learned in Paris or Dresden. The pupil acquires the language by using it, rather than as a condition precedent to using it. This improved method is fast making its way, and will soon become universal. From one of our schools, second to none in its reputation for Greek, the pupils now go to college capable of conversing with a good degree of fluency in either French or German, and many of them in both; and we

doubt whether more time is there consumed in Greek, French, and German by a boy who takes all three than used to be occupied under the old method, and to much less advantage, by Greek alone.

There is one argument against Greek, which we have not attempted to meet, because we have not known how to deal with it. It is alleged that the study of Greek is not only a waste of time, but that it cramps the mind, employs it in work unsuited to the development of capacity for scientific labor and for practical usefulness, and is a drawback on one's success in other than literary pursuits. A charge like this admits of specifications, and ought to be brought only by those who can make some show of damage. But when a member in the fourth generation of the most successful family in America ascribes to Greek all the misfortunes and failures of his ancestors and kindred, we might almost suspect him of anti-republican aspirations; for the only misfortune that can be conceived of in the history of that family is their failure to become a race of hereditary monarchs. Then again, when the man who, confessedly at the head of his department of science in this country, has only his peers among the foremost scientific men in Europe complains of having been weighted down by Greek in his boyhood, we doubt whether any ambitious youth will spurn the weight if with it he can start on a career so very full of honor. Men of this sort are not valid witnesses, and we have no others. When the men who linger in the outer courts of science, and try in vain to enter, or when those who in business or in political life are perpetually stumbling and faltering, can show us that such smattering of Greek as they have has been the insuperable obstacle in their way, it will be a fit time to inquire how and why.

Fortunately for us, the experiment of dispensing with Greek at the option of

candidates for university honors in the mathematical and physical sciences has been tried in Germany, and it has been found that even for these sciences a regular classical course, including Greek, furnishes a better preparation than is attained by the non-classical, but most skillfully devised and ably conducted curriculum of the *Realschulen*. Such is the almost unanimous testimony of the professors in the Prussian universities. We could hardly expect more favorable results in this country, especially when we bear in mind that the Prussian educational system is in every department

thoroughly organized, and administered by instructors who have passed a prescribed test; while it would be impossible in our country, except by slow degrees and with numberless exceptions and failures, to establish a uniform and adequate system for the preliminary training of scientific students.

We rest our case here, trusting that we may have added some little weight of truth and reason in behalf of classical education as the best possible discipline for scientific study, and for the arts, pursuits, and employments of liberally educated men.

A. P. Peabody.

NEWPORT.

XV.

A MAN'S ORDEAL.

THE season was now at its height. The President was in town, alternately making brief public appearances, and being spirited from house to house among the select few who had captured him, in a furtive and costly seclusion, as if he had been some influential malfactor whom it was desirable to keep out of the way. The fragments of a religious convention and those of a political reform convention, which had recently been held there, were still drifting about the place. Entertainments of the most brilliant sort were multiplied to distraction; the lawn-tennis tournament was on the point of collecting upon the Casino lawn a dense parterre of beautiful women in ravishing costumes; and in fine, the whirl of gay life, which was doomed to cease in two or three weeks more, made one think of a giant soap-bubble whirling faster and faster, and gathering a wilder glow of color as the instant of bursting draws nearer.

The collapse of one adventurer like Raish Porter was a mere incident in the general history of the season's bubble; but it created a widespread and intense astonishment, and, coming so soon after the runaway marriage, it swallowed up the excitement which had eddied for a little while around Justin and Vivian.

People were greatly surprised that Raish should have turned out as he had done. And it is noticeable that this matter of how individuals "turn out" is always a great mystery to the world. The reason is that the world occupies itself with exteriors, not interiors, of character; consequently, when that which is in a man comes in due time to the front, the crowd is puzzled because he has "turned out" to public view what it might all along have known was there, had it taken the trouble to inquire within.

Mrs. Farley Blazer was a loser to a considerable extent by the downfall of her confidential friend, companion, and adviser. She was greatly incensed at his fiasco, and the rumor soon came into circulation that she had used very pro-

fane language — as was her wont on occasions of great excitement — when news of the arrest first reached her. The financial injury done to her, although not serious in proportion to the large income allowed her by her neglected and broken-down husband, was especially exasperating because she was always averse to parting with money in any way, and because she had made up her mind, immediately on Vivian's elopement, to purchase Count Fitz-Stuart for her niece Ruth, by paying off his debts. That expense, which had already caused her much anticipatory anguish, yet was inevitable, now became a source of redoubled pain.

But it was Oliphant who, though not entangled in the wreck, felt its immediate effects in the most tangible way. Raish's property was all promptly attached, including the yacht, his horses and equipages, and whatever belonged to him in the Craig cottage. The household came, as a matter of course, to a dead stop, and the servants prepared to leave. Oliphant, however, had an inspiration: he saw an opportunity to turn the situation to account in a way that captivated his heart. He engaged the servants to remain, and lost no time in striking a bargain with Mr. Craig, by which he agreed to pay the rent for a certain period, which Raish had left in arrear, and also to retain the house until the first of October, at an increased rate, on condition that part of the money was to go to Justin. This being settled, he went again to Tiverton, and threw himself upon the compassion of his young friends there. He was entirely alone, he said, and wanted some one to take charge of the house and banish the reminiscences of Raish which, otherwise, would haunt him there. Would they not come down and occupy it? All he wanted for himself was his present room, and perhaps a breakfast: most of the time he should be elsewhere. He represented, modestly, that it would be

a great favor to him, if they would come.

"Ah," said Justin, with a tremble of ready sentiment in his young voice, and putting his hands on Oliphant's two shoulders, "if you were n't so much older than I, I should call you the most delicious, friendly fraud I ever knew. Of course we see through you — don't we, Vivian?" and he turned to her for the quick corroboration of which he was sure. "But as long as it's a delightful plan, and you've been guilty of a deception, I should n't wonder if we were to punish you by accepting it."

They did accept. They came down that evening; and there in his old home, with his old piano, Justin made the keys warble like a choir of birds, and filled Oliphant with generous satisfaction at the pleasure he had been able to bestow and the gladness that was given him in return. How like a dream it seemed! Only two months ago he had sat in the same place listening to Justin, and thinking of his apparently hopeless passion for Vivian Ware; and now she was here as Justin's bride. It was a happy omen; for at that time he had thought of Octavia, too, and at this moment he was thinking of her again!

It was several days since he had been able to see her, and he was resolved upon going to High Lawn on the morrow. He wanted to tell her how nicely the two young people were provided for; he wanted to tell her — but why go over it in advance? He knew perfectly well what he wished to say; and yet, on reflection, he did n't know very clearly. It eluded him in the most singular manner. The only thing was to go and see if it would elude him in Octavia's presence.

Before starting out, in the morning, he asked Vivian if she had any message for Octavia, in case he should see her; but doubtless the young wife would have guessed whither he had gone, without that. And when, all day, he did not

make his appearance, she and Justin could not help thinking that the interview had resulted in something of unusual importance.

Olipphant went on foot, and every step seemed to make him lighter and more buoyant, instead of causing effort. The old song was humming itself in his brain, for the first time in a long interval:—

"An' I were as fair as she,
Or she were as kind as I;"—

and it had a new significance now, though it carried him back to the day when he first saw Octavia. As he reached the small gate admitting to a side-path that led up to High Lawn, another sound greeted him,—a sound from without. It was the jangling chirr of the steel chains on Octavia's fleet horses, and for a moment Olipphant was troubled by the idea that she was just leaving the house; but the next instant he perceived that the carriage was approaching from the road above. Though he could not see it through the intervening English beeches, he heard it enter the drive, and knew that it swept up to the door, leaving a reminiscence of silvery tones in the air, which blended a wintry suggestion of sleigh-bells with the summer landscape.

He was exultant that she should have returned so in the nick of time to meet him; it flattered him with a fancy that some instinctive sense of his coming had called her home.

When he presented himself, the maid, with a confidence that augured well, said, "I think she is in;" then merely knocked at the half-open drawing-room door and announced his name. Octavia was within: she had just taken off her small, compact pansy bonnet, and held it in one hand by the strings, like a conventional shepherdess's flower-basket.

"Oh, then you did n't go away!" she exclaimed, coming forward with a dazzling welcome in her face, and what seemed to Olipphant a genuine air of re-

lief. She shook hands with him cordially. "I had heard of Mr. Porter's downfall, and arrest, and all that," she said to him, rapidly; "and somehow I did n't feel sure that you would stay, don't you know? I thought his affairs might in some way affect you,—might make it necessary for you to go to New York."

"No, not at all," he returned, with unconscious dignity. "I had no connection with them but the accident of being in the house. And I certainly should n't have gone without letting you know."

How much or how little meaning he put into those last words was best known to Octavia. She slightly withdrew, as she heard them, and seated herself by the table, where she laid the minute basket-bonnet.

"I came near missing you," she proceeded, with a more subdued demeanor. "I have just this moment got back. Did you see me driving up? I went early to see Mrs. Chauncey Ware." The whole truth was that she had heard of Olipphant's taking the train the day before, and part of her errand this morning had been to find out casually, if she could, whether he had gone to New York or not. But of this she naturally said nothing. "You know," she continued, "the Wares were very indignant with—with both you and me—because they thought we had helped them to run away; I mean Vivian and Justin. So I determined to go down there and explain."

"Do you think it was worth while, if they choose to do us injustice?" asked Olipphant.

Octavia looked down, and blushed slightly. "I did n't care so much for myself," she answered with hesitation. "I thought you would hardly care to speak for yourself, but that I might speak of you. Are you sorry?"

"No; I can't be, since you were taking that trouble on my account." If

she had glanced up she would have seen that Oliphant was looking at her very gently.

"And I told Mrs. Ware that we certainly sympathized with the young people," she went on, eagerly, "and had hoped we should see them united."

"She'll be convinced of that," Oliphant remarked, rather defiantly, "when she hears what I have done." He went on, then, to tell her about it.

Octavia gave him an arch look; there was a sparkle of approbation in her eye, and her lips were touched with a mirthful sympathy. "Oh, yes," she cried, "now you've injured yourself with Mrs. Ware, beyond recovery! I'm so glad!"

"Oh, that's cruel — rejoicing in my misfortune," said Oliphant.

"I didn't mean *that*," Octavia answered. "You know: for the sake of Vivian and Justin." And she laughed at her mistake, so brightly and gayly that Oliphant felt he had never until then been upon such safe and easy terms with her.

"Then I'm not irretrievably ruined with you and Mrs. Craig," he said contentedly. "By the way, Vivian sent her love to you."

He failed in trying to utter this carelessly. A deeper chord stirred in his voice, and Octavia felt that it was the forerunner of something momentous.

"Thanks; and please give her mine, Mr. Oliphant," she returned, with downcast eyes. There was still a pure, fine color in her cheeks. She turned half away, to touch and smell some flowers upon the table; and it seemed as if while she inhaled their fragrance the glow of their beauty was reflected in her face.

He was about to speak, when that sense of knowing her so well and being on easy terms, which had just encouraged him, departed; and he felt that he hardly knew her at all. He beheld her loveliness; he could sit there and

carry on ordinary conversation, as her acquaintance or friend; but what presumption had brought him to suppose that he could ever go below that fair surface? He experienced the terror which is not fear, but awe, that all finely strung natures are subject to, the moment they surrender to a great emotion.

"Mrs. Gifford," he began, after trying to steady himself against it, "do you know what has happened to me, while we have been watching those two young hearts — those friends of ours?"

If a clear glance, free from all flaw of suspicion, could have disarmed him, he would have been disconcerted then; for she responded with just that sort of glance, and the unperturbed expectancy of a child.

Perhaps it was not very certain in Oliphant's mind whether or not she made any definite answer; but the chance was his again to speak.

"I have grown to love you," he said, swiftly, with suppressed fervor. And all the while the strange awe of that master-passion was upon him and controlled him.

Did she, too, feel it? For an instant she covered her face with her hands. When she took them away, she was pale; the magic of the roses had vanished from her cheeks, and her apparent calm was maintained with difficulty.

"You, Mr. Oliphant?" There was a trembling hesitancy, a bewitching seductiveness, in her tone. "Ah, why? And how was I to know?"

"One does n't find a reason for love, Mrs. Gifford. I only know that it is here in me, and is stronger than I am, and that you created it. May I not bring back to you what you have created?"

Like a woman luxuriating in some delicious melody, familiar but long unheard, Octavia reclined slightly in her fastidiously patterned chair, drinking in what he said.

"Is it possible," she murmured softly, "that I have been the cause of this — in so short a time, Mr. Oliphant?"

"But consider how rapidly we came to know each other," he urged, "and how much has happened in that time."

"Yes, yes," she mused aloud, sympathetically. "It has been very swift, and strange."

"More than that," he returned. "It has changed the whole current of my life: I know what it is, again, to be happy. We have had the same thoughts and the same interests, and everything has seemed to bring us into closer relation, all the time. Have n't you found something in all this, too, Mrs. Gifford — and something that makes what I tell you now only natural?"

"Our friendship has given me a great deal of pleasure," said Octavia, still enjoying the luxury of receptiveness.

"But it is time for it to end!" he declared, boldly. "With me it *has* ended, because love has begun. Oh, I know, Mrs. Gifford, I have little enough to offer. I'm not rich, and I'm not brilliant or distinguished; but if I were, those things, after all, would n't be the chief. I could only offer you myself and my honest devotion, as I do now."

While he spoke he had risen; and there he stood with hands clasped tight together — a figure so much stronger than his words, so frank and determined yet reverent, that Octavia became aware of having underestimated the force of which he was capable. She nerved herself.

"You make too little of your merit, Mr. Oliphant. It is not a small thing to offer sincerely what you do. But why choose me? Why am I more worthy of it than some one else?"

"Why?" echoed Oliphant, with an intonation that bordered on a wondering laugh. "Because there can't be any one else, beside you! How can you think so for a moment?"

"I could scarcely help the question,"

she answered. "I was only thinking how easily there might be some spirit much younger and fresher than mine — some one who could give you all that your devotion would deserve. Consider, Mr. Oliphant: is there no one like that, whom you know?" Josephine was in her mind; and, while she flattered herself that she was giving Josephine a chance, she was really extracting the last drop of satisfaction from Oliphant's homage.

"It is a torture to me even to have you suggest such a thing," he declared, with vehemence. "Do you imagine that I have looked about me deliberately, and made my choice by a cold calculation? My sentiment for you is spontaneous, and I had hoped that you might have the same towards me. But you hesitate and reflect and question. . . . If it is not spontaneous, if it requires an effort" . . .

"You misunderstand me," Octavia hastened to assure him, though speaking quite low. Her hold upon her own purpose was weakening; she feared that he might drift away from her. "I like you very much — as a friend."

It did not surprise her, nor seem at all ridiculous, to see him drop on one knee before her. "You *will* care for me in the other way!" he cried, taking her hand. "I'm not ashamed to ask your compassion. You know my wretched loneliness, the emptiness of my life; but I have held myself together and existed — I never knew for what, until I met you. But now that I have allowed myself this hope of you, if it is taken away my loneliness and wretchedness will be twice what they were before. I am dependent on you."

"You are sure you have not deceived yourself?" she asked in long-drawn tones, that intimated a refinement of yearning rather than any doubt or reluctance.

"No, a thousand times!" he exclaimed, with joyous energy. "I ask

you to be my wife, my veritable wife — the woman I love with a strength beyond anything I ever felt before! You will consent, Octavia?"

For the first time he had uttered, without prefix or addition, her name; that strange, arbitrary, yet coveted password to the closest intimacy, which is so easily seized, but so inoperative unless held by the right person.

He fixed his eyes upon her, and she gave back his gaze unflinching. I don't think she was certain, even then, whether she would accept or reject him. For a moment she permitted him all the sweetness of a realized conquest: he believed that he had won her. He saw the unwonted flaming in her eyes; a warm light that alternately advanced and retreated. As it came forward — that singular light — and was concentrated on him, it seemed to be the glow of love. When it retreated, it grew uncertain; it was something else.

He rose, drawing her hand along with his, as if to lift her also and clasp her to him. She, too, began to rise, but as she did so she released her hand; the brilliance in her eyes retired, and yet filled them with an illumination the whole character of which was changed. She had recalled her determination. She remembered the hour when, in that very room, amid all those soft colors and those dainty surroundings, she had undergone an agony of which Oliphant had been the immediate agent.

Unaccountable, unnatural, though we may think it, the impulse of revenge which that crisis had excited had gone on persisting through her mutations of feeling about Oliphant, and revived at this instant, overcoming every other consideration. There the mood was, at any rate; and Oliphant had to take its consequences, no matter how little logic or mercy it had in it.

"No!" she said, abruptly. "I don't consent. I cannot."

"Not consent? How can you say

that, now? And why? What has happened, to change you from a moment ago?"

"I'm not changed: I am steadfast," answered Octavia, almost fiercely, tossing her head slightly as though to shake off some imaginary restraining touch. "I never meant to take you! I have given no promise — not the least word."

"Then why did you let me go so far? Why have you gone so far yourself?" Oliphant demanded, in sudden, fiery remonstrance. "Why could n't you have told me so at once?"

"I might have," she retorted, with a light, icy laugh. "But it would have cut short an agreeable acquaintance. It was n't I who made any advance, Mr. Oliphant. *You* were the active one. And might I inquire why *you* have gone so far, if you don't like the inevitable result?"

"Because," Oliphant flung back, stinging — "because I trusted you. Because I was unsuspecting, and took it for granted that you had a sense of honor. Because I was candid with you from the start, and placed myself, just as I was, unreservedly in your hands."

"At your time of life you should have known better," said Octavia, with a mocking compassion. "Is it for a woman always to take care of a man, or of all men, and protect *them* from distress, as well as herself? I thought you would understand, of course, that I might be drawn on by the charm of such perfect attention as yours; naturally, I might continue to receive it as long as you thought it worth while to give it."

"Then you have done everything deliberately?" he replied, inferentially.

"Why not, Mr. Oliphant?" She made a lazy, waving gesture with one hand. "It gave me pleasure. Did n't it you, too?"

"O my God! O Octavia!" he moaned, unthinkingly bringing together in speech the two powers — one divine, the other how sadly human! — that controlled his

fate at this juncture. "And is this the end?" He appeared dazed, for an instant; then a fresh glow of hope came to him. "I don't know why it is," he said, half distraught, "but it seems to me that you are hardly in earnest. You will reconsider. You had some reason for wanting to test me; but you don't mean all that you have said. For Heaven's sake, tell me that you don't! You saw what was coming; you could so easily have sent me away; but you did not do it, and you gave me so much encouragement."

Octavia watched him as impassively as she might have done if he had been a curious automaton. One arm rested on the holly mantel, and her head leaned towards it: from her pallid face the eyes shone with a still coldness only less hard than that of her diamond ear-drops, which Oliphant now thought of always as the petrification of tears; and her long dress had swept round her in heavy folds that suggested a serpentine coil, so that she suddenly portrayed herself to him as a sorceress rising in the shape of woman from a lower half that was monstrous.

"You have deceived yourself, Mr. Oliphant," she answered, sweetly and calmly. "A few weeks ago we were strangers, but peculiar circumstances brought us together. You are trying to take advantage of them — that's all."

She saw an acute pain leap out and flood his face, as it were, altering it instantaneously. There is such a thing as spiritual bloodshed. A changed light of suffering flows out over the countenance of one who has been stabbed by words, as distinctly and with an effect as terrible as that of the scarlet life-tide which gushes from a physical wound.

"I must apologize humbly for my mistake," Oliphant said. "It was a great oversight." He cast about him briefly, with a despair that accelerated into frenzy. "How dreadful it must be for you," he cried, "to be afflicted with

this sort of mistake! But if you have done as I begin to think you have; if you have only trifled; if you have gone on purposely to inflict punishment on a sincere affection, then I can tell you this, Mrs. Gifford — you never loved, and you don't know what love is! But, no matter what you have done, I love you still, with a senseless infatuation, and, as I began by being frank, I can say to you now, if it gives you any satisfaction, that the blow you have given me is bitter — bitterer than death!"

He turned to go to the door.

Octavia did not yet relent. "Yes, it may be bitter," she said, keenly; "but other men have been rejected before now, and it was bitter to them, too, I suppose."

Instantly, the whole scheme of her vengeance became plain to him, then. He flashed one look at her, that told her so, and made her aware of her littleness.

This, and her woman's desire still to be thought well of — to do a wrong, yet somehow be assured that she was in the right — dissolved her firmness. She started from her contemplative attitude.

"What have I done? Oh, what have I said, Mr. Oliphant, that I ought not to? If I have caused you pain, will you not forgive me?"

Perhaps the dumb animal that we strike, in our power, forgives; but its piteous eyes accuse us still. For two or three moments, Oliphant remained mute; and the sight of him as he was then filled Octavia with horror of herself. His lips were steady, and not a muscle of his face moved, yet every heart-beat seemed to send a pulsation of anguish across it.

"Forgive?" he repeated at length, with something like contempt for an idle question. "Your request does me honor, Mrs. Gifford. Of course, it's a man's proudest prerogative to forgive."

A grim, curt laugh escaped him, and he made his way quickly out of the house.

XVI.

LITTLE EFFIE.

Oliphant's most poignant anguish assailed him after he had left Octavia. He smarted with exasperation at the absolute rebuff he had received ; but, beyond that, and still more sharply, he writhed under a sense of the weakness which had made it possible to expose himself to such humiliation and despair, for the sake of a mere fatuous illusion, a baseless dream, that had cost him all his peace of mind and his slowly acquired resignation to circumstances.

He was not resigned, now, you may believe. There was a snapping and a tingling in his veins, all over his body ; his brain was tortured by an insufferable heat. It is no exaggeration to say that invisible furies seemed to accompany him and lash him with their whips, as he went along ; for this Oliphant, beneath the peaceful, proper, and eminently modern blankness of his outward man, carried capacities for the utmost stress of emotion.

When he reached the gate of the drive he found it impossible to go towards the town. A wrathful, unqualified disgust for Newport had taken possession of him : he felt that his whole sympathy with the place had been a factitious and temporary one, and had suddenly fallen away from him. There was something false in the life ; there was something false in Octavia : it all hung together. He walked away blindly towards the long, rolling moorland that lay between High Lawn and the ocean ; he leaped a fence, and strode on through the midst of a light, gathering fog, — alone and miserable, yet glad to have his misery to himself. It was a region of low, rough-featured hills, or gradual swells, with ridges of gray rock pricking their way through the surface here and there, and showing in their spiny course

like the dorsal fins of some impossible subterrene sort of fish. It was a region bleak, barren, and forsaken, the sight of which accorded with his wretched state of mind. Wandering on, he came at last to where he could look out upon the ocean, close by that spot where he and Octavia had gone down together to the Pirate's Cave ; and there he heard the strange variations of an alarm from the steam fog-horn at Beaver Tail, which blew its colossal goblin tones mysteriously through the pale, shrouding vapor that overhung everything around him. Though meant as a warning, to him it brought temptation : it was like the unearthly voice of an evil spirit, calling him on to he knew not what. Then, abruptly, the fog lifted a little, and revealed the patient, waiting sea : the thought of refuge and surcease from grief filled his mind. Yes, that was the meaning of the temptation : the weird voice through the mist was inviting him to suicide. Oliphant was not a swimmer, and one plunge from that rocky ledge by the cave, where he had held his earlier memorable conversation with Octavia, would have meant, for him, speedy and painless death. Although naturally religious, he was not formally so, and had no scruple on that account against voluntary death ; but he despised the weak violence of suicide, in a healthy being, both as a cowardly thing and as an unfit interference with natural laws, more shocking than the most hideous result of those laws. All the greater was his horror now, when the desire to end his life began to fasten itself upon him. He struggled hard with the fearful thought ; but he did not dare stay where it assailed him in such palpable shape. He faced about, and walked swiftly across the rough downs again, this time making for the town ; while the horn, which quavered incessantly up and down upon two hoarse and lamentable tones, hooted after him in evil derision.

Frequently he paused, or sat down on some knoll or rock, and lost himself in undefined revery, or sheer vacancy of numbness and desolation. He never knew quite how he passed the day; but he found that it was near dark when he came along Bellevue Avenue, on the way home. Just by Touro Park he suddenly encountered Roger Deering, and was surprised by it because he had not known that his cousin was in Newport. They both stopped for a rapid exchange of greetings, but both were too preoccupied to notice at the time what recurred to them later. Roger was red-faced, short-haired, restless as usual, but there was something about him that made him look a changed man; and he afterwards had a curious impression that Oliphant's hair had grown gray, but discovered that it was only that Oliphant looked so much older.

"When did you come?" asked Oliphant.

"Only to-day. Little Effie is very ill. I've just been again to look for the doctor."

"Ah," said Oliphant vaguely. "What is the matter?"

"Diphtheria," said Roger. The reply left no definite effect on Oliphant's mind; and the two men parted nervously, in haste, taking opposite directions.

Justin and his wife were waiting dinner for their friend; and, among other blissful little diversions of talk, they chatted about Oliphant. His long absence convinced them that he had made his offer, which they were expecting, to Octavia, and had been successful; but they allowed themselves some good-natured laughter at having, in their own case, got so far ahead of those older lovers. At last, when they heard the click of Oliphant's key in the hall door, Justin hurried out to meet him, but shrank back on seeing how haggard the widower was.

"You look ill," Justin said, anxiously. "You have tired yourself out, some

way, have n't you? What can we do?"

Oliphant laid down his hat, and seemed unable to speak, for a moment. He moved unsteadily. "A glass of wine, please," he presently answered. "I am exhausted — have had nothing to eat since morning."

The wine refreshed him, and he soon joined the young couple, at dinner; but he was very grave and absent-minded. The only thing of importance that he said was, "I fear I shall have to leave you very shortly, Craig. I must go to New York — yes, complications have arisen that make it necessary. I will explain it all, by and by. Nothing to be alarmed at. Meanwhile, you understand, I shall keep everything going here, just the same, of course; and it will oblige me if you and Mrs. Craig will keep an eye on it for me."

He could not inform them definitely when he should leave; in fact, he had not yet really formed any clear plan. But the events of the following two or three days settled this for him.

The next morning he was at first uncertain whether he had dreamed of meeting Roger, or had actually seen him; but as the fact became clear to him, he remembered that something had been said of Effie's illness: so he went down to the Deerings' small cottage, to make inquiry about it. Great were the astonishment and concern with which he learned that the child was very dangerously attacked, and that the doctor already considered her situation critical.

"I'm more sorry than I can tell you," said Oliphant to Roger. "But at least it's fortunate that you are here."

"I was called by telegraph," Roger answered, in an inert, hopeless tone. "But what can I do, now I'm here? It is these fatal unsanitary conditions that have done the harm; and as for us, we are helpless — at the mercy of the disease, if it has any mercy. Ah, if we had only not come to Newport!"

Oliphant started at the reproduction, in those words, of the thought which was passing through his own mind with regard to himself.

"Well, old man, let's try to keep up hope," he said, forlornly seeking to throw some cheer into his words, yet knowing that he failed dismally.

"Yes," said Roger. He looked wanly at his cousin, with an effort to express gratitude by his look. "But somehow, Eugene, I feel pretty sure that I shall never feel those little arms around my neck again."

Roger moved suddenly towards the window, leaned one arm upon the sash, and bent his head low, as if gazing attentively out of the window. He was really sobbing.

Oliphant recalled how, not many days before, he had been with Mary Deering and her baby daughter, when Effie was commanded, for some reason, to go out of the room. "What because?" asked the little toddling girl, beginning to pucker her lips; and he had laughed at the phrase, which was a frequent one with her; and the mother, being equally smitten by it, had caught up Effie, cuddled and embraced her, and sent her away with a smile of perfect contentment on her tiny, roseate features. "What because?" He fancied he heard the words at this instant, pronounced in her sweet, wavering treble, with just a suspicion of innocent protest in it; and it was strange how they answered to the sad wonderment in himself, at the misery that had befallen him and the awful suspense in which he beheld his cousins placed. But there was no watchful motherly power that could come to the relief of any of *them*, and dissipate their woes.

"Of course she is conscious," he hazarded, hoping in some way to relieve the father. "She knew you when you arrived, did n't she?"

Roger roused himself, and spoke firmly, though his eyes were moist:

"Oh, yes; she said 'Papa,' once. I believe they are always conscious."

That word "they," relegating her to a general class, in a region somewhere beyond the reach of human help; recognizing her as already caught up into the arms of God—to be borne away or restored, who could tell?—made Oliphant quiver with a new consciousness of the poor fellow's terrible position. "I do hope, Roger," he said, "if there's anything I can do, you'll let me know. Mary must n't wear herself out."

"She will never leave Effie, Eugene," Roger replied. "Did I tell you she was up all night? Never mind, my dear fellow. It is hard for you that you can't help us, I know; but—I will send for you if—if there is anything of importance."

Oliphant could not trust himself to stay any longer, then. "I shall come again this evening," he said hurriedly, and took his departure.

The voiceless contest went on at the little cottage all day. Even Clarence was subdued; he crept unobtrusively about the house, and did not know what to make of the situation, except that the world began to appear to him a very different sort of place from what he had supposed it. During the afternoon hours the usual crush and sparkle of the driving throng filled Bellevue Avenue. In the quiet of this interior, Mary could hear the genteel rumble and patter of the horses and carriages not far away: the parade of Anglo-maniacs and distorted grooms, of beaming beauties and insolently handsome young men and high-stepping steeds, was in full progress. But to the anxious mother the thought of that spectacle had lost all its glamour; the whole concourse, indeed, assumed to her fancy the likeness of a grotesquely pompous funeral train.

Night came, and still there was the same scene in the room where Effie lay:

a childish form prostrate on the bed, feverish and suffering, with golden hair spreading at random over the pillow — the face already grown singularly mature with a knowledge of the awful possibilities of pain; and three figures — the mother, the father, and the nurse — that went and came often, with noiseless, imperceptible movements, ministering continually, and uttering words of soothing that could not be replied to. For the little thing was now scarcely able to speak, and had all that she could do to breathe.

Atlee had called during the day, and had been informed, at the door, of the illness. Now he came again, early in the evening; but he saw no one excepting the servant, who reported his coming, after he had gone, to Roger and Mary, just then resting for a few minutes in another room. On the mention of his name, husband and wife gazed silently at each other, and significantly. As yet, no discussion had been raised between them regarding Atlee, and of course they said not a word at this juncture; but Mary Deering sent up a brief, disconnected, unspoken prayer to heaven, for pardon of the folly which seemed now almost too senseless to require pardon. She understood so little of Providence that she considered her present trial as a direct personal punishment for the apparent wrong she had done Roger; and she imagined that a passionate inward avowal of her misdemeanor might be answered by the saving of her child.

Oliphant and Justin arrived later; and the former settled himself to wait below throughout the night, in case he should be needed. Hour after hour, in the room above, the scene continued unchanged, except that for a long time the doctor was there, observing, thinking, issuing a few directions, and at last going away without imparting any hope. A medicinal pastil was burning slowly on a little side-table; the air of the room could not be freed from a certain

deadly closeness; the three figures continued at their post, with a still, concentrated energy, a peculiar exaltation of devotedness, as if they were athletes engaged in a struggle too intense to admit of words. Effie remained nearly motionless; the dry crepitation of her tortured breath emphasized the hush of the room, by its regular iteration. And hour after hour the plain little interior grew more sacred as a centre of parental love, while the man and woman to whom that imperiled life was dear watched its fading, and inhaled the poisonous atmosphere around them without fear of the danger that it threatened to them.

Once, when Effie was to take a prescribed potion, she roused herself, and looked around as if searching for aid, or for some explanation of the awful combat in which she was forced to engage. The voice which had been so long nearly stifled found its way through the choking barrier in her throat, and she gasped painfully, "What because?"

At length, near the morning, she rose on her couch, and called clearly for her mother. The final moment had come, though Roger and Mary, misled by the last bright flicker of the vital flame, fancied at first that she was reviving. Suddenly, the signs of dissolution set in. The child continued sitting up, and the father and mother each held one of her hands, looking anxiously towards her, striving still to give her some comfort. She turned her eyes, large and bright with a new intelligence, first to one and then to the other: but presently their lustre began to dim; her strength waned; there passed from her fingers to each of the hands in which they rested three quick, fluttering pulsations, that did not stir the surface, but seemed to thrill electrically from the interior sources of the little life. The father and mother instinctively met one another's gaze, and without a syllable, recognized that they had received the

last greeting of a spirit about to depart. In the midst of their agony, this mysterious communication gave them one instant of supreme perception — a perception that afterwards lived in their memories tinged by emotion which, paradoxically, was like a holy joy.

Then Effie sank back, breathless, quiet; calm, calm forever; rigid in lifelessness, yet lying as light upon the bed as a drift of newly fallen snow. The white truce upon her face proclaimed surrender and peace.

All night the wind had been sweeping to and fro, bringing together the elements of a storm. When Roger, in the weird, gray gleam of the dawn-light, slipped noiseless as a ghost into the narrow parlor where Oliphant waited, the storm burst in a torrent of rain; and the trees before the house, bending in the wind, swayed their dark-draped branches with gestures of grief and abandonment.

XVII.

REPENTANCE.

Now that the fatal blow had fallen upon Roger and Mary, which their friends would so gladly have strained every faculty to prevent, Oliphant and Justin found that they could help. It is the sad privilege of human beings, at such times, to come when all is over and prove their own essential uselessness by performing every possible act of practical and tender aid in those details that cover up the death in our hearts, as dust is made to cover the actual dead. Yet in seasons of the greatest grief at a personal loss, the things we most prize are the seemingly useless ones — sweet, ineffectual flowers, a few helpless words, expressing the sorrow of those whom we love, that they cannot do anything for us.

Vivian was quick in seconding her husband and his friend to give what as-

sistance they could; for, although she had hardly known Mary Deering, her loyalty to the friendship of Oliphant brought into action her natural fervor of sympathy as a young wife for the stricken mother. Josephine, too, brought flowers to the door of the house of mourning. Oliphant was there at the time, and when the box was opened an impulse led him to hurry to the porch, whence he saw Josephine herself moving quickly away down the shaded street. It touched him that she had chosen to bring the flowers in her own hands.

But nothing was heard from Octavia; she made no sign; so far as Oliphant could tell, she might have been totally in ignorance of the catastrophe.

Yet how could she do anything? She had thrown Oliphant aside in such a way as to preclude every relation, henceforth, except that of the most distant recognition. She had had but very slight intercourse with Mary Deering, and it would have been mainly because of her constant association with Oliphant during the season that she would have made, if at all, any demonstration of condolence. Therefore, she was entirely debarred from showing her sympathy. She felt a great sympathy, nevertheless. I do not care to analyze the sources of it, because injustice would certainly be done in trying to formulate a state of mind requiring so delicate a balance to weigh it, as hers did. But I am sure that genuine womanly compassion and kindness were uppermost in her mood. In presence of this tragedy, too, a sharp light fell upon her recent conduct, which brought out with terrifying distinctness its ugliness and cruelty. She began to be remorseful.

She did form a plan of sending some flowers to Mrs. Deering, anonymously; but the conclusion soon followed that such a course would be cowardly, and merely an attempt to narcotize her conscience. Then, hearing that funeral services were to be held over poor little

Effie at old Trinity, she resolved to go thither and attend them. But from this as well she was restrained, by a conviction that she had no right to do it. "Why should I take advantage of this dreadful sorrow," she said to herself, "under the pretense that a generous feeling of pity makes me set aside my personal affair with Mr. Oliphant?"

And so she sat wretchedly alone at High Lawn, unable to take any step, and suddenly deserted by those who had lately been nearest to her. Josephine did not approach her, and Perry Thorburn had not come to see her, for some time past. It did not need these things, however, to give her a true comprehension of her pitiful error. Just then when she sprang forward and asked Oliphant to forgive her, before he left the house, the first seed of repentance had sprung up in her mind, stirred to life though it was by a false impulse of vanity and conceit. But repentance had multiplied in her, since, from a hundred other germs; and before she heard of Effie's illness at all, her heart was aching for Oliphant. She was disgusted with herself; she utterly repudiated what she had done at the prompting of a vindictive whim, that now appeared hardly less than insane.

Tragic events often come in such a way that, while they seem to bring about certain moral changes in us, and we therefore refer such changes to what we call a mere "accident," those events are really only the afterclap, or the tangible symbol, of what has already taken place in our minds.

Of course I do not know why Effie died just at that time; but I am perfectly clear that Octavia's repentance, which was emphasized and stimulated by this disaster, was in no manner a consequence of it.

The day came for the services at Trinity. The storm had cleared; there was an exultant, cool vigor in the air. Very few people, naturally, attended;

but it had been an ardent wish of Justin's that, if any obsequy were held in Newport, it should be where he could offer his farewell to the lost spirit of the child, in music. And he played the Raindrop Prelude, which stole gently through the church with a sweet, dewy freshness and simplicity, yet fell plaintively upon the listeners, and made them think of gentle tears shed in a loving resignation. Oliphant remembered too well how he had heard that melody before; and as it had brought to his mind then the refreshing showers of summer, it now suggested the sad drops of autumn, that patter down a requiem for dead hope.

The coffin was carried out. Oliphant waited for a brief space, and as he made his way to the street he met Josephine Hobart. "Mr. Oliphant," she said, "I want to say to you—though it may seem unusual, coming from a stranger almost, as I am—how much I feel for your cousins. Their loss has gone to my heart more than anything that has happened for many a day. It must have been a great blow to you, too."

"Yes," he answered; "I don't know why, but it is to me like losing a child of my own."

I suppose she must have read the secret of his other loss. Her large, soft, unrevealing eyes were filled with a stilly, comprehensive look of fellowship.

"You are going with them to New York?" she asked.

"Oh, yes."

"And sha'n't we see you in Newport again?"

Oliphant's face grew vague and listless, for an instant. "I'm afraid not: I don't believe I shall come back," he said.

He had not admitted this to the Craigs.

Before he left her he thanked her for her gracious act of bringing the flowers. They shook hands, and the unconscious trembling of her touch roused in him,

transiently, an undefined wonder at the stress of her sensibility, which he attributed wholly to the death of Effie Deering. But as he went to join his cousins at the New York boat, his mind was on Octavia and the dreariness of the fact that she was not with him, sharing the piteous solemnity of this hour, in which even the glad young love of Justin and Vivian had participated.

Oliphant's care had smoothed the way for Roger and Mary, by putting out of sight the rougher details of the journey; but the night-voyage to New York was a melancholy one for them all. They glided away, however, and were lost in a moment to the gay, pleasure-seeking little world in which they had lately been active. Octavia heard the great boat go by, with its throbbing hum of strong paddle-wheels, and knew that it was taking her honest, defeated lover away from her — perhaps forever; but it was too late to recall him, then. In a few minutes the sound of the departing steamer ceased to vibrate upon her ear: she was left to the desert silence which she had made for herself.

Change and catastrophe had overtaken several of the people about whom this story centres; but it must not be supposed for an instant that such disturbances of mere feeling or fortune affected in the least the dazzling monotony of festal existence in the society around them. It is true, Dana Sweetser seized upon the untimely demise of the Deerings' child as a potent case in point to fortify his position regarding drainage. Sundry physicians insisted that the fatal malady was directly due to the absence of good hygienic conditions. Sundry others, supported by a large number of people who had not yet died, disputed the proposition. Every one agreed that it was very sad for the Deerings; and industrious correspondents, who habitually wrote and telegraphed catalogues of visitors and distinguished dining-room tattle to leading

journals, dropped a sentence or two of rose-water pathos on Effie's bier. All the proprieties were observed, and nothing was done to better the drainage; so Dana Sweetser fell back temporarily on the Alaska and British Columbia Inlet Excavation.

One result of the discussion was that the Deerings were elevated to a social importance, in the way of talk, which they themselves had never enjoyed. They were utilized with soup, at dinners, as an introductory topic, or as a relish with the *hors d'œuvres*; by desert, however, they ceased to be mentioned; and in two or three days their misfortune was dismissed entirely.

But Octavia could not so easily get rid of the things which had lately happened. Her time was in demand for many engagements, day and night, and she moved in the thickest of the whirl. Oliphant being out of the way, moreover, various discouraged gentlemen, who had stood at a distance while he was present, began to crowd round her again. Perry Thorburn likewise suddenly returned to her society, and asked her to drive with him, every day, although he hardly spoke to her of Josephine, any longer. Notwithstanding all this, and the sparkling exterior which she maintained, her inward distress deepened. When alone, she was moody and dispirited; no employment sufficed to calm her restless thoughts; she spent hours reviewing her association with Oliphant and her conduct towards him. At last she paid her intended visit to Vivian, which she had been deferring out of dread at meeting the keen eyes of Oliphant's friends, who would be so quick to detect the change that had come over her, and her responsibility for the change in him. At first she tried to discover when Oliphant was likely to return; but before she left Vivian, she had made a partial confession of the true state of things, though with important reservations. She admitted that Oliphant had

proposed for her hand, and that she had sent him away without hope; but she did not tell of the poisonous thrusts she had given him.

"I'm so sorry," said Vivian, looking up from a little drawing she was making for Justin — "so sorry for poor Mr. Oliphant;" then she added, her blue eyes scanning the widow's face for an instant with complete but kindly insight, "and sorry for you, too, Octavia."

"For me?" Octavia blushed faintly, and moved her head so that only the dainty profile of her face came within Vivian's range.

"Yes," answered the bride. "I can't help saying so. He is such a sterling man. Of course I don't attempt to judge for you, but I think you may regret, some time, what you have done."

"But do you approve of second marriages?" Octavia rejoined, quickly. "Would *you* be willing" . . .

"No," said Vivian, promptly. "At least," she continued, putting another touch to her sketch, "I can't conceive of myself in that position, and somehow I have a feeling against it. But then, true love is too great a thing to be bounded by my feeling, I am sure. It comes in so many different ways . . . And when it comes, one is in the hands of a higher power, which one ought to be very careful about trifling with."

Nothing more was said, for a few moments. Afterwards, they passed to the alienation of Vivian's mother and brother, which still continued. But while Octavia stood by the piano, making a final remark or two, Vivian casually resumed the subject of Oliphant. "It troubles me," she said, "that Mr. Oliphant does n't come back. Let's see: it's three — no, four days, now. Justin wrote him a long letter, but we've only received one little note from him. He's staying at the Van Voort House, and I'm afraid he's too comfortable to be in a hurry about coming here again."

She laughed lightly, with an air of

directing a sarcasm against her own housekeeping; but Octavia understood her. They kissed each other, as they parted.

Octavia went home and spent much of the day composing a short letter to Oliphant:—

MY DEAR MR. OLIPHANT,— I shall not wonder if you are surprised at hearing from me, for I feel that there would be no propriety in my writing to you, after what has happened between us — nor should I wish to do so — were it not for a single thing which no one but myself can tell you. And even I have discovered it only since you went from here.

That is, that I now see how wrong I was in my treatment of you, and how much injustice I did you by some of the things I said the last time we met. What led me on, it is hard to say exactly. I am not sure that I myself understand; but even if it were possible for me to unravel it all, perhaps you would rather spare me the mortification, if you had the choice.

You have been called away; it seems to be uncertain whether you will return here, and if you did so we should not be likely to meet, I suppose. This is why I consider it best to acknowledge my fault by writing. I do not ask you, Mr. Oliphant, to forgive — as I selfishly did, that day — but only to pardon me for not seeing sooner what I was drifting to, and preventing it. I cannot hope that you will think of me otherwise than with censure, or that I can ever recover the friendship I have sacrificed; but it is my duty to admit my mistake, and to assure you of my lasting respect. Sincerely,

OCTAVIA GIFFORD.

After dispatching this, she was more at peace with herself. Ever since Oliphant's departure, she had been undergoing one very peculiar form of nervous

disturbance. The rotary beat of the steamer's wheels, with the transient pause and renewed throb as the engines turned them, kept sounding in her ears at the most inopportune times; and every morning, early, just before dawn woke the sky, sleep deserted her, and she lay waiting intently for the same sound to assure her that the boat from New York was returning.

At first it would steal to her from a distance, through the dusk, like a deep, unsteady breathing; gradually, and then more swiftly, it became defined as a regular and mighty pulsation, coming nearer, increasing in volume: it was what one might imagine to be the voice of a vast shadow. Finally, it developed into a systematic concussion, the nature of

which was unmistakable. Octavia would rise, go to the window, and watch the vague white shape as it rounded Fort Adams like a floating town, with mysterious colored lights strung up at stem and stern and at various other points, or shining from the windows. There was something spectral about it, and the palpitation of the huge paddle-wheels was like a shudder. Involuntarily Octavia would shudder, too, and creep back to bed.

But to-night, since her letter had gone, she did not shudder when she woke and saw the boat. A soft warmth enveloped her heart, as if that spectral shape had been the forerunner of some great happiness destined to come to her in its wake.

George Parsons Lathrop.

HÂFIZ OF SHÎRÂZ.

MUHAMMAD SHAMSU'DDIN, better known by the *nom de plume* of Hâfiz, was born early in the fourteenth century of the Christian era. It is impossible to determine the exact date of his birth, but the chronogram on his tombstone states that he died at an advanced age in the year of the Hijrah 791, corresponding to A. D. 1388. Muhammad (praiseworthy) was his real name (*'alam*); Shamsu'ddin (sun of faith) was his honorary title (*lakab*); and Hâfiz (keeper, that is, rememberer, of the Kur'ân) was his poetic surname, the so-called *makhlas* (asylum) or *takhallus* (refuge), both significant terms for the disguise under which an author may mask and shield his personality.

Most Persian poets are known to us solely by their noms de plume, which commonly have a double meaning, and are all the more highly prized on this account. Sa'di (fortunate) probably assumed this name out of respect for Sa'd

bin Zangî, the fifth of the Atâbak sovereigns, in whose reign he flourished, and to whom he dedicated the Gulistân. Firdausî (Paradisical) signifies also gardener, which was the occupation of the poet's father, and doubtless, too, his own in early life. Jâmi (goblet) means likewise native of Jâm, a small town near Herat, in Khurâsân. Nizâmi (stringer of pearls) may also be interpreted as reformer of religion. In all such cases the more commonplace signification may safely be assumed to be the correct one, the other explanation being merely a witty conceit of complimentary afterthought, the origin of which is usually illustrated by an anecdote. Thus it is said that at the first interview of Abu'l Kasim Mansûr with the Sultân Mahmud the monarch was so charmed with the poet that he exclaimed, "This man has made our palace a paradise" (*firdaus*); hence the epithet *al Firdausî*, the Paradisical. It would be superfluous to

warn philologists against the questionable and quicksandy nature of anecdotal etymologies. 'Umar al Khayyâm (the tent-maker) took his nom de plume from the trade which he learned from his father, and practiced whilst pursuing his astronomical studies in his native village, near Nishâpûr. But it must be remembered that *bayt* means tent and verse; and in Persian poetics the analogy between tent-making and verse-making is carried out to the fullest extent, and curious functional correspondences are discovered between the parts of the respective structures. The pavilion is a poem, and the simple epithet *al Khayyâm* appeals to the Persian imagination as a suggestive equivocal.

Hâfiz frequently puns on his own name. Thus he says, "Whether I am a reverend doctor or a debauchee, what is that to thee? I am the keeper (*hâfiz*) of my own secrets and the knower of my own times." Again he alludes to it in the following self-praise: "By the Kur'ân which thou keepest in thy heart, I have never heard sweeter strains than thine, O Hâfiz!" In one of the idyls he boasts that of all the Hâfizes of the earth (*hâfizânî jahân*) not one has equaled him in interweaving worldly wit and wisdom with the sententious truths of the Kur'ân; and he concludes one of his odes with the assertion that

"'Neath the vaulted sky, no Hâfiz has obtained
Such wealth of grace as I have from the Kur'ân
gained."

But notwithstanding the lofty import of his name and the pride with which he alludes to it, it is evident from his poems that he drew fuller and more frequent draughts of inspiration from the *kharâ-bât* (tavern) than from the Kur'ân.

Native records and traditions furnish very little positive information concerning the comparatively uneventful life of Hâfiz. His intense devotion to study and to literary pursuits rendered him averse to travel, or to a residence at any of the courts of them any petty and

rival dynasties which had sprung up out of the ruins of the great Mogul empire, and which, while diminishing the political power of Persia by dismembering it, favored the cultivation of poetry and polite learning through the ambition and emulation of each principedom to become the chief centre and nursery of the arts and sciences. Hâfiz was held in high honor by these sovereigns, who sent him repeated invitations to visit them, and sought in vain, by splendid gifts and offers of patronage, to draw him away from the quiet and retired life of a scholar. Sultân Ahmad tried to prevail upon him to come to Baghdâd; but the poet prudently declined to become the pensioner of a monarch who, although a man of elegant tastes and fine accomplishments, a connoisseur of gems and an amateur in ceramics and bricabrac, was a terror to his subjects, a tyrant whose cruel and capricious temper was aggravated by an excessive use of opium. Hâfiz, however, wrote him a letter of thanks and an ode which is quite as eulogistic as this sovereign's notorious character would permit.

Once, at the urgent solicitation of Mahmud Shâh Bahmanî, Hâfiz set out on a journey to the south of India; but on arriving at Iûrmûz and embarking on the ship sent for his conveyance, he became so alarmed and nauseated by the sea that he made some excuse for going ashore, and returned forthwith to Shîrâz. He then addressed to the Shâh an ode in which he recalled the stormy horrors of the sea, which he would not encounter for all the pearly treasures in its depths. Mahmud was much amused at this apology, and rewarded the poet for his good intentions with a purse of a thousand pieces of gold.

Very different was the treatment he received from Yahyâ, Shâh of Yazd, whom he actually visited, but who does not appear to have been especially liberal in largesses. Hâfiz always alludes with some bitterness to this monarch,

and ascribes his niggardliness to the envy and ill-will of courtiers, whose heads he would fain see beaten and banded in the game of golf. In the fourth fragment he contrasts this meanness with the munificence of other princes : —

“From Hurmûz’s king, unsung, unseen, a hundred gifts I won;
I saw and sung the king of Yazd, but left his courts with none.”

Now and then Hâfiz complains of his native land, and even expresses a desire to turn his steps towards Baghdâd; the rose of Persia puts forth no bud of joy for him; Shirâz does not appreciate his poesy; and he takes no pleasure in envious Fârs. But these were only the passing moods of a fine-strung and sensitive nature. In reality he was strongly attached to the place of his birth, and, during his short sojourn in Yazd, experienced, like his contemporary Dante, when banished from Florence,

“sì come sa di sale
Il pane altrui, e come è duro calle
Lo scendere e’l salir per l’altrui scale.”

In the sixty-eighth quatrain he paints in vivid and realistic colors the consuming pains and emaciating effects of nostalgia. His love of Shirâz finds utterance in several odes, in one of which, written during his stay at Yazd, he vows that, on his return, he will go straight to the wine-shop, and there relate his adventures to the music of the barbiton and the merry clink of beakers.

Touching the domestic life of Hâfiz, we know only that he was married and had a son, who died December 23, 1362, as we learn from the twenty-fifth fragment, where the exact date is given according to the Muhammadan era : —

“On Rabi’ul-Awwal’s sixth, one Friday morn,
My moon-faced darling from my heart was torn.
Seven hundred sixty-four years since the Flight
This hardship on me came as water light.
Can sighs and complaints and tears my peace restore
When now my life as empty sport is o’er?”¹

¹ By the phrase “as water light,” Bicknell means “with the facility of water.” This is hardly the true sense of the original: *chu âb gashî bâmân hall hikâyati muskîl*, “like water came upon

The sad event is sorrowfully recalled in a characteristic ode; and the thirty-third fragment shows how tenderly the bereaved father clung to the memory of his child : —

“The days of sweet spring have come; the damask and wild roses now,
With tulips, from earth arise: oh, why in the dust then art thou?
My tears I will shed in streams, as pour from the spring clouds in rain;
These tears on thy dust shall fall, until thou art risen again.”

In another ode Hâfiz deplores the decease and praises the virtues of his wife. In the first verse he says, —

“The friend who made my house a home where peris well might be,
Was, peri-like, from head to foot from every blemish free.”

“In her face refinement blended with the sweet endearments of love,” and “she wore the richest crown in the ample realm of beauty.” Hammer and Rosenzweig both assume that this ode was written on the death of an intimate friend. But the couplet above quoted seems inconsistent with such a supposition. The word *yâr*, here translated “friend,” means literally helpmeet, and, like the French *ami* or *amie*, is used, as a term of affection, to denote spouse. In Persian, however, *yâr* may be either masculine or feminine, and the personal pronoun *û* signifies either he or she, there being only one form for both genders. This epicenity adds much to the indefiniteness and gives great latitude to the interpretation of Persian poetry, both in a natural and in a mystical sense. The line of demarcation between the literal and the allegorical, the sensual and the spiritual, is thus rendered faint and not easily definable. This vagueness possesses a peculiar charm for the Oriental, and by the opportunity it affords of juxtaposing incongruities and giving a fantastic turn to ideas fur-

descending the painful tale.” In other words, the news came upon him like the sudden and chilling shock of a stream of falling water.

nishes a cheap surrogate for humor. Sometimes the poet celebrates an abstract ideal, rather than a concrete embodiment of beauty. Again, the beloved object is the Divine Being, a prince, a patron, a teacher, a boon companion, or a friend.

It is highly probable that many of the odes, which are repugnant to us because they are supposed to describe a too ardent affection for men, really express a tender attachment to women. The so-called *mulamma'* or party-colored ode, of which every alternate line is Arabic, tends to confirm this hypothesis, since the Arabic pronoun, which has a distinct form for each gender, is here feminine. The same is true of another ode written in a medley of Arabic, pure Persian, and the dialect of Shirâz. In his youth Hâfiz fell passionately in love with a maiden who was known by the pet-name of Shâkhi Nabât (shoot of sugar-cane, or stick of candy), and who seems to have preferred him even to his formidable rival, the Prince of Shirâz. Later in life he became deeply and desperately enamored of a beautiful heiress surnamed 'Arûsi Jahân (bride of the world), and sought her hand in marriage; but the young lady, though admiring his genius and esteeming his character, did not return his affection, and declined a nearer union in the bonds of wedlock. In view of these tender experiences, and perhaps many others of a similar kind, it is hardly credible that Hâfiz, whose native city is still celebrated for its charming women, should have wasted all his sweet lyrics upon cup-bearers, minstrels, strolling Lûliân, musk-scented dandies with corkscrew love-locks, fruity-faced wine-bibbers, and tulip-cheeked boys.

Muhammadan law and custom, it is true, place all sorts of absurd restrictions upon the free and friendly intercourse of the sexes, and the unnatural state of society thus produced fosters unnatural vices. Strong, manly love degenerates

into puling sentimentalism and pederastic passion, tainting erotic poetry, and destroying whatever pleasure we might otherwise take in the genial conceptions and graceful diction of the writer. Only a vitiated taste can relish the putrescent piquancy of this kind of literary *haut gout*.

Nevertheless, there is good reason for believing that Eastern poets have been greatly misunderstood and misrepresented on this point, and that the disgusting theme is treated by them less frequently than is usually supposed. Oriental, and especially Persian, women of the middle class enjoy far greater freedom than Europeans generally imagine. Although it would be a sin against decency and decorum for them to appear in public unveiled, except in cases where extreme ugliness or the wrinkles of old age might suffice as a mask, yet it is a mistake to suppose that they pass their lives jealously immured within the walls of a harêm. The witty and spirited satire entitled *Kitâbi Kulsûm Nana* (Book of Kulsûm Nana), ostensibly composed by a conclave of Persian matrons for the guidance of their sex in domestic and social affairs and in the general conduct of life, gives ample proof that the dames and damsels of Iran are quite tenacious enough of their prescriptive rights and traditional prerogatives, and fully competent to maintain them against all marital and paternal encroachments. The manner in which they may assert their liberty and pursue their pleasure in entertaining guests, receiving and returning visits, frequenting the bath, or paying their devotions in the mosque is set forth with sufficient explicitness to satisfy the most advanced advocate of "woman's rights" in the Western world.

Despite all her apparent languor and love of luxurious ease, the Persian woman is *un esprit fort* in her own sphere. In habits of thought and tone of feeling she has much in common

with the French woman. Making due allowance for the generic difference between Oriental and Occidental culture, the ladies of gay Shîrâz and grave Is-pâhân are strikingly akin to those of Paris in all the salient traits of character and qualities of mind. The same exquisite taste and native grace; the same tact in asserting their independence in all matters touching *les petites morales*; the same wit-craft and witchcraft, which Firdausi declared to be "matchless and supreme" in his countrywomen,—in short, the same *savoir faire* and *savoir vivre* are peculiar to both.

Oriental *convenance* would hardly permit a poet to blazon in his verse the name of his lady-love, or in any way to give prominence and publicity to her personality. Indeed, the proper thing for him to do would be to disguise so far as possible the object of his attachment, and to dissemble the real source of his "thought's unrest." For this purpose, the aforementioned sexual ambiguity of the Persian language would stand him in good stead, and offer a most convenient covert under which to conceal his passion from the ordinary reader, whilst revealing it to her who, knowing his secret, could read it between the lines. Occasionally, too, he might let it peep out, as Hâfiz does in the thirty-fifth ode, where he refers to the miracle of love which has transformed his dry writing-reed into a succulent shoot of sugar-cane (Shâkhi Nabât), yielding sweetness more delicious than honey. The magic which wrought this metamorphosis, and put sap and savor into his hard and hollow *kilk*, was the powerful spell of the tender sentiment, which Shakespeare declares to be the hidden spring and inspiration of all lyric song:—

"Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were tempered with love's sighs."

A reminiscence of this event and of the experiences attending it is contained in

a ghazal where the name of sugar candy is said to excite the jealous taunts of the "sweets" (*shîrînân*) of Shîrâz.

One of the best known and most popular of Hâfiz's odes is the eighth, which begins as follows:—

"If that Shîrâzian Turk would deign to take my
heart within his hand,
To make his Indian mole my own I'd give Buk-
hârâ and Samarkand."

Bicknell and all the German translators, except Nesselmann, assume that it was addressed to some young man; but there is really no ground whatever for this assumption. The Turk of Shîrâz evidently refers to one of those wandering Lûliân, famous for their skill in singing and dancing, and for the beauty of their maidens, who, in the third couplet, are said to embroil the town by their blandishments, and, true to the predatory habits of their tribe, prey upon and spoil the "heart's content" of the Shîrâzian youth. "Turk," as we have already observed, is the synonym of capricious charmer or cruel coquette. In the fourth couplet the poet contrasts the unadorned loveliness of the Lûli maid with the meretricious embellishments of the city ladies, who would fain enhance their fading fascinations by cosmetics and cold cream. There is a glamour of love which makes John see the golden halo of a Madonna in the carrotty hair of Mary Jane; but the poet declares his vision to be untinged by any such beneficent illusions and illuminations of personal affection, of which the fair girl is as independent as a fine complexion is of rouge or pearl powder.

"My loved one's beauty has no need of an imper-
fect love like mine:
By paint or powder, mole or streak, can a fair
face more brightly shine?"

Persian women adorn their faces with artificial moles or beauty spots of a permanent character by tattooing themselves with a mixture of chelidonium (*zard-chub*, yellow wood) and charcoal. Erasable moles are made with pitch or

oxide of antimony, put on by means of a wooden pin (*khatî khattât*). Pulverized antimony is also used to form streaks on the eyelids, and a paste of indigo to pencil the eyebrows. Such streaks or lines are called *khat*, which Rosenzweig incorrectly translates *Flaum* (down). Muhammadan scholiasts of the mystical school interpret the powder, paint, moles, and streaks symbolically, as referring to the ink, color, dots, and lines of the Kur'ân, the face of beauty being typical of the sacred page. In all the dry and dusty tomes of Christian hermeneutics it would be difficult to find absurder specimens of far-fetched, fine-spun, and fantastic exegesis and subtlety of scriptural exposition than are constantly met with in the writings of Muslimanic doctors and commentators on the prophet's word.

An interesting and characteristic anecdote is related in connection with this ode. When, in 1387, Timûr conquered Fârs and captured Shîrâz, he summoned the aged Hâfiz into his presence, and said, "I have destroyed the mightiest kingdoms of the earth with the edge of my sword, in order to enrich and enlarge the two chief cities of my native land, Bukhârâ and Samarkand; and you presume to offer them both for a black mole on your Beloved's cheek!" "Sire," replied the poet, "it is by such acts of reckless generosity that I am reduced to the state of poverty in which you now behold me." This witty retort so pleased the Tatâr chief that he immediately relieved the hypothetical poverty so artfully hinted at, and showed the poet many marks of favor.

Hâfiz died, as we have already stated, A. H. 791, corresponding to A. D. 1388. In the chronogram engraved on the alabaster slab which covers his tomb, the reader is told to seek the date in the Earth of Musallâ (*Khaki Musallâ*); and by summing up the numerical value of the letters in this phrase, kh 600 + a 1 + k 20 + m 40 + s 90 + l 30 + â (ye)

10 = 791, we ascertain the year of his decease. Bicknell englishes this chronogram very ingeniously as follows:—

"On spiritual men the lamp of Hâfiz gleamed;
'Mid rays from Glory's Light his brilliant taper beamed;
Musallâ was his home: a mournful date to gain,
Thrice take thou from *Musallâ's Earth Its Richest Grain*."

The numerical value of the letters contained in *Musallâ's Earth* is M 1000 + L 50 + L 50 = 1100; from this sum take three times the numerical value of the letters in *Its Richest Grain*: I 1 + I 1 + C 100 + I 1 = 103 × 3 = 309, and the result is 791. Mediæval writers were very fond of composing etcostics, especially for inscriptions and epitaphs; but Latin, having only seven numerical letters, did not afford them much scope for the exhibition of their skill; whereas, in Persian and Arabic, every letter of the alphabet has a numerical value. Hâfiz wrote quite a number of chronograms for the purpose of commemorating the virtues and recording the death-date of his friends and patrons. These monumental verses have been translated by Bicknell in a most ingenious and felicitous manner. Indeed, his version is the only one in which any attempt is made to preserve the chronogrammatic character of the original; and it is in this peculiar feature that the whole point of the poem centres and consists. Nesselmann omits them entirely as untranslatable.

In consequence of Hâfiz's outspoken antagonism to the popular religion, and the skeptical and scoffing tone which pervades his poems, the priests refused to give him religious burial. This bigotry naturally excited the indignation of his friends and admirers, and a serious strife arose between them and the orthodox party. After much bitter altercation, it was agreed to consult his Divân as an oracle, and to accept the result as a divine decision. The volume opened at the following couplet:—

"Wish not to turn thy foot from Hâfiz on his bier;
He shall ascend to Paradise, though steeped in sin while here."

Accordingly the customary prayers were perfunctorily recited at his grave, in the little cemetery in the northern suburb of Shîrâz, where his body lies surrounded by the flowers and shaded by the cypresses so often celebrated in his songs. There, too, the youth of his native city still meet, in the cool of the day, to read his verses and quaff to his memory

"that cup of ruby sheen,
Which opens wide the gates of times serene."

On his tombstone are embossed two odes from the *Divân*, in one of which he enjoins upon those who come to sit at his tomb to bring with them minstrels and the wine-cup.

The wide popularity of Hâfiz's writings, and the deep root they had taken in the hearts of all classes and conditions of men, from the king to the cottager, futilized all efforts to eradicate their influence. The only alternative, then, was to direct it into safe channels, and to make the well-springs of his poetry serviceable in irrigating and fertilizing the arid fields of Islâm. The very bigots, who had raised such a storm about his interment, now endeavored to convert him into an upholder of the faith and a champion of the established religion, by giving to his poems a symbolical and spiritual interpretation, such as our biblical expositors have given to Solomon's passion for the beautiful Shulamite. The confessed wine-bibber is thus transformed into a seer; and his admiration of musky locks and dark moles, of dimpled chins and cypress forms, is explained as an ardent aspiration of the soul after divine and eternal beauty. Even when the poet declares that the wine he prizes is "real, and not symbolic," the cunning exegete is not to be deceived by such plain statements; for if the only realities are spir-

itualities, which none can deny, real wine must mean spiritual wine.

"Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast?"

The more one would force him into day by thrusting sharp-pointed facts under his nose, the deeper he burrows under them, losing himself in mazes of his own making. Where Hâfiz frankly admits his extreme and fatal susceptibility to tender emotions by comparing himself to "the taper made to burn and melt," the keen-eyed and subtle scholiast discerns the fervent piety and consuming devotion of an ecstatically religious nature. It was in this style that Hâfiz's works continued to be expounded and perverted for two centuries after his death, the commentators Shamî and Surûri having attained especial distinction for their exegetical ingenuity and temerity. In the latter half of the sixteenth century the Bosnian grammarian Sûdî annotated the *Divân*, and explained the ghazals in a sober, rational manner, without seeking to refine away every carnal element and every confession of natural feeling, and to subtilize the glowing sensuousness of these lyrics into vapid and vaporous allegory. Sûdî, on the other hand, with all his sturdy sense and the real aid he affords in the solution of grammatical and lexical difficulties, often carries his literalism too far, and is prone, as he plods along, to stumble upon mare's nests of quite an opposite kind; as, for example, when he infers from the following quatrain that Hâfiz was afflicted with blear eyes:—

"My tear, like my friend's cheek, had rose-red grown;

In my eye's orbit was my heart's blood shown:
Said then my loved in most endearing tone,

'Dear friend, what makes thine eye this ailment own?' "

It is always interesting to discover hints of an author's life and personality in his writings; but in reconstructing the man out of such materials, imagery must not be mistaken for incident, nor tropes converted into individual traits;

otherwise we shall get a mere patchwork of metaphors, — a creature fantastically put together out of the airy nothings which his own imagination has bodied forth, and in whom psychical affections are confounded with physical disorders, and the tearful humor of unrequited love identified with rheumy eyes. Elsewhere Hâfiz ascribes his “bloody tear” to “love’s smart,” the only remedy for which, say the physicians, is cauterization, “the burning of thy heart.” In another verse the poet complains of “a giddy head;” must we therefore infer that he was subject to vertigo or epilepsy?

Jâmi, in his sketches of eminent men, written early in the fifteenth century, numbers Hâfiz among the great doctors of theology, and gives him such complimentary and characteristic titles as *Lisân al Shaib* (tongue of the unseen) and *Tarjamân al Asrar* (interpreter of secrets). His Hâfiz is *hâfizu kalamu-llah*, the keeper of the word of God. But the rigid representatives of Muhammadan orthodoxy refused to recognize this claim. Ottoman zealots were particularly severe and uncompromising in their condemnation of the *Divân*, and wished to have the reading of it prohibited by a decree of the Shaikhul Islâm. As the result of this agitation, the case was submitted to the celebrated Mufti, Abû Suûd, who, in a grave and perfunctory manner, framed his decision so equivocally as to save his own reputation for soundness in the faith, and at the same time, prevent the interdiction of the poet’s works and rebuke the fanaticism of his Turkish persecutors.

In later life, Hâfiz was associated with the Sûfis, whose ascetic practices and saintly pretensions he never ceased to ridicule, but with whose speculative opinions he strongly sympathized. This sect derived its name from the coarse garments of wool (*sûf*) worn by its members. *Sûfî* has no radical connection either with the Greek σοφός (wise) or the Arabic *sâfî* (pure); its relation

to these words is that of a pun rather than of an etymology. It is now used chiefly in the sense of “wise” or “spiritual;” but this is really a secondary signification, originating in the presumed character of those who bore the name. “Wool-clad” came to be synonymous with “sage,” as in England “gownsmen” is equivalent to “scholar.”

Hâfiz was also, at one time, a professor of exegesis, and lectured on Zamakhshari’s commentary on the Kur’ân in a college founded by his friend and patron, the Vazîr Kivâm ud Din Hasan, whose virtues he commemorates in several odes. The Vazîr had himself annotated Zamakhshari, and doubtless overpersuaded the poet to undertake the same task. But Hâfiz found little relish in ruminating the dry subtleties of hermeneutics, whose sapless husks yielded him the scantiest supply of nutriment. He was not one of those dryasdust organisms that can keep up the intellectual life by chewing on scholia, as an ass thrives on thistles; but a real child of Nature, bound umbilically to her ever-throbbing and all-sustaining heart. Thus he exclaims, —

“Ask for a song-book, seek the wild, no time is this for knowledge;

The Comment of the Comments spurn, and learning of the college.”

And again, —

“Where bides the minstrel? For at once my zeal and learning’s meed

I offer for the harp and lyre, and the melodious reed.

Of the nice points the school propounds my heart has weary grown;

My service for a while I’d give to wine and love alone.”

In one of the fragments he suggests the propriety of a stipend for his professional services, a point which the Vazîr, in his zeal for sacred exposition, seems to have overlooked. Nevertheless, Hâfiz’s lyric muse did not disdain to visit him even in his chair of hermeneutics. It was in the quiet retirement of this school that he recited many of his poems to his pupils, to whose youthful enthusi-

asm and care we owe the first collection of them in a Divân.

Hâfiz never tires of denouncing the pietists and devotees of his day. He compares them to jugglers, who live by imposture, and prey upon the credulous and simple-minded, and characterizes them as "men with short sleeves and long fingers." The robe of the dervish is the raiment of deceit, and the monk's cowl the covert of guile. The wine-bibber is uniformly set in favorable contrast to these sanctimonious hypocrites.

"Better the drunkard void of fraud and wiles
Than virtue's braggart who by fraud beguiles."

Since indulgence in wine is opposed by religious fanatics, who make a mask of sobriety, it becomes associated with the honest and generous qualities in which the blue-clad bigot is notoriously wanting.

"My heart abhors the cloister and the false cowl,
its sign :

Where is the Magian's cloister,¹ and where is
his pure wine?"

According to Persian tradition, Jamshîd, the founder of Persepolis, was the

"Bacchus that first from out the purple grape
Crushed the sweet poison of misused wine."

This famous monarch was excessively fond of grapes, and always kept a quantity in a jar. One day, on returning from the hunt, he found his favorite fruit in a state of fermentation. The pungent flavor of the juice excited his suspicions of foul play: he therefore poured it into a demijohn labeled "Poison," and placed it aside until he should discover the author of the misdeed. Soon afterwards, a lady of the court, who suffered severely from chronic nervous headache, resolved, in a fit of desperation, to put an end to her existence. As she wandered about, "distraught and full of pain," she found the demijohn, and drank freely of its contents. Thereupon she fell into a deep sleep,

¹ *Dairi muḡhân*, the tavern, the temple of the sincere and single-minded, in contrast to the monastery, the abode of vile and venal souls.

from which she awoke so refreshed that she continued from time to time to sip the beneficent bane, until it was all gone. The complete recovery of the lady from her inveterate ailment led to an investigation of the cause, and she finally confessed by what delicious potion her health had been restored. Orders were immediately given for the fermentation of more grapes, and the king and his courtiers grew merry and mellow, as they imbibed the wonderful beverage, which was henceforth known as *zahri khûsh*, or sweet poison.

The fondness of the Persians for wine has always been a great and scandalous offense to rigorous Musulmâns. Thus Hâfiz, in *The Cupbearer's Book* exclaims, —

"If lives the body when the soul is gone,
The heart bereft of wine can still live on."

The loveliest forms and phenomena of earth and sky, the dawn, the dewdrop on the tulip, the hues and fragrance of flowers, all suggest the cheering and inebriating cup, and invite to indulgence. When his last hour comes, he hopes that he may be found with a goblet in his hand, and be borne straight from the tavern to the sky; and desires that after death his clay may be fashioned into flagons, and his skull, in the form of a beaker, continue to be a source of inspiring and elevating influence. In this wish 'Umar al Khayyâm anticipated Hâfiz by three centuries, when he declared that at the sound of the "wakeful trump" his dust would rise up before the door of the wine-shop; and the old Anglo-Latin poet, Walter Mappes, a contemporary of Khayyâm, begins his well-known drinking-song with the same conceit: —

"*Mihi est propositum in taberna mori;
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori.*"

Persian vintners are usually infidels, sometimes Christians, but chiefly Magians, since no true believer would vend a drink denounced by the Prophet as the mother of woes. Under love of

wine, therefore, might be easily concealed a tendency to heresy, and especially an attachment to old Persian fire-worship. Drinking the blood of the grape, under such circumstances, would have a sacramental significance. It would be not merely a physical enjoyment, a pleasure of the palate, but also a religious act, a protest of the conscience, a solemn declaration of devotion to the faith of the fathers. Thus the tavern becomes a temple of the Magi, a place filled with the light of God; the vintner is a high-priest of the Magi, whose wisdom is superior in kind to that of "mine host of the Garter Inn," as the ministrations of the *Sâki* differ essentially from those of a "drawer in the Boar's Head Tavern."

In every country where there is a state religion, all deviations from it, all sects and schisms, are regarded as so many revolts against spiritual tyranny, and so many assertions of intellectual liberty. This is the position held in Muhammadan Persia by Christianity and Magianism, both of which are inclined to strain a point in praise of wine, merely because the Kur'ân prohibits it. Thus wine-bibbing becomes a synonym of free-thinking. The wine-shop is something more than a common tap-room, and combines the cabaret with the chapel of dissent. The reader who fails to perceive this esoteric significance and underlying symbolism will naturally wonder at the poet's constant and rather monotonous glorification of wine, and soon weary of it.

The intimate connection between fire-worship and wine-drinking is suggested by Hâfiz when he speaks of wine as the "fulgent fire," which Zarathushtra sought in the depths below; and in the same poem he exclaims, —

'O Sâkî, give me that imperial bowl,
Which opens the heart, exhilarates the soul.
By 'bowl' I image the eternal wine;
By 'wine' I signify a trance divine.'

In the vocabulary of Sûfism, the

Sâki (cup-bearer) stands for the Holy Ghost, the source of spiritual enlightenment and inspiration; and to "stain the prayer-mat with wine" is to imbue the heart with divine love. Indeed, this symbolism is not confined to Persia and the East, but pervades, though less effusively, the poetry and religion of every people. Bread and wine, the cornfield and the vineyard, Demeter and Dionysus, are universal emblems and personifications of human sustenance and cheer. Religious exaltation and enthusiasm, the rapture of the sibyl and the ecstasy of the saint, are suggestive of vinous intoxication. When the disciples were full of the Holy Ghost, on the day of Pentecost, they were thought to be drunk; and in the Christian ritual the blood of the grape is associated with the supreme moment and sacrificial consummation of the world's spiritual redemption.

The Persians call wine *âtishi raz*, the fire of the vine, and the Greeks called Dionysus *πυργενής*, the fire-born, — an epithet which does not need for its explanation the silly story of the untimely birth of the god through the fright of his mother Semele, at the sudden apparition of her lover, Zeus, in the form of lightning.

In the *Lieder des Mirza-Schaffy*, Bodenstedt expresses a thoroughly Persian thought, when he says that wine is degrading or ennobling, according to the nature of him who takes it. 'Where is it said that wine is wrong for all?' exclaims 'Umar al Khayyâm.

"'Tis lawful for the wise, but not for fools."

It was to the "Magian Shaikh," who read the secrets of the sky in Jamshîd's magic cup, that Hâfiz appealed in theological perplexities and questions of casuistry. Weariness of robe and rosary, and willingness to pawn his cowl for an intoxicating draught and to souse his book into the wine-butt, are explained by Sûfî exegetes as expressing his disgust for outward ceremonial in worship

and barren traditionalism in theology; whilst under the imagery of riot and revelry is represented spiritual aspiration. In Sûfî phraseology the musky locks of the loved one are emanations and expansions of divine glory, redolent with celestial perfume. The closest union and most sacred covenant of the soul with the Supreme Spirit are symbolized by betrothal and nuptial ties. The purest and most poetic expression of this phase of Sûfism is found in Sa'dî's *Bustân*, especially in the third chapter, and in the *Masnawî* of Maulânâ palâlud-Dîn Rûmî.

Doubtless some of Hafiz's odes, convivial songs as well as love-poems, admit and even require a mystical interpretation. In the one hundred and eighty-sixth ghazal, for example, bright cheeks, alluring dimples, languishing eyes, and wanton ringlets are intended to typify divine attributes. In such cases the two elements are so closely blended that it is hard to separate them, and to distinguish the natural from the figurative, the earthly from the heavenly, the warm hues of carnal affection from the glowing fervor of religious adoration. But in the majority of Hâfiz's poems the sense is plain enough, and the keenest scholastic subtilty would find it as difficult to detect an esoteric meaning in them as to discover sublime mysteries and theosophics in the odes of Horace, the lyrics of Anakreon, or the songs of Burns.

Indeed, there is in Hâfiz a constant tendency to reverse the symbolical method; instead of spiritualizing objects of sense and making them the vehicle of religious sentiment, he is fond of carnalizing sacred things, and using them to justify natural appetites and to exalt earthly affections. The Mecca to which he pilgrims is the vintry; his Ka'ba is the wine-cup; the arch of Mihrâb, which attracts and directs his devotions, is "an eyebrow's bow." When 'Umar al Khayyâm was urged to renounce the

pleasures of this life in order to inherit the joys of the life to come, he replied that a little cash in hand was better than any amount of credit. Hâfiz, too, was not disposed to wait for the sky to fall in order to catch larks. "Strive always after ready bliss," was his motto. The fowler who lays his snare for the phœnix will take only empty air. In many passages he compares the stature of his beloved to the graceful cypress, which he prefers to the Sidrah and the Tûbâ, and all the celestial trees that afford shade and refreshment to the elect in Paradise.

Hafiz often gives a facetious turn to texts from the Kur'an, and makes jesting allusion to its chief doctrines. Thus, in reply to the reproaches of the zealot, he adduces the zealot's creed, and excuses his propensity to tipping by appealing to the dogma of predestination, which is one of the fundamentals of Islâm. On the Day of Alast, the All-Wise One foreordained him to love woman, wine, and song; and what is feeble and short-sighted man that he should presume to thwart eternal providence and annul the divine decrees? He takes particular delight in playing upon the catch-words of the sects and the terminology of pious cant:—

"Come, Hafiz, to the house of wine, and I will
show thee there
Thousands of men, who, ranged in line, rejoice
in answered prayer."

Less irreverent, of course, to the Muhammadan than to the Christian mind would be the comparison of the power of wine or of love to the resuscitating breath of Jesus that can restore the dead to life.

Hafiz sums up his ethics in a short and comprehensive couplet intelligible even to the meanest understanding:—

"Harm no one; otherwise do all thou wilt;
My statutes recognize no other guilt."

This simple rule of universal kindness implies also the largest tolerance. Pantheism has no motive for proselytism

and no place for persecution. Diversity of speculative opinion is not an element of discord, but a source of pleasing variety and a stimulus to intellectual effort.

"For none in our drunk rev'lers' sect inquire
Who worship matter and who worship fire."

"One to love's eyes the cell and wine-house
seem;
Whate'er the spot, the Friend's bright features
beam.

"Where in the convent pious works abound,
The cross and the monk's cloister bell are
found."

In the same spirit, Khayyâm asserts his superiority to sectarian shibboleths, and reverences mosques and pagodas, synagogues and churches alike, as holy temples and "true homes of prayer."

But while Persian poets and mystics were proclaiming these liberal ideas, and opening world-wide the doors of spiritual hospitality, in Europe popes and bishops, synods and ecclesiastical councils, were rooting out heresy with sword and fagot, and the chief countries of Christendom were ablaze with the baleful fires of the Inquisition. It was Khayyâm, too, who said that of all the dogmas taught by the three and seventy sects of Islâm he accepted only one,—the love of God. And for centuries after him sentiments and principles like these, which the comparative science of religion has but recently made familiar to the Western mind, were repeated and enforced by seers and sages, until they became a part of the aphoristic and axiomatic wisdom of the East.

Like all Eastern poets, Hafiz is exceedingly repetitious, both as regards ideas and imagery. The Greeks used to say, Give us your fine things two or three times. But the Persians would deem it undue rigor and irksome restraint to be limited to this moderate amount of iteration. They never tire of a fine thing, and reproduce it on every possible occasion. This is preëminently true of the lyric poet, who weaves his

verses out of the staple of his internal states, as the spider spins its web out of its own vitals. This species of poetry is therefore intensely subjective, and confined to a narrow circle of emotions; and the perpetual harping on one string makes even the best of the Divâns rather tiresome as consecutive reading.

Another characteristic of all classes of society in Persia is a notable love of nature; not so much in its wild and rugged aspects as in its milder and more cultivated forms. They have a passion for gardens and flowers, quiet groves and the soft cadence of murmuring brooks; and the sentiment of such scenes pervades all their poesy, and is liable to surfeit the Occidental reader by its monotony of sweetness. Possibly, when Hâfiz sang of the *chaman*, he may have had in mind, not a parterre, but a green field or stretch of lawn; features which to-day have almost wholly disappeared from the Persian landscape, having been supplanted by patches of waving corn, bright with blue-bottles, poppies, and grape hyacinths. All these phenomena of the world of sense are brought into direct and living relations with the world of the imagination, and made to portray the affections and to reflect the desires of the mind. The garden borrows its fragrance and the zephyr its perfume from the amber-scented locks of the loved one; the rose takes its color from her cheeks, and the narcissus steals its languor from her eyes. Some of the metaphors drawn from this source are quite apt and original, as when the spark of love, which has fallen into and indelibly branded the poet's heart, is compared to the deep puce mark which the wild tulip of Shîrâz bears in the centre of its white petals.

In the twenty-eighth quatrain "the musk-moled maiden's heart is seen through her transparent breast, like a pebble in a limpid stream." Shakespeare puts the same words into the mouth of love-sick Lysander:—

"Transparent Helena! Nature shows her art
That through thy bosom makes me see thy
heart."

It is curious to note such coincidences, which are the results, not of accident, but of intellectual affinity. Thus Hamlet asks, "Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung-hole?" So Hâfiz discovers the head of the same monarch in the tiles on the roof. And Khayyâm saw mangled by a potter's wheel

"Feridun's fingers and Kai Khosru's heart."

He recognizes in the graceful handle of the wine-jug an arm that

"Has many a time twined round some slender
waist;"

and bids the reader tread lightly on the common dust, since perchance

"'T was once the apple of some beauty's eye."

Even the lump of clay cries out to him who fashions it: —

"Use me gently, pray;
I was a man myself but yesterday."

In grammatical construction the verses of Hâfiz are models of simplicity and perspicuity. From the standpoint and standard of European criticism, his chief defects, which he shares with all Persian poets except Firdausi, are the want of rhetorical sobriety and symmetry; a fondness for obscure allusions and far-fetched conceits; an exuberant and unchastened imagination, prone to run riot in mixed metaphors, and to spin them out until they become so attenuated as to break down by their own weight. His motley tropes, instead of illustrating the subject, often tend to confuse the reader by the protean facility with which they change their shapes, and glide from one image into another.

On the principle of sympathy through external similitude, which prevails so largely in ancient medicine, especially in the branch of philter lore, he speaks of his "pine-cone heart" as longing for reunion with the "pine-like stature" of his friend. Even indigo is personified

as an archer, because it "draws a bow" over the arch of the eyebrows, from which the fatal arrows of love are sped. An oft-recurring figure of speech, derived from the Oriental pharmacopœia, is to call red lips "ruby tonic," the catholicon which can heal all his ailments. He compares the lock resting on the cheek, and turning up at the end to a hook, which he longs for as he takes to the sea. The wee mouth of his maiden "sweetly proves" the truth of the atomical philosophy. He dwells with glee upon her tiny waist, "no thicker than a hair." Everywhere in the Orient large hips as well as a slender waist are regarded as essential to female beauty. In the Indian drama of *Sākuntala*, the royal lover recognizes the footprints of the heroine by the depth to which her heels sink into the white sand, owing to the weight of her hips. Amru, the author of the sixth *Mu'allakat*, describes his lady-love as slim and tall, "with gracefully swelling hips, which the door of the tent is scarcely wide enough to admit." In the *Anvâri Subaili* of Husain Vaiz, the enthusiastic lover likens the hips and waist of his sweetheart to a mountain (*kûh*) suspended by a straw (*hâh*). German minnesingers had the same ideal of female beauty so far as the waist is concerned. Wolfram von Eschenbach says of a fair damsel, —

"You know how ants are wont to be
Around the middle slight and small:
Still slimmer was the maiden tall."

The Greeks possessed a finer sense of symmetry than to imagine that a woman should be patterned after a wasp or an emmet in order to be a model of beauty.

Some of Hâfiz's metaphors strike us as rather ignoble. It is not pleasant to think of a young girl's long eyelashes as daggers dripping with blood nor to see ants in the soft down of her cheeks. The dimple in the chin, shining with perspiration, is a well-pit, into which the passionate pilgrim is liable to fall.

Hâfiz's allusion to his maiden, with her moon-face and moist dimple, recalls Heine's description, in his Harzreise, of "the large, voluminous lady, with a red square mile of face, and dimples in her cheeks which looked like spittoons for Cupid." It would be difficult to decide which of the comparisons is more defamatory of this most delicate and effective feature of female beauty. The Persian is certainly more matter of fact, and lies under the disadvantage of not intending to be funny.

Another peculiarity of Oriental poets, always offensive to the most refined Occidental taste, is the habit of extravagant self-praise, in which they constantly indulge. True, the same tendency shows itself sporadically in European literature. Shakespeare was fully conscious of his genius, and knew the enduring worth of his "powerful rhyme." In language almost identical with that of the Sonnets, Firdausî, in his satire on Shâh Mahmûd, extols his own epos, the Shâh Nâma; and Sa'dî, in the introduction to the Gulistan, expresses like confidence in the lastingness of his work.

In a Persian or Arab poet, self-praise is not an individual idiosyncrasy, and does not necessarily imply excessive self-conceit. The very structure of the ghazal requires the introduction of the poet's name in the final couplet, and this mention of himself is expected to be laudatory. Indeed, the author must exercise considerable ingenuity and fertility of invention in order to avoid too great monotony of self-commendation. Heaven, our poet tells us, flings down upon his poetry her "clustered Pleiades," in recognition of the superiority of his pearls of song to her pearly garland of stars, just as opera fanatics throw laurel-wreaths to a popular prima donna and Spanish ladies cast their necklaces at the feet of a favorite *torero*.

Self-encomiums (*fakhrîyât*) are treated in Arabian poetics as a distinct and well-defined class of compositions, as

legitimate as elegiacs or erotics. We have no more right to infer that those who cultivate this kind of poetry are exceptionally vain than that every author of a drinking-song is a toper, every composer of martial music a hero, and every writer of madrigals a love-lorn swain. A fair specimen of this auto-eulogy is the following, from Hâfiz:—

"The beauty of these verses baffles praise:
What guide is needed in the solar blaze?
Extol that artist by whose pencil's aid
The virgin, Thought, so richly is arrayed.
For her no substitute can reason show,
Nor any like her human judgment know.
This verse, a miracle, or magic white—
Brought down some voice from Heaven, or Gabriel bright?
By me as by none else are secrets sung,
No pearls of poesy like mine are strung."

Making due allowance for Oriental hyperbole, every student of Persian literature will indorse the opinion here expressed. The age of Hâfiz was that of a brilliant galaxy of poets, the golden age of lyric song. Kamâl (perfect), the author of Zephyrs of Friendship (*Nafhat al Uns*), and Aimâd, surnamed the "faultless," on account of the finish of his style and the purity of his sentiments, were his contemporaries. But the united suffrages of his countrymen and of European scholars have assigned to Hâfiz the foremost place in Persian letters, and a permanent place among the world's great poets. It is not, however, by an enumeration of isolated qualities that an adequate estimate can be formed of his rare and peculiar genius. He is not to be measured, much less exhausted, by an anthology of elegant extracts. There is in him, also, a certain subtle and precious element and nimble essence which evades the cold edge of the keenest critical analysis. What he says of the manifold and indefinable sources of the lover's passion is equally true of the fascination exercised by his own poetry:—

"'T is a deep charm which wakes the lover's
flame,
Not ruby lip, nor verdant down its name.

Beauty is not the eye, look, cheek, and mole;
A thousand subtle points the heart control."

In his works we find preëminently that glowing interfusion and fruitful espousal of thought and phrase which is the supreme achievement of the creative im-

agination, and which Goethe represents as the wedlock of word and spirit:—

Let the word be called the bride;
Bridegroom let the spirit be!
At this marriage-feast abide
Those who prize, O Hâfiz, thee.

E. P. Evans.

A SEQUEL TO MR. WASHINGTON ADAMS, IN A LETTER FROM MR. MANSFIELD HUMPHREYS.

My friend Mansfield Humphreys has written me the following letter, which, with some remorse of conscience, — in the old English phrase, "again-bite of inwit," — I lay before the readers of *The Atlantic*: —

TOPPINGTON PRIORY, —SHIRE,
21st October, 1883.

MY DEAR MR. GRANT WHITE, — Everybody has gone to church, this morning, as usual; but as I have been there frequently, I made an excuse, and remained at home: not, however, chiefly for the reason which I have assigned, but that I might write you this letter.

Others may pardon you for giving in *The Atlantic* of July, 1883, an account of that luncheon party at the Priory; whether I can do so, I have not yet quite determined. The story has been read here and commented upon quite freely; and an Edinburgh publisher has actually issued the thing as a little book. All this would be well enough; but it seems that you so awkwardly worded your story that some people have suspected, and indeed do actually believe, that there is no Mr. Washington Adams, and that I — I, Mansfield Humphreys, — am the "real American" who was the object of interest on that occasion. Grievous are the wounds received at the hands of a friend; and your careless pen has scratched me deeply. What will my clients and my fellow directors think of my figuring in such a masquerade? And

to what grave misconstruction on the part of our friends at the Priory did you expose me by your thoughtless ambiguity of phrase! Pardon me for suggesting that it would be well for you to serve a brief apprenticeship in a lawyer's office, that you may learn to express yourself with clearness and precision.

Well, that will do, I suppose, for an indignant protest; but as to the truth of the affair, there is of course no need for any words between you and me. I had half a dozen hearty laughs at the expense of Professor Schlamm and the rest, with some compunctions, I will confess, for bringing such a bear as Mr. Washington Adams into the garden of our charming hostess; of whose fine womanly personality you must remember that I, like you, was before entirely ignorant. For the rest I cared little, except perhaps for Lord Toppingham himself, who, notwithstanding a slight stiffness of the mental joints (with all his liberalism), is one of the cleverest and sweetest-natured men I ever met. But she, the countess, was so serenely gentle, so divinely complaisant, with all her lovely dignity of mien, that I was more than once almost disconcerted, and came near breaking down. I was kept up by the consciousness of the eyes of the motley crowd around me. If she and Lord Toppingham only had been present, I verily believe that I should

have fallen at her feet,¹ confessed my imposture, and begged her pardon. Would she have given it? You shall see. But it is one thing to play a practical joke and enjoy it, and quite another to have one's escapade paraded to the world. I have, however, this consolation: you are the chief sufferer, and have already been pretty roughly handled. The British lion is apt to growl and lash his sides, and sometimes those of other people, when he discovers that men have been laughing at him behind sober faces.

A few days after you had left this neighborhood, I determined to call at the Priory. I rode over; and on sending up my card, I was soon ushered into Lady Toppingham's morning parlor, — a very different sort of place from the corresponding room at Boreham Hall, as you described it. Although it was about as large as an ordinary Boston or New York drawing-room, it produced a sense of mingled daintiness and coziness. Why or how, I can hardly tell, for there was nothing unusual in it, — nothing that you would not find in a similar room in New England or New York; but, as in many such rooms there, gentleness and elegant comfort were written all over it in alternating interwoven characters. Lady Toppingham rose and gave me her hand, which, please remember, if you should ever venture to write again about the manners and customs of the inhabitants of this island, is, contrary to the common notion, the custom here, unless the caller does not appear as a social acquaintance, and the interview is more or less of a business character. I must confess that I enjoy this distinction, and wish that, with some other habits of life in England, it could be carried into "the States."

A nursery-maid was standing half behind my hostess's chair, and on the floor, playing about her feet, was a boy-baby, about a year and a half old, so radiant with all glory possible to infancy that

¹ On the margin: "metaphorically, you know."

I can only call him splendid. To anticipate a little, in a few minutes he was on my knee, alternately cooing and crowing and kicking and pulling my whiskers, until, after a few fond maternal remonstrances, he was sent back to the nursery. I found him as firm and as springy as a just-landed trout.

"Lord Toppingham is out this morning, shooting, with my cousin, Captain Surcingle," said my hostess, as I took my seat. "I am sorry it should have happened so: he does n't go out quite so often as most men do here. He will regret it himself. We hoped to have the pleasure of seeing you ere this at the Priory. You have not called before, I believe?" with a slight, searching look that flashed into my eye like a reflection from a mischievous boy's bit of looking-glass.

"No, madam; unless, indeed, I may be considered to have called after a fashion, when I took the liberty of giving my card to Mr. Washington Adams."

"Mr. Adams is a friend of yours?"

"I can hardly call him a friend. Indeed, I am inclined to think that I have many better friends than he is. Hardly more than a slight acquaintance, I should say; for I am sure that many persons know much more of me than he does, and much more of him than I do."

"Then I may venture to say, without at all implying that his call was uninteresting, that he is a very extraordinary person. Have you many men of his sort in the States?"

"Too many of his sort, I must confess; although not many quite so pronounced in style as he is. I fear you may have found him somewhat rude."

"Not in the least, if rudeness consists in offensive intention. He was very well meaning, very considerate, and *very* self-possessed. But he appeared to be quite ignorant of what we should call the ways of society. Did you ever happen to see Mr. Adams in society, Mr. Humphreys?"

"Indeed, madam, I can't say that I ever did; and you must therefore pardon me if you were a little shocked." This I said in a careless, smiling way; but I felt that the feminine toils were closing round me. For that, however, I was prepared in a measure, or I should not have ventured into the lioness's den. For Lady Toppingham alone, I believe, of all the company, was quite sure that something was wrong.

You may wonder that such an extravagant creature as my Mr. Washington Adams, one who in Boston or Philadelphia, or hardly in Chicago, could not be found with a lantern, should pass muster among people of ordinary information, in any part of Europe, as a representative American, on five minutes' inspection. But if you do so wonder, you merely show that you have failed to apprehend the vagueness of their notions, and their credulity about us, and their fidgety curiosity to find something in "America and the Americans" which is new, peculiar, and above all unpleasant. You are such a lover of England and English folk, and you were treated with such kindness here by every human creature that you met, even casually as a stranger, that this assertion as to their ignorance of our country and ourselves, and as to their feeling toward them, may be received by you with some incredulity.¹ And if you judge them only by certain narrow but prominent classes, you have some reason for your incredulity. The superior part of the men in political life, the publicists, the traveled and intelligent among the mercantile and manufacturing class, and above all the journalists, have passed out of this dense stage of ignorance; but only to enter into a confusing twilight, the result of a struggle between limited knowledge and unlimited prejudice. They see; but they are color-

¹ Not at all. My good friend Humphreys forgets certain passages of the book, in which that admiration which he and others have found so glowing is tempered by the expression of opinions

blind to the few and faintly characteristic traits of the men and women who are the real products and the real representatives of generations of American training. They start with the postulate that what is English cannot be American: although why it cannot, none of these uneasy mortals have yet been able to show. From their false starting-point, they of course proceed to false conclusions. No one will dispute that there are certain differences in the general aspect of the two peoples (in so far as either of them can be said to have a general aspect), in their manners, their habits, and their speech; but these varying shades are merely on the surface, and are caused by varying circumstances; most of them transitory as well as superficial; none of them tending to any change of nature. What will be the result of the great emigration from Ireland and from Germany, which has taken place mostly within your and my remembrance, and the settlement of the Far West, also the work of the last twenty-five or thirty years, remains to be seen; and I leave it out of the question, as I did in my railway talk with Lord Toppingham. But here I am, lecturing you again, just as I lectured him. I doubt that you will be half so courteously tolerant of me and my fad as he was.

To return to my lady and her gentle catechising. I saw at once that in apologizing for Mr. Washington Adams's possible failures in conduct, I had opened a seam in my armor. She saw it, too, and instantly took advantage of it.

"Why, Mr. Humphreys, if you never saw Mr. Adams in society, what reason have you for supposing that he did n't know how to behave himself? Are we to assume that there is danger of that with all Americans, except," with a slight, gracious bend of her head, "Mr. much like his own, and, moreover, by the record of evidence of just such ignorance as he himself has found.

Mansfield Humphreys?" This without even a curve of her lip or a twinkle of her eyelid.

"Indeed, notwithstanding your keenedged compliment, I am willing to own that there are a great many of my countrymen who would be very much out of place in the drawing-room or at the dinner-table of Toppington Priory. Are there not as many of your own fish who would be just as much out of water here? Would you like to cast out a drag-net into the streets of London, or the waste places of England, and haul into the Priory whatever you might catch?"

"No, certainly not; but that's quite impossible with us, you know," smiling, but sitting a little straighter. Then, with a slight increase of impressiveness in manner, "But you seem to have a strange mixture of knowledge and of ignorance about this — this American — gentleman whom you introduced to Lord Toppingham. You fear, and you doubt, and you talk about drag-nets, and" —

"Pardon me, madam," I broke in; "but loosely as we all use that word 'gentleman,' nowadays, I cannot but protest when I hear a gentleman speak of a creature like Mr. Washington Adams as an American gentleman."

"You admit, then, sir, that you introduced to Lord Toppingham and to his wife a person who is not a gentleman, even in America!" As my fair hostess said this, she bent upon me a look full of confident intelligence and, as I thought, of gentle triumph; but that may have been merely because I felt that I was beaten. I remember my grateful consciousness that there was no severe displeasure in her clear blue eyes. But my time had come.

"Lady Toppingham," I said, rising, "I can withstand you no longer. I am here to make a confession and an apology. Unless a bit of acting with a better purpose than a mere joke degrades

me from the position with which you have just honored me, I introduced to your society no one who was unworthy of it. I was Mr. Washington Adams."

My hostess rose quickly, with a flush upon her face, saying, "And you came, sir, a stranger, into this house under a feigned name, to hoax an English earl, and — his wife, and their guests! Looking at you as you stand there, it is hard to believe it."

"Unhappily, madam, it is true: unhappily, if it brings upon me your displeasure. Yet I came not exactly as a stranger. You probably know that I had had the pleasure of a morning's talk with Lord Toppingham, the agreeable result of which to me was the honor of an invitation to the Priory on my own poor merits, and when he did not know that I bore a letter of introduction to him from Dr. Tooptoe. As to my little masquerade, for that I must throw myself upon your mercy. I regarded it as hardly more than a continuation, with a living illustration, of our colloquy on the rails. I was tempted to show Lord Toppingham and his friends a specimen of the only sort of American which they, or at least most of their countrymen, recognize as genuine; the only one in which they seem to take any real interest. If in doing so I have violated the rights of hospitality, or if I have offended Lady Toppingham, I can only bear the burden and the blame of my offense, ask pardon, and bid you good-morning."

I bowed, and stepped backward; but I saw in her eye that she did not mean to let me go. There was awakened in her woman's nature the hunter's greed; a feeling corresponding to that with which a man follows up the wild beast which he has roused, or that with which an angler lusts after the trout that is making his reel sing and his pole bend double. While I was wondering what would be her next word, her attitude towards me and the expression of her

eye suddenly changed, and she broke into a gentle but merry and hearty fit of laughter. She fell into her chair again, and laughed, still looking at me, until, as I stood before her, I felt myself blushing to my very forehead.

After a moment she said, "Pray be seated, Mr. Humphreys. Please don't stand there with that penitent air, or I shall be tempted to laugh at you, instead of laughing with you, as I am doing now, I assure you. It was a tremendous farce; as good as a play. How you must have enjoyed the general mystification. It was indeed rather a bold thing to do, if you'll permit me to say so; but where there is no wrong and no offense, success is an excuse." Then, as if our interview had thus far been of the most ordinary nature, "Would you mind touching the bell for me?"

I did so, and a man-servant quickly entered. "Tell Jackson to bring Lady Charlotte here;" and going to a vase of flowers she busied herself with them a moment, till a nursery-maid appeared with a little girl, about a year and a half older than the boy whom I had found with her on my entrance. She took the child upon her lap, and the maid retired to a window on the other side of the room. I wonder if there is an instinct in a young mother that teaches her that the presence of her child in her arms not only enhances all her womanly attractions, but adds to her dignity, and makes every true man her humble servant.

The child looked at me with infantine approval, and the mother said, "This has been rather a strange interview for a first morning call; but," smiling, "I forget,—it is a second. I must tell you, then, that we do not feel toward you quite as if you were a stranger; for not only did dear old Dr. Tooptoe write most kindly of you in a private letter to my lord, but your friend, whom we saw a good deal of before he left our

country, spoke of you so often and in such a way that we felt as if we knew you, and looked for your coming with pleasure."

"Did he hint?"—

"Not a word."

"Did Lord Toppingham suspect?"

"No; I'm inclined to think not. He was mystified, of course, and suspected something; but not, I believe, that you were Mr. Washington Adams. You may think it odd, but I did not tell him what I myself suspected in a vague sort of way; for you'll remember, I had never seen you. I rather enjoyed Lord Toppingham's bewilderment; and I felt sure that you would be here soon, and that it would all be settled, one way or another. But indeed, Mr. Humphreys, you tried me rather sorely that morning; did you not? Are you in the habit of such performances, — a professed practical joker?"

"Never before, I assure you, did I do such a thing. That was my first appearance in such a character; and it shall be my last. I feel like saying, with the school-boy brought up for discipline, 'I didn't do it; and I'll never do it again.'"

"But how came you to present us, as an American, such a monstrous creature, such a libel, I am sure, upon your countrymen?"

"A little too sure, perhaps; for Mr. Washington Adams was no monster, no libel, but, as you saw him, a portrait, a real man; a little highly charged, to be sure, but no more so than Mr. Du Maurier's figures in his social sketches."

"And the Americans are like Mr. Washington Adams?"

"I did not say so. Your phrase is general, universal. Some are."

"Men who go about whittling?"

"Verily, my lady, there be Americans that whittle."

"And carry bowie-knives and pistols in that dreadful way?"

"There are many men in America

who carry bowie-knives and pistols, and handle them as freely as others, both here and there, handle canes and riding-whips. But if you went to America you would have to look far to find them. In all my life I have never seen one."

"And who," drawing down the corners of her mouth, "spit tobacco as you" —

"Pardon me, madam, I did no such thing, as you might have known before if you had asked your servants."

"Well, then, as you pretended to."

"I am sorry to be obliged to confess that my portrait would have been very imperfect if that feature of it had been omitted. You would find that, much more easily than the whittling and the pistol-carrying, although not in any private house where you would be likely to be a visitor. But in railway cars, and in hotels, except in your own rooms and those of your friends, you would have difficulty in escaping it. Indeed, one of the peculiarities of American public atmosphere in winter is a singular and unmistakable odor, produced by such narcotic expectorations upon the heated surface of a stove. Pray, excuse me; although I can hardly forgive myself for speaking so plainly of something the very memory of which is nauseous."

"And then Mr. Washington Adams was, or represented, a real man, — a real American, after all; and we are not so much out of the way as you would have us believe."

"Let me explain. I was tempted into the escapade which you have so kindly passed over by the frequent, the almost incessant, presentation by British writers of all sorts — dramatists, novelists, journalists, travelers — of a creature whom they offer to you, and generally in so many words, as the American; and who is accepted by you — most of you — as 'the American.' A man who behaves himself decently, and who is a fair representative of the well bred and well educated — I will not say the cultivated —

American, you pass by without remark; and if you wish to characterize American society, you choose for the purpose a man who speaks and acts like Mr. Washington Adams. You look upon us, in the first place, as one homogeneous lot or lump of nondescript human creatures; and of that congregation you make Mr. Washington Adams the representative. I'm not speaking now of the few better informed and more kindly intentioned among you, but of the majority who are full of ignorance and of prejudice, and of those who serve their interest and gratify their feelings by pandering to the combined ignorance and prejudice of others. Your whole current literature, particularly your newspapers, to this very day are full of such perversion and misrepresentation. Any queer, coarse, grotesque slang, which may have been heard in some part of America, or picked out of some American newspaper, and which is never used by decent, educated men, is repeated, with the remark 'as the Americans say.' All this, and the uneasy desire, so commonly manifested by your travelers and by your writers on social subjects, not to see things simply as they are in America, but to find something new and strange, if not ridiculous, in speech or habits of life, provoked me, after my talk with Lord Toppingham, to play my prank, and make a little fun of you before your own eyes. In playing it, I presented, of course, a highly charged portrait, not of any American that you would be likely to meet, but of such a one as most of your countrymen seem to be desirous of meeting; although, as my good friend Captain Surcingle said to me, not 'as a weglathing.'"

"Poor, dear old Jack," said Lady Toppingham: "he can be an awful goose; but there is something in him, after all. No man could ride to hounds as he does, and not be a good fellow."

"Indeed, I'm sure you're right as

well as kind about the captain, — although I'm not enough of a Nimrod to see the connection between goodness and riding to hounds. But as to my Washington Adams, again; my sword, as I have already confessed to you, was double edged, and cut both ways. There was not a trait of manners or of speech in my figure, I am sure, which was not a truthful representation, slightly highlighted and dark-shadowed, of what might be seen and heard in some part of America, among certain people. The sense of monstrosity which you had was due less to any exaggeration than to the presentation of all these traits in one man and in the course of an hour or so; as a dramatist will crowd the important events of years or of a life into five acts, which can be presented in one evening. You had your not uncommon British notion of '*the Americans*' concentrated into human pemmican. No wonder that you found it rather highly seasoned. And let me ask you, If I were to offer to the world as a representation of the manners and customs of the English, what I might see at the Toppingham Arms in the village on Saturday night, would not Lord Toppingham, and Sir Charles Boreham, and Dr. Tooptoe, and Mr. Grimstone, be likely to scout it, and perhaps even to resent it a little?"

"That *would* be absurd. I'm sure you would n't do that. It would n't be at all fair."

While this talk was going on, the little Lady Charlotte had slid down from her mother's lap, and had toddled over to me and begun to play with the seal and key upon my watch-ribbon. Soon I took her, too, upon my knee, to her apparent satisfaction, and with the evident approbation of the mother. As she sat there, a voice was heard, which even I recognized, and my hostess said, "There's Lord Toppingham;" and, after a moment's hesitation, "Shall I tell him?"

"No, please don't. Let me do that myself."

"As you wish, of course; but why?"

"My offense, if it were one, was personal to Lord Toppingham; and with all thanks to you, madam, and feeling fully what must be the strength of your advocacy, I don't quite like to seek shelter behind a woman's — fan." I had almost used another word, although I had not begun it, and a little blush and a sparkle of the eye showed me that the lady had read my thought.

A few moments passed: then enter Lord Toppingham in his shooting gear. As he opened the door he saw the pretty burden of my knee, and exclaimed, "Why, Chartie, darling, where have you got?" before he was well in the room. He came quickly to me, and giving me a cordial grasp of the hand said, "I'm sure we're glad to see you, at last. Heard you were here, and only stopped to wash the powder off my hands. You've got on famously, I see, with one very important member of this household," glancing at his little daughter, who was now with her mother; "and that, I see," looking into his wife's bright, sweet face, "has done you no harm in another quarter." And then he, too, gave me to understand how you had prepared for me such a frank and warm reception.

We passed pleasantly enough through the unavoidable few minutes of commonplace talk which open a first interview, during which he mentioned that his companion had gone home with a bit of percussion cap in his cheek. "His first wound," he added; "his baptism of fire, as that sham Louis Napoleon said about his poor little Prince Imperial."

"For shame, Toppingham! Is poor Jack hurt?"

"Not half so much as he might be by his own razor, or a woman's hair-pin. It'll just give him an opportunity for a becomin' *mouche*." Then to me, "He

was very much taken by your friend, Mr. Washington Adams, — was n't he Kate? You must have observed it. Most extraord'nary person, that! Do tell us somethin' about him. Never saw such a queer-actin' person in my life!"

"Come, come," said Lady Toppingham, "don't trouble Mr. Humphreys about that now. He has explained and apologized for all Mr. Adams's peculiarities; and we've had quite enough of that sort of American," with an emphasis and a glance that gave me a little consolation.

"You'll stop to dinner with us, of course: pray do;" and my hostess heartily confirmed the invitation.

I excused myself; said that I had brought a horse with me, and glanced at my costume.

"Never mind that. Your horse will stop, too; he'll be well looked after in the stables. And as to your morning coat, never mind that, either. I can send you everything else that you'll require. Do stop. We're quite alone for a day or two; somethin' not very common at this season of the year. You'll save Lady Toppin'ham and me from playin' Darby and Joan."

Just then a servant entered, and said, "Miss Duffield is here, my lady. She's stopping a moment to talk with Mrs. Timmins," who, I discovered, was the housekeeper.

"Oh, I'm glad she's come," said Lady Toppingham. "Now I'm sure you'll stay," with the slightest possible side turn of the head. "Gentlemen always do stay where Margaret Duffield is. Although I don't know but you're so spoiled with your wonderful American beauties, we hear so much about, that you may prove unimpressible. Lord Toppingham's her guardian. She's quite at home here, — comes and goes just as she pleases; may not show herself for a while yet."

She did, however, show herself at that moment, entering with a charming union

of modesty and self-possession; and after greeting and kissing Lady Toppingham, she gave her hand and offered her cheek to her guardian. As there were only four of us, I was introduced by the mere mention of my name. This and her greetings brought light to her eyes and an enchanting accession of color to her cheek. She fully justified Lady Toppingham. I have rarely seen so beautiful a girl; never, one so lovely. You will imagine a fair, rosy, blue-eyed, golden-haired young woman, round and radiant, with all the soft white splendor of what is called Anglo-Saxon beauty. But you will be wrong. That beauty is found in England, but it is far from being so common as is generally supposed; not so common as in New England, I have sometimes thought. Not noticeably tall, Miss Duffield was yet a little above the average height of women, and the eye-alluring charms of her perfect figure were enhanced by what I saw at a second glance was a gown a little shorter-waisted than the fashion. That sharp, hard line, which seems to be defined by some mechanical force, and to divide harshly the upper from the lower half of the figure, was absent; and this added not a little both to the dignity and the grace of her bearing. Her broad, low brow was as white as marble, and so was her neck. Her eyes would have been black but for a slight olive tint that enriched and softened them; and her hair, which was not banged or brutified in any way, but parted and drawn gently above her pink-tipped ears to a knot, seemed black upon her full white temples, but where the light shone on it of a warmer hue. Her nose was saved from being perfect Grecian by a slight upward curve from the thin nostril, a type of that feature somewhat more common here than it is with us, although, generally speaking, England is not distinguished as a country of fine noses. Of the winning beauty of her mouth I shall not venture to attempt to

give you an idea. It was no little rosebud, but nobly lined, and full and rich with promise; the teeth and their setting seeming to have been furnished by Hygeia. Briefly, imagine a dark-eyed, dark-haired Hebe, with an expression of intelligence and character which are not Hebe's peculiar attributes, and you will have an approximate idea of Miss Duffield. Her dress was perfect: dark olive-green from throat to ankles, including her very gloves, with a light gray broad-leafed hat and feather. Some Englishwomen dress so admirably that it is all the more unaccountable that so many of them dress ill.

My little friend Charlie made for the new-comer as soon as she entered the room, calling her Aunt Peggy, climbing into her willing lap, and lavishing upon her the somewhat oppressive although gentle caresses of a petted, loving child, and managing, during a few moments which were occupied with desultory talk, to push back her hat, and so to disarrange her hair that, although the general result seemed to me more admirable than the most elaborate hair-dressing I had ever observed, the young lady withdrew, accompanied by my hostess, to repair damages.

"Lady Toppingham told me that Miss Duffield is your ward."

"Yes; she is my wife's cousin, the orphan daughter of her mother's younger sister, who was married to a gentleman of moderate estate, which, on his early death without a male heir, went to a distant relative. She is a dear, good girl, although somewhat wayward; as lovable as she is beautiful. I could not love her more if she were my younger sister or my daughter."

"I cannot doubt it."

"When I say wayward, I don't mean that she's inclined to be fast and slangish, like so many of our girls, although she does n't lack spirit. Far from it. But she's quietly set in her own ways: not very fond of gayety, although she can

be the merriest and most companionable creature in the world; likes to be a good deal by herself, with her music and her books, and to take long walks; knows all the old women and the young mothers in the cottages about here, and they all worship her."

"Strange that such a girl as she is has not been married ere this."

"Yes, indeed; but she does n't appear at all inclined to marriage. Poor Madge! she has only one hundred and fifty pounds a year; but she seems perfectly content. She might have been Marchioness of Tipton, and outranked her cousin. She might have had Sir John Acrelipp, who has thirty thousand a year, if she had only held up her finger; but she would n't. Jack Surcingle is awfully cut up about her, and although he is only a second son he has a thousand a year from his mother and his uncle, besides his allowance and his pay; but she laughs and talks with Jack, and is as kind as kind can be; and yet I can see that on this subject she keeps him at arm's-length."

"A musician, you say?"

"Yes, indeed; which I'm not, I'm glad to own. Can't see the use of it. She does n't sing much, only a few little airs and ballads for me and the children; but she's what Hans Breitmann would call a biano-blayer, and quite awful in the way of Bach and Beethoven, and opuses and things."

"Rather a remarkable girl, it seems to me."

"Well you may say so; but, with all her sweetness, somewhat troublesome to a guardian. I don't know what we shall do with her; such a mixture of attractiveness and reserve, of poverty and content. She makes us anxious, sometimes, for her future."

"Lord Toppingham," I said here, rising suddenly, "I've a confession to make to you, and an apology."

He rose also, and looked inquiringly into my face. Then I repeated to him

what I had said to Lady Toppingham ; telling him how I had been tempted to it by our long colloquy in the railway carriage, and adding that I could not remain under his roof and leave him ignorant of what I had done, nor if he felt that I had given him just cause of offense.

He took a turn up and down the room, and then stopping before me said, "Frankly, it was carrying a practical joke rather far, upon a first acquaintance, as I'm glad to see that you feel yourself ; and if I had discovered it without your confession, I own that I might have been offended. But I see just how it was : I think I can understand your motive, and I certainly honor your candor. And — well, let us forget everything but the fun of it," and with a pleasant smile he held out his hand.

In a moment or two Lady Toppingham returned, saying, as she entered, "Will Mr. Humphreys stay to dinner?"

"Thanks ; since you're so kind as to ask me, and you seem quite ready to excuse my morning rig, and to take me as I am, I will."

"We shall be most happy. I thought you'd stop. You're very good," with the least perceptible spark of merriment in her eye, and something in her manner that gave me the notion that she would have been glad to drop me a little mock curtsey ; but she did n't.

Now came five o'clock tea, and with it Miss Duffield. Needless to tell you how we chatted through this delightful *goûter* : delightful, thus taken with two or three, or half a dozen, pleasant companions in the lady's parlor or the "living" drawing-room of a country house ; but a bore, — I confess it, an unmitigated bore, — when it is made the occasion of a small and early entertainment in the city, where thirty or forty people, or more, come and go in costly morning dresses, the women with their bonnets on, tinkle teacups and spoons, and gabble the commonplaces of society.

Our talk gradually subsided into a silence, which we were not ready to break, while the rays of the sun slanted through a pretty oriel window, as the great light-giver sank behind a heavy mass of clouds. In the course of our conversation I had spoken about music to the ladies in a way that revealed, as I intended it should, my love for the mysterious art, half sensuous, half emotional, which, as you know, is one of the chief pleasures of my life. "Come, Margaret," said Lady Toppingham, suddenly breaking the silence, "go to the piano, and give Mr. Humphreys some music."

She rose immediately, and saying only, "With pleasure," went to the instrument. Lord Toppingham rose and left the room, and looking in again in a moment said to the countess, "Kate, Mr. Humphreys will excuse you for a little while ; I want to say a word to you."

Miss Duffield sat down before the piano, which I opened for her, and the deft fingers of her right hand, not small, but lithe, well rounded, white, and rosy-tipped, ran lightly up little chromatic scales here and there upon the keyboard. Invariable this, with all musicians : they feel and coax their instruments, whether piano-fortes, or violins, or what not, before they set earnestly to work. As she did this little preliminary trick, her left hand lying in her lap, she turned to me and asked, "Are you of the Humphreys of Dorset?"

"No ; my people came from this country. But that was a long while ago. Don't you know that I'm an American, from Massachusetts, — what you, and we too, call a Yankee? I've some cousins at home named Duffield."

Her hand fell lightly down beside its fellow, and for one precious appreciable instant she bent upon my eyes a look which I had seen in others of her countrywomen, when I told the same to them ; only it was softer, less like a

stare ; there was a mingling of sorrow, almost of pleading, with its gentle wonder.

Did you ever ask yourself if such women truly feel, really are, what they undesignedly express ; whether there is in fact any necessary connection between their outer and their inner selves ? I have sometimes doubted it. And if there is such a relation between soul and body in them, what becomes of the poor women who have not eyes and lips like Miss Duffield's ? I remember coming suddenly upon a good homely girl who I thought was in distress, and about to weep. Alas, poor young woman ! if I had entered only a few minutes before, I should have known that she was more than usually happy, and that that distortion of her face was her way of smiling. As the thought that suggests this flashed across my mind, Miss Duffield sat quickly up, and took half a dozen double handfuls of roaring chords out of the instrument, which trembled under her aggressive touch. After a moment's silence she played one of Schubert's airs ; and Schubert himself would have thanked her as heartily as I did. I asked for more ; and without a word she played reminiscences, of her own arranging, I suspect, of the garden music in Gounod's Faust. The happy wires sang love under her persuasive fingers. For this I did not thank her, and we sat a few moments without speaking. Then reaching from the music-rack a book which had caught my eye, I opened it, and put it before her, saying, "What you have done is charming, indeed ; but I know that you must like something better. Please, will you not play me one of these ?"

"That ! That's Bach," she said, with surprise in her face. "Do you like Bach ?"

"Why not ?"

"Why, you're an American, you say, and I should n't think of playing Bach to an American. I know you have

Italian opera over there, with Patti and Nilsson and all the rest. But Bach ! It's only of late years even here that people generally begun to like Bach ; except the real musicians, you know."

"But I learned to like Bach in America when I was a little boy, before Patti and Nilsson were heard of. Just as few people in America as in England really like and understand Bach ; but in my boyhood I was one of a sort of club that met every week to enjoy Bach and Beethoven, and there are many other such in America. I know of one which began in the last generation, and has met weekly for thirty-five years."

She said no more, but played one of those sonatas in which the great master of the antique school makes a fugue sing the passion of a broken heart amid all the intricacies of counterpoint. And then she played another, and yet another, and another, until the twilight began to fall upon us ; and rising hastily, she said, "Excuse me ; I must dress for dinner," and left me in the darkling room.

As this parlor was not used at night, it was not lighted, and I sat undisturbed, musing happily under the influence of the music, for nearly half an hour, before a servant entered with a candle, and a message : "My lady sent me to show you your room, sir, if you'd like to go to it now." But going out I met Lord Toppingham himself, who said, "I've been lookin' for you in the drawin'-room. What made you sit here in the dark ?" Then he kindly accompanied me to my room, with an air of welcome, and hoping that I would ask for anything I wanted (but all was amply provided) he left me to the valeting of my solicitous attendant, and I soon went down to him and the ladies.

Of course, in such a little party of four, I took my hostess in to dinner, which she had wisely ordered to be served at a round table standing at the edge of

a huge bay-window of the dining-room. Our dinner was chatty and pleasant; but although Miss Duffield was directly opposite to me, she said hardly a word to me during dinner, directing most of her conversation to her guardian. Before we returned to the drawing-room the afternoon clouds had gathered overhead, and were pouring rain. "Of course you'll not go wandering off about the country in such a night as this," my hostess said. "You'll stop till to-morrow. What a blessing that some one was sent to keep us from boring each other to death! Really, Mr. Humphreys, you're quite a merciful dispensation."

I stayed over till next morning at the Priory, and far into the next day, and departed only from necessity, and with a hearty and accepted invitation to return directly for a visit of some days, on which I was promised a meeting with some pleasant people. There were some eight or a dozen guests all the time, who shot and dined, and dined and shot; and they were pleasant enough; but what they were is not to my present purpose. I enjoyed it all, but most the society of my hostess and her cousin. They charmed me more than any other women I had ever met. Well-bred, simple, unaffected, sensible, well-educated women I had seen before; but never women who to all these qualities added a sweet feminine meekness of manner, combined with a capacity to show spirit, and even to be bold, upon occasion. This muliebrity seems to me the crowning charm of the sex in England. With it these ladies, into whose close companionship I was gradually drawn, fed fat the hunger of my soul. Our common love for music, and the likeness of our love, brought me very near to Miss Duffield; this nearness being much favored by her evident lack of sympathy with most of the men around her, and by her independence. We were thus often alone, and never more alone than at times when there

were others near us. You know my love for walking in the country, which at home I have generally to enjoy in solitude. She rivaled me, and allowed me to accompany her on some of her strolls, and even on some of her charitable missions. On one of these I discovered the reason of the reserve that awakened her guardian's anxiety. Our talk had gradually led up to it, and she exclaimed,—

"Oh, I'm weary of seeing men around me doing nothing, thinking nothing, and leading such petty, selfish lives! Of course I know there are able men enough and busy men enough in England; but I've been to London only once since I was a child, and I see nothing of that sort of man, but men that shoot, and hunt, and play billiards, and gamble, or vanish away to the Continent on some shameful business, like those —;" and she mentioned two or three noble families, whose names were well known in the divorce court. "Either these, or else a dull squire. My dear guardian is worth a regiment of such men. There's Surcingle: he does n't gamble, and he's good. But what do you think he said," she added, laughing, "one day when I told him he did nothing but play billiards? That he did: that he hunted, and shot, and ate, and smoked, and played cricket, and made — talked to me; and although he is n't the wisest, he's about the best of them. And yet I detest prigs and pedants. I know I'm only a woman, but I can't help thinking; and it seems to me that the way in which our society is organized tends to make such men; for most men are selfish and indolent, except about their own pleasures."

I stayed ten days at the Priory, which were the happiest of my life; and at last took myself off, for very shame. But ere long I returned to my little inn at B——, and again visited the Priory frequently, although without sleeping there.

One morning I went over early, and was walking through the park by a little dell, or shaw, about three quarters of a mile from the house, when my attention was attracted by what was plainly a splash of blood upon the path; then drops large and frequent stretched on before me, and they were fresh. I followed them quickly, and after a rod or two I came upon a sight that made my heart stand still. Miss Duffield lay across the path, with a little pool of blood by her side. She was pale, but conscious. A gleam of joy came from her eyes, as I sprang forward to help her.

Briefly, this had happened: On one of her walks, she had seen, on a dwarf tree at the edge of the shaw, a little cluster of leaves, beautifully discolored by some caprice of nature; but the twig on which it grew was so tough, and stretched so far over the edge, that although she could touch she could not break it. Therefore this morning she had brought with her one of those little clasp pruning-knives which are used by amateur gardeners of her sex; and leaning forward she was able to cut off the twig, which she at once thrust into the buttoned opening of the waist of her walking-dress, and was about shutting the knife, when the turf yielded on the edge where she was standing, and she fell forward into the shaw. The fall would have been of little importance, although she was somewhat bruised and strained; but the knife was driven into her left wrist. As she drew it out, it was followed by a spurt of blood. In terror and pain she managed to scramble up to the path, and started to run home; but the wound bled freely, and after running a few yards she fell fainting to the ground. As the loss of blood had not yet been very great, the horizontal position, acting upon one of her high health and strength, brought her to her senses just before I appeared.

I saw at once, from the bright color

of the blood and its regular gush, that she had cut an artery clean in two. Grasping her arm firmly, I said, "You must let me help you, or — Will you trust yourself to me?"

"Oh, yes, yes!"

And now my experience as an amateur assistant in our soldiers' hospitals, in my youth, stood me in good stead. Cutting her sleeve open to the shoulder with my pocket-knife, I soon made an extempore tourniquet with my handkerchief and a small pebble, using as a lever a stout twig that I found hard by; and it was hardly more than a minute from the time when I found her before I had the brachial artery compressed and the flow of blood stopped. But what to do! I could not leave her; and although I could carry her a little way, but with danger of opening the artery again, of what good was that? Not a living creature was within sight, and we were three quarters of a mile from the house. Before this I had thought of the isolation of these great English houses; but now it came upon me with horror, and with cursings in my heart. She did not speak one word, but looked at me in silence.

I saw a little knoll near by, which would give me a farther view. I raised her as gently as I could, and laid her by the side of the path, with my coat under her head. I ran up the knoll, and looked about: in vain. I called out with all my strength. My voice sounded to me faint and hollow and ghostly. I came down again to watch my patient. She lay quiet, and, opening her eyes, looked at me with calm confidence. Then stretching out her unwounded arm, she pressed my hand, but did not speak. Again I went upon the knoll, and, peering about, what joy to see in the distance a young rustic fellow crossing an open in the park! I shouted and threw up my hands, and managed to attract his attention, and to turn his steps toward me. But with what leaden

feet he came! Yet I did soon bring him to quickening his pace, and when he had come near I rushed upon him, saying, "My lad, don't be frightened. Here's a lady hurt. You understand me?"

"Ees."

"It's Miss Duffield, Lady Toppingham's cousin. You know her?"

"Ees, oi knaw un. She do be t' koindest leddy yereabaout."

"Well, she'll die if she is not helped. Get a wagon, a cart, anything on wheels, just as quick as lightning. You understand?"

"Ees: I be to get cairt to cairt un up to aouse."

I was about to offer him money; but although slow of speech, he was ready in action, and was off on a run.

My patient I found doing as well as I could hope for. We neither of us spoke. There was no water near; I had nothing to give her. She stretched out her right hand to me again: I held it, and watched my tourniquet in silence. Such a silence I had never known before. I heard the beating of my heart, of hers. I heard the light breeze sighing a sad monotone; the little creakings of the tiny insects around us. It seemed to me that I heard the grass grow. I saw all trifling things: the dry twigs, the odd shape of some of the leaves upon the shrubs, the very grains of sand in the path. I saw the beauty of her arm, and remember tracing the course of a blue vein down its inner side. I saw that the little cluster of leaves which was the cause of all this woe still remained in her corsage.

All at once the sound of quick hoofs and of wheels, — not farm-cart wheels, but light wheels, moving rapidly, thank God! — and in a few moments they stopped where the path went out of the copse upon the road, and help appeared with the manly form and troubled face of Captain Surcingle. He had been driving through the park in a light dog-

cart, on some jockeyish business, when he was seen and stopped by my messenger.

Goose as his cousin called him, the captain could not have behaved better. He was silent, sympathetic, attentive, helpful, doing without a word just what I bade him. Keeping Miss Duffield's wounded arm across her body, we carried her carefully to the dog-cart, and lifted her into it. I told her that I should have to place her upon the bottom of the cart, and rest her head upon my knee. She laid it there without a word. I wrote a few lines on the blank leaf of an old letter, stating the case, and gave it to my rustic messenger, telling him to get it to the village surgeon as soon as possible. The captain mounted his seat and gathered up the reins, when, turning his head, he saw the position of my patient.

"Oh, I say, Mr. Humfwes, p'waps you would n't mind dwivin'. I should n't mind havin' you. You see, you und'stand hawses in 'Mewica, mebbe, but you don't und'stand sittin' in dog-cahts, you know."

"If you wish, and if Miss Duffield wishes" —

The weary eyes opened on me with a piteous look; and she said faintly, "Thanks, dear Jack; but please don't have me moved again." I don't know whether dear Jack could have heard her, but I cried out, —

"Never mind, captain; no time for that. Drive on, please! Gently, now."

The good fellow distinguished himself as a whip, and took us swiftly to the house, and as softly as if we were driving over velvet. Indeed, his knowledge of the park enabled him to cut off turns and corners, and to take almost a straight line over the grass.

Needless to tell you the commotion at the Priory. Miss Duffield was soon in bed; and ere long the surgeon arrived on horseback. The artery must be taken up, of course. He needed help,

and asked for the gentleman who applied that tourniquet. The consequence was that I assisted at the little operation, while Lady Toppingham held the patient's other hand, and Mrs. Timmins stood by to give any help that might be necessary. She underwent the operation in perfect silence. I did not look at her while it was performed, and after the bandage was applied I immediately left the room. As I passed around the foot of the bed she opened her eyes and smiled; I bowed silently, and have not seen her since. But from that time I have been at the Priory, Dr. Catlin having expressed a wish that I should remain for two or three days.

This happened last Monday morning; and every day the report has been that she was doing as well as possible. Indeed, as it turned out, the accident which might have been mortal was really of no grave consequence. Therefore, this morning, all the household went to church, leaving her in the care of nurse

NOTE. It is difficult for me to discover the relation of the latter part of Mr. Mansfield Humphreys' letter to Mr. Washington Adams's visit to Toppington Priory, or to the subject of my friend's colloquy with Lord Toppingham in the railway car. Doubtless the incidents which he relates were of profound interest to the parties directly concerned in them; and they have an obvious tendency to complications of which we may possibly learn something hereafter. The publication in England, to which he refers, of the account given in *The Atlantic* of the colloquy and the visit, as a little book, was entirely at the suggestion and request of the publisher, with whom I had had no previous communication, and who proposed it because he thought that it would be the means of diffusing some useful and much-needed information. It has been the subject of some animadversions by a writer in a well-known London publication, which are of such a nature that a very brief examination of a few of them may be profitable. The little book seems to have disturbed the digestion, and certainly to have deranged the intellect, of the critic. He has even been wholly unable to apprehend its purpose. "It is meant," he says, "to give, so far as it goes, an essentially accurate picture of what English society actually is." This is amazing. Such a picture its writer had, indeed, endeavored to paint in a previous book, *England Without and Within*, which has been found by some British critics almost too flattering. The purpose of Mr. Washington Adams, on the contrary, was solely to give to the many Brit-

and housekeeper, while I shut myself in my room to write to you.

After a while I was interrupted by a gentle knock at my door. It was the maid who, at the Priory, specially waits on her; for she has no maid of her own.

"Please, sir," she said, "Miss Duffield's compliments, and she's very much better this morning. Nothing now only a little weakness. She thought she would put her arm in a sling, and come down; but the doctor would n't pummit. An' please, sir, would you find her a nice book. An' she sends you this," holding out to me what I recognized as the cluster of leaves which I had seen in her corsage that morning. On one of the leaves was a little drop of blood, which I have not washed off.

This is all I have to tell you now. Should there be anything more hereafter which would interest you, I shall write. Faithfully yours,

W. MANSFIELD HUMPHREYS.

ish readers of *The Atlantic* some information (as simply and baldly true as that two and two are four) about "America and the Americans," which, as its intelligent and enterprising Edinburgh publisher saw, was really much needed by a very considerable part of the British public. That the ignorance thus assumed does really exist, even among many of the most cultivated, best bred, and most estimable members of that society, no one acquainted with it can doubt.

On one or two special points the critic referred to takes exceptions, as to which it may be well that he should be put to his purgation. One of these is that a man of Lord Toppingham's rank and breeding is represented as dropping his final *g*'s in *ing* and the *r* in words like *pardon*. The language of the personages in Mr. Washington Adams was put into their mouths merely from my own observation; but on looking into the matter there is the best British authority for it. Punch is not without examples of such talk by such people; and it could not otherwise be faithful. For example, Punch, September 6, 1873, under the heading *Evil Communications*, etc. Scene, a pastry cook's; a governess, with her young masculine charge.

"Lord Reginald. Ain't yer goin' to have some puddin', Miss Richards? It's so jolly.

"Governess. There again, Reginald! Puddin', — goin', — Ain't yer! That's the way Jim Bates and Dolly Maple speak; and Jim's a stable-boy, and Dolly's a dairy-maid.

"Lord Reginald. Ah! but that's the way fa-

ther and mother speak, too! And father's a *duke*, and mother's a *duchess*! So, *there*!"

And again, the same volume, under the heading, Fragment of Fashionable Conversation: Scene, a first-class railway carriage, —

"*Little Swell* No. 1. Huntin', to-day," etc.

Indeed, the point is indisputable. There is no more authoritative observer upon this subject than Mr. Alexander Ellis, F. R. S., etc., the eminent author of the great work on English Pronunciation; and he represents (Part IV., p. 1211), no less a person than Professor Jowett, Master of Balliol College, Oxford, as saying in one of his lectures, "attachin' 'imself to 'im," instead of "attaching himself to him." All this, however, is probably, as I have already conjecturally indicated in England Without and Within, but a relic of the good usage of a not remote past.

As to the dropped *r*, the same high authority (Mr. Ellis) records the following examples (idem, pp. 1212, 1213). Dr. Hooper, president of the British Association, said "eitha, neitha, unda-taken" (for either, neither, undertaken); a peer, "obse'ving, brighta, conve'sant, direc'ta, pa'cels" (for observing, brighter, conversant, parcels); certain professional and commercial men, "futsha boa'd, rema'ks" (for future, board, remarks). [I look only to the consonants, and ask Mr. Ellis's pardon, if I have thus misrepresented his vowel sounds.] This point may be dismissed without further consideration. But I admit with pleasure that I never heard a well-born, well-bred person in England say "yer" for *you*; possibly, Mr. Punch might suggest, because the range of my social observation stopped one grade below the ducal rank.

Lady Boreham and the society at Boreham Hall seem chiefly to afflict this critic. He appears to resent as a personal insult this little passing glimpse of one limited variety of life in England; and although it is a mere link, a coupling between the first and the second parts of the little sketch, only an incidental bit of machinery to make the rest work together, he devotes most of his attention to it, and will have it that the Boreham people are set forth as "*the English*," just as the Washington Adams's have been held up for half a century in England as "*the Americans*." He is woeful because Lady Boreham is represented "almost exactly as the French caricature Englishwomen." The coincidence is remarkable, and somewhat significant; for I have never been in France; nor have I ever seen any French caricatures of English people, except those in Gavarni's London, in which I remember no such figure as Lady Boreham. She is as exact a picture as I could make, in the little time and space that I could give to her, of a sort of woman who is not very uncommon in England, but to whom this little sketch portrait is my first and only reference. I grieve that my reviewer takes her so sorely to heart; and if he really believes that she was presented as the typical

Englishwoman, I sympathize with him cordially. For I do not say here for the first time how charming I found the sex in England, whatever their rank or condition. But is it not permitted to hint that there is one woman in England who is not absolute in feminine charm? And have our British friends become so sensitive, are their mental integuments so excoriated, that they cannot have it said that there is one household in England which is characterized by dull respectability? Truly it makes a difference when, the name being changed, of thee the fable is narrated. My critic seems, as he read, to have taken off his skin and sat in his nerves.

One grievance heavily alleged is that this lady "drops all her *h*'s;" this being done in a way that conveys a notion that her speech is the representative speech of the book, — an old and not very admirable device of injurious criticism. Moreover, the assertion is absolutely untrue. If I had so represented Lady Boreham's speech, I should have been guilty of deliberate slander. The truth is that she, the least important personage of all that appear, speaks just six times! In only one instance does she utter more than a dozen words! She uses words beginning with *h* only eleven times in all; and all of these, every one, she aspirates, just as the other personages do, except two, *home* and *hotel*! Now if any general assertion may be safely made as to English-speaking in England, it is that only a very few among the highest bred and most thoroughly educated persons say *home* and *hotel*. A man who is so precise in his aspirations as to say *humorous* (which thirty years ago no one said) will yet say '*otel*' always, and '*ome*' whenever the word is preceded by a consonant. Even the women, whose speech, in almost all conditions of life, it is worth a voyage to hear, say '*ome*' and '*otel*'.

My critic, however, makes one admission which atones for all his misrepresentation, intentional or unintentional. He says that my friend Humphreys, in his masquerade, "deliberately makes a beast of himself." I don't agree with him any more than Lady Toppingham does, or my correspondents do. Humphreys merely showed the company at the Priory a concentrated representation of certain rude, grotesque forms of life. But the personage which he "disfigured or presented" is not new to the British public, but a very old acquaintance, indeed. He is merely the man who has figured on their stage, in their fiction, in their serial literature, in their illustrated books, for more than half a century as "*the American*;" and my reviewer thus admits that during that time British authors and journalists and artists (see Punch *passim*) have been presenting "*the Americans*" to their world as — beasts. The word is his, not mine. With Phèdre I can say *C'est toi qui l'as nommé*. He has fully justified Mansfield Humphreys.

Richard Grant White.

THE POLITICAL FIELD.

THE state elections of last fall disclosed results which surprised the politicians of both parties, and developed new conditions and probabilities for the approaching presidential contest of 1884. These results showed that the two great national political organizations are still of nearly equal force in the important States of the North that have heretofore been the ground of sharpest conflict in national campaigns, and that in spite of all the ferment of new issues of the past three years no new organization has arisen of sufficient strength to be called a party, or even a respectable faction. The voting population is still divided into two great camps, — Republican and Democratic. What lies outside of those camps, in the way of temperance associations and labor-reform leagues, produces some effect in state canvasses when allied with one or the other of the great parties, but standing alone cannot much affect results, and is not likely to play any appreciable part in the coming presidential campaign. The vital, potent political forces still gather under the old ensigns, although it would be hard for any one to say just what those ensigns now signify.

Further, the late elections showed that the great wave of Democratic success of 1882 brought about no permanent change in the convictions of the voters. The Republican defeats of that year were so overwhelming that short-sighted prophets predicted the speedy death of the party. There seemed to be a hopeless disintegration of the Republican forces. Party discipline could not be enforced, and appeals to party feeling were ineffectual to bring the voters into line. New York, a Republican State in 1880, elected a Democratic governor by 192,000 majority. Pennsylvania, which had been steadily

Republican for twenty years, except in 1874, gave the Democratic candidate for governor 48,000 majority over his Republican competitor. Massachusetts, which had only once refused the Republicans a majority since their party was formed in 1854, put in the state house a man peculiarly objectionable to them, because he had deserted them as soon as their victories began to cost some effort.

Nothing seemed plainer, after the elections of 1882, than that the Democrats had the prize of the presidency already in their grasp. They had won their victories, not by presenting any new issues, but simply by appealing to the dissatisfaction of the voters with the course of the Republican leaders. General Garfield used to say that every man in public life has a precipice ahead of him, — how near he cannot know, — towards which he is steadily marching. It may be far off or close at hand, but sooner or later he will fall over it. As with the politician, so with a party. It cannot always hold the favor of the majority and keep itself in power. The longer the career of success behind it, the greater the probability that its precipice of defeat is close ahead. The elections of 1882 appeared to be the first descents of the precipice, the sheer fall of which was to come in 1884.

Nor did the October elections of 1883 indicate any change in the current of Republican disaster. Iowa, always Republican, was carried with difficulty, growing out of the prominence of the prohibition question; but Ohio, which had regularly been carried by that party the year before a presidential election, went Democratic, in spite of the political vagaries and want of personal popularity of the Democratic candidate for governor. It is true that in Ohio the

liquor question complicated the contest to the prejudice of the Republicans. In reason it should not have done so, because the Republican legislature gave the people a fair chance to choose between two constitutional amendments, — one for prohibition and the other for license; and the Scott law, which imposed heavy taxes on drinking-saloons, proved popular, and ought logically to have drawn to the Republicans the ultra-temperance vote, if that vote were ever logical or practical. Probably the Republicans would have carried Ohio if the question of how to deal with whiskey-selling had been shut out of the canvass; but the Democrats refused to admit this, and they gained in other States all the encouragement and momentum of a great victory in the State that had long been the key of the Republican position.

Thus everything appeared to be in their favor in the November elections. Yet without any marked activity or enthusiasm on the part of their opponents, and in fact with hardly a respectable show of campaign organization to contend with except in Massachusetts, they were beaten in the three pivotal States of New York, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts, which they had carried so easily the year before. In Pennsylvania, the 40,000 majority for Pattison in 1882 was changed to a majority of 16,000 for the head of the Republican ticket. In New York, Governor Cleveland's prodigious majority of 192,000 was all swept away, and the Republican candidate for secretary of state, General Carr, was elected by about 17,000 majority. The Democrats pulled through the rest of their state ticket, it is true, and were able to attribute the defeat of their leading candidate to his views on the temperance question; but the result, compared with that of the previous year, was none the less for them a mortifying disaster. In Massachusetts, the previous year, General Butler, after long effort and by the exercise of political adroit-

ness and audacity that reached the height of genius, had managed to weld together into a majority party all the odds and ends of new movements and old factions — labor reformers, communists, greenbackers, woman suffragists and idealists, and agitators of various creeds — in connection with the old Democratic party of the State. His year in the gubernatorial chair can hardly be said to have disappointed any of his miscellaneous supporters. Like Sydney Smith's flea, he displayed a diabolical activity. He was always reforming something or other, and by constantly keeping himself in the public eye he was able to assume at all times a dramatic attitude of leadership, well calculated to work upon the imagination of his followers. Yet when the ballots were counted, his majority of 14,000 was found to have disappeared, and Mr. Robinson, his antagonist, came off victorious by 10,000 votes.

Only in one contested State did the Democrats win a victory, and there their success was of great importance and advantage in the presidential struggle, — not to them, but to the Republicans. That State was Virginia. Paradoxical though the statement may seem at first thought, the Democratic triumph in that quarter strengthens the whole Republican line for the approaching national campaign. Senator Mahone, who led the opposition to the regular Democracy in Virginia, is to that State what General Butler is to Massachusetts. He represents the elements of ignorance, discontent, irresponsibility to social restraints, and disorganization of established conditions. To the negro voters he had joined the lower classes of the white voters into a motley organization, called the Readjuster party. His assertion that the state debt could not and should not be paid in full attracted to him the thriftless small farmers; the careless mountaineers, who live on one small corn-patch, a few hogs, and a rifle;

and the idle politicians of the county towns. The Republican leaders turned over the colored vote to him because he promised them success and offices. He had a small contingent of admirers in Washington, — men who hang on the skirts of the administration, and whose knowledge of Southern politics is gathered in the hotel lobbies of that city. These men appeared at one time to have persuaded the President that Mahone must be supported as an “entering wedge” to split the solid South, and that if he were successful this year it would be feasible next year for the Republicans to carry three or four Southern States. The “Mahone alliance,” as the political scheme concocted in Washington was called, was utterly distasteful to the Republican masses of the North, — a foundation stone in whose political faith was the honest payment of public debts in exact accordance with contracts. The ablest of the Republican leaders repudiated it openly; all regarded it as indefensible before Northern constituencies. Now that the Virginia alliance is broken up by the failure of Mahone to carry the election, the Republican party is well rid of a load which threatened to break it down in the coming campaign. It will henceforth have no bargains and trades with state-debt readjusters or repudiators to explain.

When we come to look for the causes which have brought about a reaction in favor of the Republicans, the good conduct of the national administration must be given the first place. After the ridiculous defeat of President Arthur's candidate for governor of New York in 1882, the administration let state politics sedulously alone, excepting some little countenance given to Mahone. It may almost be said to have let national politics alone, too. President Arthur has made a King Log kind of administration, because he had the sagacity to see, after the failure of his attempts at activ-

ity, that the policy of drifting was the only one likely to heal Republican dissensions and rehabilitate the party. Any effort on his part to become a positive force in politics would have revived old antagonisms and produced new ones. The people never fully trust a Vice-President who succeeds to the executive chair. They say, “We did not put that man there;” and if he seeks to urge any particular line of action upon his party or upon Congress, they are apt to say, “The good man whom we elected, and whom death removed from office, would not have behaved in that way.” In short, they are offended if he exercises the full measure of the powers and privileges of his position, and are best satisfied if he merely administers the office in a business-like way, leaving questions of policy for his party to determine, without his interference. In this spirit Mr. Arthur has of late discharged his duties; doing a good deal of traveling and fishing, attending to the routine business of the Executive with intelligence and fairness, and letting politics take care of themselves. The effect upon the Republican party has been salutary. The old factions find no fresh cause of quarrel with him or with each other, and his quiet, decorous, undemonstrative administration has afforded the Democrats no point of attack. Mr. Arthur is entitled to the credit of being the first Vice-President succeeding to the presidency in our history who has strengthened his party. All the others, Tyler, Fillmore, and Johnson, were disorganizers.

The Republicans also gathered some strength from local causes. In Pennsylvania, the “reform” administration of Governor Pattison, which took office with much *éclat*, failed to meet expectations, and irritated the voters by bringing about a tedious, expensive, and unnecessary extra session of the legislature; in New York, the phenomenal majority governor, Cleveland, proved a commonplace though fairly competent

executive, and demonstrated no real fitness for party leadership; in Massachusetts, Governor Butler's investigating zeal, his efforts to "stir things up," and his scheme of basing political power on the discontent and communistic tendencies of the laboring classes in factory towns gave the Republicans an opportunity to rally the stable, property-owning classes against him. It is a noticeable fact, however, that national issues played no appreciable part in these state canvasses, and that in New York, where the result was most significant, there was no particular state issue. Indeed, there can hardly be said to have been any campaign in that State, in the usual significance of the word. The two parties nominated their tickets and appointed their committees, but there were few public meetings held, and the columns of the newspapers gave little evidence that an election was approaching. The great Republican gain in New York must be attributed chiefly to the renewed vitality of the party as a national organization.

Besides the revival of the Republican party in the Northern States, the recent elections show that that party is gaining no new footholds in the South, — a fact to be regretted by all patriotic men. Every State which joined the rebellion is going to cast its electoral vote, next fall, for the Democratic candidate for President, whoever he may be. In no one of them will there be a contest such as will be carried on in every Northern State. All will be strongly, hopelessly Democratic, as a matter of sentiment and sympathy coming down from the war period and the epoch of reconstruction; not because the Democratic party now proposes to do anything the Southern people want done, or because the Republican party advocates any measures they favor, but purely from feeling and tradition. It is high time for the influential classes of the South to develop healthful political

antagonisms among themselves, but they are evidently not going to do so in season to affect the coming presidential contest. The solid South will still exist, to throw its great electoral vote in a lump into the scales. The Democratic party will again be able to count upon that vote as assured in advance and without effort, and thus to concentrate the campaign activities upon the task of adding to it forty-five electoral votes from the entire North. That this condition of things is lamentable, no thoughtful man who looks beyond mere party success will fail to perceive; but it exists, and there is no present help for it. The Northern States are the only battlefields of the next contest; the States south of the Potomac and the Ohio are not debatable ground.

At the same time, there is good reason to believe that this continued solidity of the South will not be a dominant topic of discussion in the canvass, and will not enter as an important factor in the result in the presidential election in the Northern States; I mean that the voters will not be urged to make the Northern States solidly Republican because the Southern States persist in being solidly Democratic. We have had enough of that sectional cry in the past. If the Republican party is to be continued in power, it should be because it has practical and immediate purposes for the good of the country, promising wise legislation and prudent administration and honest dealing with new issues, and not because the South obstinately clings to an obsolete sentiment of sectionalism. Intelligent people in the North know that the Southern people are no longer seeking to change anything in the constitution or the statutes established as the result of the war; that they cherish no plans for the division of the country, or the denial of rights to the blacks; that they differ among themselves on living national issues; and, in a word, that they are now

patriotic, prosperous citizens of the republic, with abundance of sectional feeling and prejudice still, but with absolutely no sectional aims. The Republican party will do well to let them alone to wear out their stupid provincial sentiment of fidelity to a single party, and make its fight with little regard to the fact that they have prejudged the general question between the parties, and determined to throw their States solidly on one side.

We therefore see that, without taking account of the changes in public sentiment which may be effected by the doings of Congress at its present session, the prospects for the near presidential contest are that the two old parties will face each other in the Northern States with about the same show of relative strength, distributed in about the same way, as in 1880. A close and exciting campaign will probably ensue. Yet it is difficult to foresee what the parties are going to fight about. No important public question, now alive and open, divides them. Towards no such question does one party take a decided and unanimous affirmative position, and the other an equally decided and unanimous negative. Let us name some public questions, and apply the test: civil service reform, the internal revenue system, the tariff, national banking, silver currency, postal telegraphy, the disposition of the surplus in the treasury, internal improvements, the restoration of our ocean commerce, the construction of a navy, a positive foreign policy, — is there any one of these topics of current national interest concerning which the two parties take issue? It may be said that a majority of the Republican party favor the civil service system, recently introduced, and that a majority of the Democrats do not; that a majority of the Democratic party oppose the protective tariff system, and a majority of the Republicans sustain it; and so on through most of the list: but in each question there is a minority of

one party siding with a majority of the other. In this muddled condition of opinion, neither party seems willing to select a few questions, formulate them plainly, assume a positive attitude towards them, and ask the verdict of the voters upon them. Unless the situation is changed this winter, we are likely to have nothing better than a bundle of patriotic platitudes and political truisms presented in the party platforms, which nobody will care a straw about.

In such an event the struggle will largely turn upon the popularity of the candidates. In old times, when the country newspapers placed mottoes under their headings, one much in use was, "Measures, not men." We are likely to have a campaign of men, not measures. If each of the great parties fails to present any measures as distinctively its own, then the independent and unattached voters, who hold the balance of power, will take their choice between the presidential candidates, on the ground of their relative personal fitness for the place. Such a choice would be entirely legitimate. If there are no national questions at issue, then sensible men may well make up their minds which of the two candidates for the chief magistracy shows the better record and the better promise for statesmanlike performance in the White House. A contest over the respective merits of two strong candidates would not be altogether regrettable, provided it did not degenerate into slander and abuse, as presidential campaigns have, of late, shown a tendency to do. A little hero-worship, now and then, is not a bad thing for a nation. If the Republicans should nominate a man like Senator Edmunds, and the Democrats a man like Senator Bayard, the parties might as well dispense with platforms, and conduct the canvass on the records and character of the two men, as to put forth a series of sonorous, empty resolutions. It would be altogether better, however,

if one of the parties, at least, would take up a few of the genuine issues that lie on the surface of public thought, and announce definite purposes concerning them. During the present generation we have seen the mass of American voters educated on many great questions by a thorough public discussion in political canvasses. Such questions as manhood suffrage, specie payments, and the honest payment of the public debt have been debated and determined during the past eighteen years. It may be urged that there are no such issues now pending. Very true; a nation cannot always feed on the strong meat of great controversies. But there are real issues before us, of practical importance, and it is the duty of party leaders to cease skirmishing around their edges, and to meet them fairly.

The Republican party, as the party of new ideas and positive doctrine in the past, might well be expected to lead the way in taking position. In line with its history and traditions as a strong government party, it might take up affirmatively the following questions:—

First, the extension and defense of the civil service system. This system is already partially established in the departments at Washington and in the large post-offices and custom-houses, where original appointments are now made only by selection from candidates recommended by the commission as having passed a creditable examination. Civil service reform, in its origin and in all its progress, until very lately was a Republican movement; and although a few prominent Democrats, notably Senator Pendleton, have of late given it valuable assistance, the mass of the Democracy is as hostile to it to-day as the mass of the Republicans were when Mr. Jenckes, of Rhode Island, began to preach the new faith in Congress twenty years ago. Democratic success in the approaching presidential election will imperil the fair beginnings of the reform;

at least, the Republicans would be justified in saying so. Their platform should call for the broadening and strengthening of the new system. The Democrats could honestly oppose this demand with the Jacksonian theory, so firmly held by the great majority of them, that "to the victors belong the spoils."

Second, maintenance of the protective tariff policy, coupled with reform of the inequalities, abuses, and outgrown features of the present law. The Republican party is historically a protectionist party, and the Democratic party is a low tariff, or tariff for revenue only, party. If one would cease to be afraid of Iowa and the other of Pennsylvania, and each would honestly enunciate the belief of the mass of its members, we should have an educating discussion which could hardly fail to result in the public good.

Third, postal telegraphy. The business public is fast coming to the conclusion that the telegraph is the modern mail, and that every argument in favor of the post-office being a government institution applies to it. If it is of unquestioned advantage to the public that correspondence which goes in a leather bag should be carried by the government, why should correspondence which goes on a wire be left to the mercy of greedy, speculative corporations? The Republican party could consistently take the lead in this question, and the Democratic party, as the opponent of an efficient centralized government, could with equal consistency assume the negative of the proposition.

Fourth, a vigorous foreign policy for the extension of our commerce and our national influence, backed by a strong navy. The state-department policy of the short Garfield administration, though bungled in South America by incompetent agents, was undoubtedly approved in principle by the majority of the Republican party, who are tired of the timid and selfish attitude of national iso-

lation which our government customarily assumes in the affairs of the world. Men of broad and progressive opinions believe that a republic of fifty millions of people should make its ideas and influence felt all round the globe, for the good of other nations as well as for the extension of its own commercial relations. On this question, the Democrats, who are conservative as to public expenditures, opposed to giving the national government any real military or naval power, and very much disposed to narrow their vision down to petty matters lying close at home, would naturally take the negative side.

Why not add, or rather put in the first place, the new civil rights issue which Colonel Ingersoll and Frederick Douglass have recently tried to raise in Washington, in opposition to the Supreme Court decision which declared Charles Sumner's civil rights law to be unconstitutional? This question may well be asked by old Republicans. The answer is that the public mind is no longer interested in the affairs of the

negro race. A generation of controversy and four years of terrible war gave the negro in America freedom and the ballot. Now the common sentiment is that enough has been done for him, and that he should make his own way upward in the social scale. There is no demand for a constitutional amendment which will put the machinery of federal courts at work to secure him good seats at the theatres, good beds in hotels and sleeping-cars, and the right to be shaved in the fashionable barber-shops. People are content, now that the tension of sympathy with the enfranchised race has relaxed, to leave such matters to state legislation.

Other questions might be added, but here are enough for an active intellectual canvass. Such a canvass would have an excellent effect on the public mind. Instead of getting angry anew over bygone quarrels and threshing the old straw of dead controversies, the voters would be led to the frank discussion of living issues which affect the whole body of the American people.

E. V. Smalley.

UNHEARD MUSIC.

MEN say that, far above our octaves, pierce
 Clear sounds that soar and clamor at heaven's high gate,
 Heard only of bards in vision, and saints that wait
 In instant prayer with godly-purgèd ears:
 This is that fabled music of the spheres,
 Undreamed of by the crowd that early and late
 Lift up their voice in joy, grief, hope, or hate,
 The diapason of their smiles and tears.
 The heart's voice, too, may be so keen and high
 That Love's own ears may watch for it in vain,
 Nor part the harmonies of bliss and pain,
 Nor hear the soul beneath a long kiss sigh,
 Nor feel the caught breath's throbbing anthem die
 When closely-twined arms relax again.

Edmund W. Gosse.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

MR. STEDMAN, in the graceful and exhaustive comment with which he has prefaced this fine edition of Poe's most popular masterpiece,¹ mentions Doré's obvious defects, and lays stress on his equally obvious originality and power, as shown in several works, to which he accords the highest praise; but while he asserts a likeness between the genius of Poe and that of Doré, he seems to feel himself on insecure ground in commending this particular interpretation of the one by the other. In fact, here are two imaginative creations,—one poetic, one artistic; both are effective, but in our judgment they are incongruous. The common element which Mr. Stedman finds in the working moods of the two men is practically confined to their tendency toward romantic and fantastic themes; in method they are very dissimilar. Poe weaves his spell slowly and subtly, with exceeding watchfulness against detection, and prepares, by scarcely noticed increments of feeling and trifles light as air, for his dénouement; in Doré's work, so to speak, there is nothing but dénouement. The latter drops the mask at once, and conquers, if at all, by force; Poe ambushes, like Ariel, in the invisible air, and captivates us,—wins, if at all, by charm.

Mr. Stedman apparently means to mark a difference between the poem and the illustrations by stating that Doré "proffers a series of variations upon the theme as he conceived it,—'the enigma of death and the hallucination of an inconsolable soul.'" It does not require much knowledge of Poe's individuality or much literary insight to perceive that death was, in this composition, merely the background that threw his own despair into strong relief, and hallucination

only the transitory shadow of what he called "the Mournful and Never-Ending Remembrance" of reality. Doré parts company with Poe in a way against which the latter protested in his analysis of this poem, by pushing the suggested meaning to an excess, and making the under the upper current of the theme. In the stanzas the lover is not an abnormal being; he is neither sick in body nor unhinged in mind. He has drifted from his book to his dream, from the nepenthe to the bitter-sweet of his sorrow; he is suddenly aroused to the substantial world about him, and, being sensitive to the superstitious promptings of flickering firelight, rustling curtains, the impenetrable darkness on which his door opens, the wind without and the calm within,—being, moreover, accustomed to yield to the pleasure of such fantasy-engendering sensations,—he is wrought into a half-nonchalant, half-expectant mood, which does not become serious until, by gradual but conscious surrender to the fascination of the Raven's eyes and croaking refrain, he falls under the myth-making faculty of his own mind, which brings its credence with itself. This, at least, was Poe's apprehension of what he himself created.

On turning to these illustrations, one finds the unity of the original, its progressive and golden-linked art, the humor of the fantastic touch, the naturalness of it, all gone. The lover is dazed from the first; he seems without self-control. The only change of his figure is from rigidity to spasm; the only variation of his dream is from one spectral horror to another. To mark but a few of the essential differences between Poe's and Doré's conception, the lover, instead of being absorbed in his own sorrow,

¹ *The Raven*. By EDGAR ALLAN POE. Illustrated by GUSTAVE DORÉ. With Comment by

EDMUND C. STEDMAN. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1884.

grieves for his mistress' fate; instead of being fascinated by the Raven's eyes, that "burned into my bosom's core," he is lost in mental abstraction; instead of typifying by his hopeless woe a fact potentially of universal experience, he impersonates the victim of an exceptional and malign fate. We may be sure that the imagination of Poe never saw that rare and radiant maiden clasped in skeleton arms upon the nightly shore whence flew the ominous bird; she wandered happy in that Aidenn far from the regions where he must dwell; sure, too, that it was not the scythe-armed death, throned on the round earth, that rose before him when he dreamt the "dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before," — that is a very old and ordinary apparition; sure that he did not see merely gravestones, funeral wreaths, and stiff corpses beneath that gloating lamp-light, and that the face of only one woman floated in his vision. But what, we wonder, would he himself, so sensitive to the fortunes of his work, have said to the cut in which the hero questions the Raven with the pose of a rope-dancer; or to the last of the series, the most materialistic of all, in which the lover's soul, lying in the shadow of "Mournful and Never-Ending Remembrance," is represented as a body stretched on the floor, in the deep oblivion — to adopt the most charitable hypothesis — of a paralytic shock? Such designing is a degradation of his finely elaborated art.

These divergences (and many others could be pointed out) make Doré's work, though indebted to Poe's for its accessories and incidents, a separate creation, to be judged of by itself. It depicts, we are told, "the enigma of death and the hallucination of an inconsolable soul." The Sphinx rightly appears in it; for the associations of that symbol displace those of the head of Pallas throughout. The apparitions, too, are such as might haunt an insane mind;

for, to any other, superstition becoming so palpable would become absurd. The figure which stalks, or stiffens, or writhes, through the varying scenes is the melodramatic Poe as he has been too often conceived, — a man of shattered nerves, haunted by phantasms of fear, half crazed; the Poe of Baudelaire's ravings, of Curwen's fablings, — the hero of a thousand songs, sonnets, and elegies. Such a preconception of Poe, such romancing about his sorrows, probably underlie the misrepresentation of which the illustrations are guilty. It will be strange, indeed, if the Poe myth, which substitutes a fallen angel for a poet, just as Doré substitutes delirium for imaginative sorrow, should after all survive as popular history through such books as this. In opposition, however, to the impression of Poe given by the cuts stands Mr. Stedman's remarkably just criticism and estimate of this particular poem among Poe's other verse. As he says, it is not the poet's best in imagination, in passion, or in the lift of its melodies; it is nevertheless his greatest because of the wide reach of its power. The comment makes a complete monograph of its subject. Similarly, over against Doré's frenzied drawings stands the admirable design of the title-page, by Vedder, marked by that self-restraint, that solemn suggestiveness, that calm beauty of the nobler symbolism, in which, rather than in simple supernaturalism, Poe delighted. By such examples of the critical spirit in which Poe is to be approached, and of the artistic spirit in which he is to be interpreted, the reader may well profit. It is hardly necessary to add that as a publishers' work this volume has rarely been equaled in this country.

The Princess invites illustration by the wide scope it offers the artist in its diversified landscape, its romantic incidents and dramatic situations. He does not need to stray from his subject, to indulge in "variations of the theme," as

the metamorphosis of a poem into a picture-book is now called; if his fancy and invention only keep pace with the poet's, his powers will be fully employed and his success assured. In this illustrated edition¹ of the poem of which the reputation as a masterpiece has been steadily rising for a generation, the designers have fortunately been content to follow the lead of Tennyson. They have not presumed that their eyes are truer-sighted, or their imaginations more masterly in the creative craft, than his who set the text for their marginal comment. They have simply endeavored to make more vivid and definite the castle, the wood, and the river; the girl's dismay of the fluttered neophytes, gowned in lilac and daffodilly; the mien and command of the princess; and all the beauty, the richness, the charming attitudes, of which the melodious and lucid description almost excuses the illustrator from his task. Only in the subordinate parts, the head and tail pieces, and the scrolls of the songs, has any original invention been shown; and even here good taste has not been at all trespassed upon, as is evinced by the self-restraint which limited pictorial interpretation of the perfect lyric, "Tears, idle tears," to the figure of a woman striking the harp. These numerous ornamental designs, however, are not the whole secret of the peculiar decorative effect which the series as a whole makes on the eye: the architecture, the gardens, the exquisiteness of the minor furnishings, by which the poet half laughingly marked the ineradicable instincts of woman for all adornments, help to lend a sort of arabesque character to the whole, and frame in, as it were, the beautiful faces which look out, page after page. This atmosphere of simple loveliness which enfolds the poem in its summer haze, the perfection of art which make the medley an

unflawed thing of beauty, seems to have been thoroughly appreciated by those who had this volume in charge, and to have been transfused into the general character of the cuts, which, in spite of considerable individual differences in drawing and execution, maintain a very high standard of excellence. The figure-pieces are frequently unusually good, and show a great gain over those of last year in *The Lady of the Lake*, to which this is a companion volume. The engraving, too, is, as a rule, careful, completed work, markedly smooth, effective, and technically finished. It is a pity that the binding should have a cheap look, and be stamped with so inferior a design.

Two editions of Gray's *Elegy* afford new views of the long familiar but always fresh English landscape, with bits of characteristic English accessories from the old settle by the fire to the arches of the great abbey. In Harry Fenn's edition² the sketches are said to be made from the actual scene of the poem, the country churchyard of Stoke Pogis and its neighboring uplands and hills. This fact may not in itself add much to the value of cuts except in the truthfulness and vivacity of some of the nature pieces. Possibly, it indirectly led the artist to a certain boldness, a too strictly literal rendering, in other portions of his work: for example, the famous gems that the caves of ocean bear lose their lustre if presented in oyster shells, amid the scientific wonders of submarine scenery; to meet the sun upon the upland lawn does not imply walking into that luminary; and surely the incident of the village Hampden's resisting the little tyrant of his fields did not take place in boyhood, as it is here represented. Such defects of conception limit the value of the designs; the peculiar way in which the verses of the poem are broken up by the irregular shape of the cuts may also

¹ *The Princess. A Medley.* By ALFRED TENNYSON. Illustrated. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1884.

² *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.* By THOMAS GRAY. Illustrated by HARRY FENN. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1884.

seem a blemish, and the gravestone cover is positively in bad taste; but there are several very pretty sketches and some fine engraving in this gift-book, which will certainly give pleasure. In the other, which is called the Artists' Edition,¹ the same injury to the beauty of the page by cuts shaped like a stairway, and to the integrity of the poem by splitting up the lines irregularly, is noticeable, but in a much less degree. The illustrations are larger, and the whole volume is much more ambitious. There can, however, be but little variation in the essential conceptions of so plain and narrowly defined a subject. The quiet inclosure of the dead set in continual antithesis to the broad expanse of what by contrast seems a more vital nature, the remembrance of the busy labors and the home comforts which made up the short and simple annals of their lives, and the scanty outlined history of an unknown youth who lies there must suggest to all minds nearly the same visual images, however ingeniously the details be treated. Thus in this, as in the edition already noticed, one opens at random, and finds the abbey arch, the noontide under the trees, the yews and elms, and all the common symbolism of spade, scythe, rank grass, and the like. The designs have a breadth and softness quite in harmony with the general tenor of the stanzas, and the engraving is, in most cases, up to the average of American work, but seldom of the best.

Jean Ingelow's ballad, *The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire*, has long been such a favorite with our people that it would be difficult to suggest a modern poem with a better right to the sort of illustration which, by an admirable custom, is given to brief popular pieces. Partly because it is a ballad of

old Boston, but chiefly because it is so tender, musical, and pitiful, this poem deserves to be held in credit, and its memory to be revived, and its value enhanced, if that be possible, by illustration. In the edition under review² the landscape is given, — the town with its shipping and tower, the old sea wall with its flights of mews, the broad and reedy Lindis, the beacon flaming over the waste; the principal incidents are pictured, — the mayor climbing the belfry, the old mother spinning, Elizabeth troling her milking song, the sweep of the mighty Eygre, the watch on the roof, and the death disclosed at the door in the morning ebb. In all this there was opportunity for effective and beautiful cuts, as indeed many of these designs would be were they not so often veiled with that unintelligible mistiness which still injures some of the modern engraving, or else allowed to melt away into an obscurity that seems meant merely to conceal the drawing. Notwithstanding these blemishes, — for such they must be regarded, — the book is to be commended for no inconsiderable portion of its illustrations, which help the text quite perceptibly in vigor and picturesqueness.

Although Mr. Scott has touched a nearly threadbare theme,³ and has failed to accomplish the miracle of throwing new light upon it, his illustrated account of the Renaissance of art in Italy is not without a certain *raison d'être*. This lies in the singularly clear and admirable method which he has adopted in arranging his material. The work is divided into four books: the first treating of the rise of Italian art; the second, third, and fourth, of its progress, culmination, and decline. Mr. Scott gives a concise and untechnical history of the architecture, sculpture, and painting of

¹ *An Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*. By THOMAS GRAY. The Artists' Edition. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1883.

² *The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire*,

1571. By JEAN INGELOW. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1883.

³ *The Renaissance of Art in Italy*. An Illustrated History. By LEADER SCOTT. New York: Scribner & Welford. 1883.

that rich period, which extended from the middle of the fourteenth century to the end of the sixteenth. With the literary phase of the Italian Renaissance he deals only incidentally, in the course of the chapters into which his four books are subdivided. Not the least interesting of these chapters is that devoted to the minor arts of tapestry, gem-carving,

metal-work, and interior decoration. The author addresses himself, as will be seen, to the general reader, and is deserving of his consideration. The volume is generously illustrated with wood-engravings, reproductions of famous canvasses and marbles, portraits, landscapes, etc., many of which are choice examples of the art.

THE ANNEXATION OF HEAVEN.

It has been a favorite generalization of philosophers that superstition has been crowded out of the world by the increase of light in what had been dark places; that as the ancients peopled the Cimmerian darkness with all manner of shapeless spirits, and these troublesome demons were driven farther and farther away as the known boundaries of the earth expanded, and that as our own ancestors in New England were troubled by devils and witches, the woods being full of them, but were dispossessed of the belief as the Indians were driven away and the woods cut down, so, in general, that the penetration of mysterious corners of the globe has not only rid mankind of one-eyed men, men with their heads under their arms, men with tails, and similar candidates for side-shows, but has freed the imagination from dire shapes that people the air and prefer midnight to noonday. When the last recess of Africa has been explored, when the valleys of the Himalayas have all been traversed, when Australia has been covered with a survey and the arctic and antarctic snows have yielded their last superficial secret, then, it is claimed, the human mind will have known the last footfall of ghost or spectre, and a universal light will have made impossible a lurking place for any superstition.

We are so near this consummation of mundane knowledge that we naturally look for signs of the accompanying spiritual deliverance. Was it in anticipation of their final expulsion that the world was visited, forty years ago or so, by a swarm of spirits, knocking at all doors for admission? And, having found a welcome, do these visitors show a reluctance to leave the fireside? The stacks in our libraries preserve for the curious the records of human trembling, when men were huddled together in the centre of the world, within the borders of an encircling ocean; has the place yet been filled which is to contain the record of human curiosity and admiration when Chinese, Japanese, and Corean visitors ceased to draw crowds, but unseen travelers from the undiscovered country were hospitably entertained?

The question is the rhetorical form into which such speculation naturally falls. We have no mind to go farther than a question just now, or to consider at all that bulk of printed matter which concerns a commerce between the next world and this. Libraries may contain it, but literature knows it not. It is only when books which claim the proportions of art come before us that we stop to read them, and reflect upon their consequence to men and women, or their influence upon literary form and spirit.

When such books come not single spies, but in battalions, we ask what impulse sent them forth to visit us.

Three or four recent books are possibly a vanguard, and one may be taken as in some sort the leader of the file. *A Little Pilgrim*¹ has been long enough before the public to have acted as an incentive to writers disposed to like flight of imagination. It recites, in delicately chosen phraseology, the awakening of a soul after the sleep of death, and the first experience which was met by one who on earth had led a life of service and of heavenly spirit. Mrs. Oliphant, if we may use a name commonly attributed to the author of this little book, has taken the most favorable conditions for picturing the transition of life from this world to the next, and by a supposition of a heavenly life under earthly conditions has made it easier for the imagination to pass to an earthly life under heavenly conditions. What, she seems to ask herself, would be the emotion of a soul, always occupied with the good of others, when it was transferred to a sphere where this unselfish life is the normal and usual order? The little *Pilgrim* therefore receives the notice of a change of outward nature with no sense of a shock, but with a tranquility which springs from a previous adjustment of her spirit to this environment. The sensations corresponding to physical sensations are like the old, except that they are more subtle and refined. Light, sound, touch, fragrance, are still translatable into human speech, but the words used intimate a nicer shade of sense, and, in a single word, are gentler in their manifestation.

"By and by, as she came to full possession of her waking senses, it appeared to her that there was some change in the atmosphere, in the scene. There began to steal into the air about her the soft dawn as of a summer morning, the

lovely blueness of the first opening of daylight before the sun. It could not be the light of the moon, which she had seen before she went to bed; and all was so still that it could not be the bustling, wintry day, which comes at that time of the year late, to find the world awake before it. This was different; it was like the summer dawn, a soft suffusion of light, growing every moment. And by and by it occurred to her that she was not in the little room where she had lain down. There were no dim walls or roof; her little pictures were all gone, the curtains at her window. The discovery gave her no uneasiness in that delightful calm. She lay still to think of it all, to wonder, yet undisturbed. It half amused her that these things should be changed, but did not rouse her yet with any shock of alteration. The light grew fuller and fuller round, growing into day, clearing her eyes from the sweet mist of the first waking. Then she raised herself upon her arm. She was not in her room; she was in no scene she knew. Indeed, it was scarcely a scene at all; nothing but light, so soft and lovely that it soothed and caressed her eyes. She thought all at once of a summer morning when she was a child; when she had awoke in the deep night which yet was day, early, — so early that the birds were scarcely astir, — and had risen up with a delicious sense of daring and of being all alone in the mystery of the sunrise, in the unawakened world which lay at her feet to be explored, as if she were Eve just entering upon Eden. It was curious how all those childish sensations, long forgotten, came back to her, as she found herself so unexpectedly out of her sleep in the open air and light. In the recollection of that lovely hour, with a smile at herself, so different as she now knew herself to be, she was moved to rise and look a little more closely about her, and see where she was."

The new experience is tested by the

¹ *A Little Pilgrim*. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1883.

familiar measures, and always the same external likeness is found, but with a deeper interior significance. She finds herself dressed in a robe she does not know, but it falls so pleasantly and softly about her, fulfilling thus all necessary conditions of dress, that she abandons further thought of it; she moves forward, "walking in a soft rapture over the delicious turf." She sees people coming and going, but suffers no disturbance from them. She questions about them in her mind, and hears an answer before she has asked a question. They have died, and the word suggests a similar question of herself.

"Then she said, 'Perhaps I have died, too,' with a gentle laugh to herself at the absurdity of the thought.

"'Yes,' said the other voice, echoing that gentle laugh of hers, 'you have died, too.'"

This word brings the little Pilgrim out of her confusion by the sharp decision of a clear fact; and thus, with a little agitation at the birth of a consciousness within her of another life, she passes into a full and contented possession of the abundance of that life.

The transition thus made, and her heroine fairly within the bounds — or shall we say the limitless expanse? — of another world, Mrs. Oliphant's task is to resolve for her some of the problems which the new life would naturally suggest. There is no attempt at establishing the physical conditions of being; rather, body, light, air, are assumed, but everything is subordinated to the expansion of personality. Just as we go on our way without perpetually feeling of our pulse or counting our breath, so, Mrs. Oliphant delicately hints, her little Pilgrim was occupied by so much that gave exercise to her spiritual faculties as to make any mention of the corporeal functions incongruous. She was here; she was there; she had strength; she had rest after weariness: what need to inquire closely into the operations of

her physical nature, when it fulfilled all needed offices in leaving her personality free to act in response to its highest demands?

There is, then, as the central figure in this little drama, a human person, who has lost no attribute of personality, but has gained in greater freedom and harmony. As on earth the little Pilgrim goes hither and thither in a service of love, so she fulfills the same service above, under conditions which magnify her power and increase her content. A few typical instances are taken of persons coming into the other world in a half-blind, bewildered, or lame state, who are at once the proper subjects for her gracious attention. It is to be noted that the operations of the drama are wholly in that other world; there is no passage back and forth between this world and that. Only the memory remains to reproduce the past scenes, and lift them, in the light of a fuller knowledge, to a truer place.

Thus the little Pilgrim finds herself in a society. It is a society of souls, having relations to one another, and each expressing its own personality through natural media. As the little Pilgrim is a sort of heavenly nurse, so the painter paints, the poet rhymes, and the singer sings. It is, to tell the truth, a somewhat artistic circle into which the reader is introduced. One shocks one's self by asking what the business man is to do; and he may be told, perhaps, that in the spiritual world the circumstance of earth is of little account, and that the honest book-keeper or salesman is not even on earth dependent upon his ledger or his merchandise for the satisfaction of his soul. Very true; yet are not the canvas, the musical instrument, and pen, ink, and paper equally unessential?

The fact is that the moment Mrs. Oliphant hints, even gently, at manual occupation a host of material questions obtrude themselves, and it is for this reason that we think her book becomes

gradually involved in perplexity, even while she is enlarging the scope of the little Pilgrim's experience. She hints at a home, but takes the reader no farther than a vine-covered porch; detail of circumstance, once entered upon, brings a troop of difficulties with it, and detail of spiritual experience it is hard to give without some corresponding physical fact.

The one fact to which the book holds, and upon which it relies for the explication of all others, is the love of God, and the warmth of this belief imparts a certain glow and generous color to the entire poem; for poem the book is, — an imaginative work, with a distinct attempt at keeping all the parts in subjection to the central idea. It is as if Mrs. Oliphant had selected a scheme of color, and took pains that her convention should not be disturbed. She has been reasonably successful in this, and has produced a work which, apart from its very tender illustration of a profound theme, may be viewed as a work of literary art.

It is as such that we are primarily considering these books before us, and therefore we must confine ourselves to this view of Miss Phelps's *Beyond the Gates*.¹ If Mrs. Oliphant's book was a poem, this may be described as belonging to the class of literature which has had many excellent representatives, the travel-novel. In one aspect, it is a record of personal observation in a new country; in another, it is the development of a personality through the experience of life.

The story is in autobiographic form, and its heroine is a woman who has led a life of vigorous activity and of suffering. She was a nurse in the hospitals during the war; she concerned herself about the lives of factory girls; she was the mainstay of an aged mother, a hearty younger brother who was at college, and a younger sister. Her father, a clergy-

man, had been dead many years. In her own more intimate experience, Mary, the heroine, had early loved a man who had married another, and she had averted her eyes, and so far as she could her thoughts, from him. She had not, as she says, an ecstatic temperament. Life she took soberly and with energy, and the higher things of life interested her in a rational way. She was not a devotee, but an honest believer in the truths of the Christian religion. "I believed," she says, "in God and immortality, and in the history of Jesus Christ. I respected and practiced prayer, but chiefly decided what I ought to do next minute. I loved life and lived it. I neither feared death nor thought much about it."

To this healthy-minded woman, untroubled by nervous disorders or a too active imagination, came a fever, and after the fever a stupor, in which she lay for thirty hours; but while in this stupor, when apparently almost lifeless, her spirit experienced a life of years spent beyond the confines of the body, and within the borders, for the most part, of heaven. The thirty hours served as the worldly time of a drama which involved elaborate processes and the lapse of years in the lives of those left on earth.

Mary's first apprehension in this new state is of the presence of her father. He conducts her by easy stages, adapted to her childish condition in a new sphere, away from her earthly associations, until they are by themselves upon a moor, when he bids her rise; and with an effort she is conscious of a passage from the round globe into space. "I use the words 'ascension' and 'arising,'" she says, "in the superficial sense of earthly imagery," and from time to time she explains how impossible it is to convey an accurate notion of what she sees and hears by means of ordinary language. Now that she has left the earth behind she is by herself for a while, becoming wonted to the new situation, and adjust-

¹ *Beyond the Gates*. By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

ing her confused recollection of former notions of heaven with the actuality. Her father comes to her aid, and helps her struggling thought to take adequate shape. Soon she begins to apprehend the life about her: she hears birds and the musical brook engaged in a harmonious *Te Deum*; she slowly discovers that what we should call nature is in this heavenly place, sentient and worshipping. Then there comes upon her a revulsion of feeling, as she remembers the loss which has fallen upon those on earth, and she prays to return to them. This prayer is not granted, but in place comes a new conception of obedience to a supreme will, which she learns through her father.

“‘It is not always permitted,’ he said gravely. ‘We cannot return when we would. We go upon these errands when it is Willed. I will go and learn what the Will may be for you touching this matter. Stay here and wait for me.’”

“Before I could speak he had departed swiftly, with the great and glad motion of those who go upon some business in this happy place; as if he himself, at least, obeyed unseen directions, and obeyed them with his whole being. To me, so lately from a lower life, and still so choked with its errors, this loving obedience of the soul to a great central Force which I felt on every hand, but comprehended not as yet, affected me like the discovery of a truth in science. It was as if I had found a new law of gravitation, to be mastered only by infinite attention.”

The lesson once learned, she is permitted to revisit the earth, where she finds her cold body laid out for burial; comforts her mother, brother, and sister; attends her own funeral, with the arrangements of which she is quite well pleased; goes to the grave with the body, and remains after the sexton has hurried away. In the vigil which she keeps she becomes possessed of a full belief in the resurrection of the body, and returns

to heaven. At first she meets no one; then she is aware of a stranger by her, and the walk to Emmaus is repeated, except that the Presence is not revealed by itself, but by the disclosure of a young girl whom she afterwards meets, and who proves to be one whom Mary, when on earth, had tried, but with a consciousness of failure, to redeem from an abandoned life. This girl, nevertheless, had found her way to heaven through a love for Mary, which Mary herself had not suspected, and now, being an older resident, acts as her guide. They come to water, beyond which lies a city; and Mary, fearing to walk upon the water, is drawn across in a nautilus shell by her more experienced and trusting companion.

Into this city they come, with its clean, well-ordered streets, in which are no old, or infirm, or beggarly people, but where are museums, libraries, art-galleries, and a hospital for hearts; and at last approach a small and quiet house, “built of curiously inlaid woods, that reminded me of Sorrento work as a great achievement may remind one of a first and faint suggestion.” The dog on the threshold rises, as they come forward, and meets them cordially. Her companion now bids her enter, but herself withdraws, and Mary enters the house, seeing no one, but hearing footsteps, until her father again appears. It is one of the heavenly mansions, which he has been getting in readiness for his wife; and in this revelation of heaven a home becomes a great and noble fact.

Centred in this home, she now takes up an active life, in which the parts correspond, though with infinite distance, with occupations below. Instead of working at Ollendorf, she undertakes to acquire the Universal Language. Instead of a symphony concert in the Boston Music Hall, with the bronze statue of Beethoven on the stage, she attends a great festival, at which Beethoven himself conducts the orchestra and chorus

in the rendition of an oratorio which he has composed; and even after the instruments and voices have ceased the leaves on the trees repeat the music. She attends a Symphony of Colors, among the managers of which is Raphael, and even, it is rumored, Leonardo. The spectators sit in the centre of a great white globe, upon the surface of which appear in succession colors and harmonies of colors. She goes to a meeting in the open air, at which she hears St. John the Divine.

Her mother now comes and joins the home, bringing word of the fortunes of those below. There arises now in Mary a great thirst for knowledge, which shall embrace all the unanswered questions of her earthly life, and shall be had by access to the spirits of the mighty who have died. She even begins to wonder if she may not visit a world which the creations of human imagination have peopled with their forms, and come to know Don Quixote, Dinah Morris, Juliet, Uncle Tom, Colonel Newcome, Sam Weller, and other famous heroes and heroines.

While in the midst of these speculations there rushes over her the remembrance of her lost love, and then, as the last drop in her experience, he comes. At first she fears to love him, but he informs her that his wife has not yet died, and has married again, and he is free. With this consummation of her desires she ends her heavenly vision, for her stupor now ceases; she returns slowly to earthly consciousness as one wakes from a dream, and again is on the cold earth, but with heaven in her heart.

In a rapid outline of such a book, many facts, more or less necessary to the development of the story, must be omitted, yet we think we have not missed the argument of the work. There is, as the reader will have seen, a change in the character of the narrator. From being a healthy-minded, reasonable, cheerful, and sane woman, busy in the lives

of others and honestly helpful, she is transformed by the exigencies of the story into a person of ecstatic temperament, ejaculatory, even at times hysterical. In this respect there is not the consistency which was to be observed in *A Little Pilgrim*. Heaven has wrought a great change; and though Mary comes into the fuller apprehension of truths which she had before dimly perceived, one cannot help thinking that the expansion of character is not in the direction of a large, holy life.

In another respect the book differs from *A Little Pilgrim*. The field of action is no longer exclusively another world, but there is a movement back and forth; and indeed, after the character is fairly at home in the celestial city, heaven itself becomes in its detail a sublimation of earth. Is it to be said that this is the case with the revelation of St. John the Divine, who describes walls and gates and pavements? But the book of Revelation is fundamentally an ethical book, and this is fundamentally an æsthetical one, having to do chiefly with sensations. In the approach to the celestial city, Miss Phelps incorporates many fine conceptions. Her expansion of the sentiment of the soul lingering after death is rich and suggestive, and there are single sentences which have a penetrating power, as where she says, "When I felt the spiritual flesh, when I used the strange muscle, when I heard the new heart-beat of my heavenly identity, I remembered certain words, with a sting of mortification that I had known them all my life, and paid so cool a heed to them: 'There is a terrestrial body, and there is a celestial body.' The glory of the terrestrial was one. Behold, the glory of the celestial was another. St. Paul had set this tremendous assertion revolving in the sky of the human mind, like a star which we had not brought into our astronomy."

Yet the heavenly city itself is a new earth, and we think that Miss Phelps's

conception should be classed rather with the Utopias of imagination than with the heavens. The vague background of landscape and architecture, which in *A Little Pilgrim* seemed to give projection to the figures passing in front, becomes in *Beyond the Gates* a very positive foreground, and one scarcely sees divine personages except in the distance. We are given very marked space in which to limit our conception of eternity.

The fiction of a dream answers Miss Phelps's purpose in enabling her to account for the adventures of her heroine. Mr. Baker,¹ who also adopts the autobiographic form, does not concern himself with any such slight concession to probability, but boldly carries his character from earth to heaven, and narrates his earliest experience there. He saves himself by calling his story a parable, as the story of Dives and Lazarus is a parable; and uses the first person in telling it, in order, we suppose, to gain directness, and because it is a revelation of personal consciousness. In this case a hero, and not a heroine, is the chief actor, and the manner of his passage into the other world has significance. He is a physician, who saves the life of a ragamuffin from the attack of a mad dog, but receives in the encounter a wound, which is healed for the time, but, according to the law of the disease, is liable to a fatal issue even so late as a year after. Not only he, but his family, his friends and neighbors, are aware of the terrible fate which overhangs him. At first he receives the homage of all men; then his heroism becomes an old story, and those who admired now shrug their shoulders; but the man and his wife never lose the sense of the ever-present shadow. So, finally, when the end comes, and the heroic physician perceives that he is to undergo the terrible sensation of a consciousness in which he will lose his per-

sonal dignity and become a brute, a vile animal, he braces himself to meet the ordeal, provides against all contingencies, and then enters the dark valley through this most hideous gate.

We do not know, nor greatly care, how accurate is Mr. Baker's pathology of hydrophobia; the scene portrayed by him is so offensive that most will hurry over it, merely glancing at it to take note of the intensity with which a strong man feels a degradation of nature which has come through strictly physical means. The contrast is in the calm which succeeds the violence, the perfect naturalness of the other world into which he passes. "If there is any way," he says, "in which I could convey the idea of the absence of anything to astonish, to thrill, to move one a grain out of the even tenor of waking life, I would use it to make plain the fact that never in my life had I felt more quietly and completely at home with myself and everything than I did in that waking moment. So when I was with my Lord, it was exactly as when Peter and the rest were with him upon the sea-shore, the grateful odor of the broiling fish upon the air."

As in *Beyond the Gates*, so here the hero lingers beside the dead body which he has left, and considers the matter of comforting the mourners, but is also conscious of a Will which holds his own in perfect subjection. "A goodly part of the pleasure to me in this was due to the perpetual sense I had of divine control; but it was merely the control of rhythm upon music. I had long ago resolved, for instance, that if I could, after death, I would surely give my wife some token of my continued existence and nearness to her. Now I had none of that desire, though I knew I could have done so had I wished. Two things withheld me. First, such fullness of life streamed through me that I could not conceive how any one could doubt that I was still living. Besides,

¹ *A Blessed Ghost. A Parable of the Better Country.* By WILLIAM M. BAKER. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1884. [Advance Sheets.]

I knew it was not the will of God I should show myself to her in any way; and how can I express the compelling influence upon me of that adorable will? To differ from it was simply inconceivable. Even to desire to differ from it was as if a wren perched upon a clock tower should think to alter with claw and beak the motion of the hands and works there. It was as if a baby should fancy arresting the revolution of the earth upon its axis by planting infantile feet upon and bracing itself against it. Yes: the will of the Father was the shoreless breadth and beauty and unfathomed current of things, the Gulf Stream of all movement; and it was in my going with it lay to me the entire power, as it did the pleasure of all movement, of myself, and of everything. It was this irresistible setting in of the ocean of existence in one way and my entire surrender to it which gives me, as it does all in heaven, my unobstructed power to go and to come, to do and to be."

The revelation of heaven attempted by Mr. Baker's parable scarcely goes beyond the exchange of thought upon the new life which his hero holds with friends, new and old, whom he discovers about him. He also attends a concert, and he expands the conception of many mansions, but the reader is not granted a minute inspection of place and scenery. The parable is forgotten; as soon as the heavenly company is fairly reached, the book becomes a discourse upon a life which has been freed from human limitations, and has entered upon unbounded possibilities. As in *A Little Pilgrim*, the absorbing idea is of personality retained, enlarged, and made glorious through the redemption made by a Person. To the other conceptions Mr. Baker has added that of sacrifice as a way of approach.

Do these books, then, give us reason to think that we are to see a new domain of literature, — that heaven is to be annexed to earth in literary art? It is

doubtless true that when a great theme absorbs the minds of men the literature and art of the day will in some sort bear witness to it; and speculations on a future state are likely to affect the imagination of poets and painters; even novelists may be thus affected. It is equally true that art, whether in painting or in letters, has laws which are supreme, and that in any portraiture of heaven the essential condition of success must be in obedience to these laws. Nothing could be more suicidal than a lawless picture of heaven. The keynote struck with different degrees of intelligence by the three writers whom we have cited is the union of divine and human personality. They perceive that this makes heaven, but in striking their chords they for the most part forget this, — Mrs. Oliphant least of all, — and wander off into themes which are not variations, but separations.

There was a time when art in painting essayed a similar result. No one can look at the *Adoration of the Lamb* in Ghent, by the brothers Van Eyck, without seeing that art, in taking its theme from the revelation of heaven, was not afflicted by an anxious curiosity, but chose the centre of heaven as the centre of its representation of heaven, and wrought with all the power which had been given to the executing hand. The change of interpretation from that day to this does not alter the relation of art, whether literary or pictorial, to the subject. If there be a profounder conception of the divine harmony than that which satisfied the Van Eycks, if the eye of the modern believer is no longer contented with the symbol of the lamb, but is eager to look beyond symbols to a reality which knows no surer expression than a Person, then it becomes the business, whether of art or literature, to be as truthful to current belief as the Van Eycks were to the belief of their day, and at least as reverent.

It would be idle to inquire at the end

of a paper why art has relinquished these themes, or to pursue the speculation whether some other form of art, as music, may not hold them in reserve. It is enough to say that if literature is ever to engage in the occupation of the other world it must first believe in it, and then use its imagination to expand the known properties. If it merely hauls into boundless space the baggage of this world, it is pretty sure to lose its way, and reach no definite end. For forty years or so we have had by our doors a mass of printed matter, which is witness to the struggle of human minds after a spacial and temporal representation of the life after death. All this while there

has been a rapid movement in theology and philosophy, which tends to destroy the delusive notion that eternity is merely a prolongation of time. These books which we have cited have caught a breath from the higher philosophy, and it is that which gives them any value. Nevertheless, they are still shackled by the materialistic conceptions of heaven, the pagan notion of elysian fields in the future. If the religious imagination is ever to produce a work having heaven for its theme, and yet obedient to the gospel of hope, it will not make it its first business to secure a suitable other world in which to set up its figures of humanity.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

It goes without saying that in this country we do not know much about feudal castles. Whatever wondrous reconciliations between opposed styles in architecture we may have to show, a traveler would journey hundreds upon hundreds of miles without once seeing towers and battlements, or so much as a moated grange. It was therefore a great surprise when, lately passing through a woodland near my home, I came upon what completely satisfied my notion of an ancient manor house. The inmates, if there were inmates, I fancied were taking a hundred years' sleep, so mouldy and solitary was the air of the place. With a boldness I would now call foolhardiness, I determined to explore the gloomy mansion. When at last I stood in a spacious chamber, well at the top of the house, it seemed somewhat strange that I could not remember by what steps I had arrived there. But my attention was soon directed to the great array of old armor which hung on the walls. I thought of the stir that

such a *trouvaille* would cause in the State Historical Society (hitherto compelled to take up with Indian and Mound Builder relics). I felt a thrill of satisfaction that my name, as the finder, would be connected with this valuable antiquarian collection. In the midst of these reflections, I was startled by the sound of footsteps in some adjoining chamber. Instantly, fear laid hold on me; on cautious tiptoe, I hurried out through the nearest door, and was rejoiced to find not so much as a ghost to dispute the passage. There was a flight of stairs, down which I hastened with a kind of winged speed (for I still heard footsteps). Following the turn in the landing, I came to another flight of stairs, and descended this to another; and so on, down, down, until a landing, or hall-way, was reached that had but one door, and a window opposite. Thinking to make my way out at last, I opened the door. Complete darkness. A slight, sougning draught from I knew not whence brought a thick veil of cob-

webs across my face. I dared not take refuge in this mysterious limbo; yet something must be done, for the steps of the pursuer were heard louder and nearer. Quick as thought, I ran to the end of the hall, and leaped through the window,—not to the ground, however, but into another chamber! Then I—but for artistic reasons I prefer not to recount the manner of my escape. There's but one fault to be found with the charming tales of Morphean adventure told in *The Spectator*: the author seems to think it needful he should reverse his spells, and invite the reader to witness the dissolution of the “baseless fabric.” Why should he take such pains, when the reader does not ask to be disenchanting?

—Steam and gunpowder have often proved the most eloquent apostles of civilization, but the impressiveness of their arguments was perhaps never more strikingly illustrated than at the little railway station of Gallegos, in Northern Mexico. When the first passenger train crossed the viaduct, and the wizards of the North had covered the festive table with the dainties of all zones, the governor of Durango was not the most distinguished visitor; for among the spectators on the platform the natives were surprised to recognize the Cabo Ventura, the senior chief of a hill-tribe, which had never formally recognized the sovereignty of the Mexican republic. The Cabo, indeed, considered himself the lawful ruler of the entire *Comarca*, and preserved a document in which the Virey Gonzales, *en nombre del Rey*,—in the name of the king,—appointed him “protector of all the loyal tribes of Castro and Sierra Mocha.” His diploma had an archæological value, and several amateurs had made him a liberal offer; but the old chieftain would as soon have sold his scalp. His soul lived in the past. All the evils of the age he ascribed to the demerits of the traitors who had raised the banner of revolt

against the lawful king; and as for the countrymen of Mr. Gould, the intrusive *Yanguesses*, his vocabulary hardly approached the measure of his contempt when he called them *herexes y combusteros*,—heretics and humbugs.

“But it cannot be denied,” Yakoob Khan wrote to his father, “that it has pleased Allah to endow those sinners with a good deal of brains;” and the voice of rumor gradually forced the Cabo to a similar conclusion, till he resolved to come and see for himself.

When the screech of the iron Behe-moth at last resounded at the lower end of the valley, and the train swept visibly around the curve of the river-gap, the natives set up a yell that waked the mountain echoes; mothers snatched up their babies; men and boys waved their hats and jumped to and fro, in a state of the wildest excitement. Only the old Cabo stood stock-still. His gaze was riveted upon the phenomenon that came thundering up the valley; his keen eye enabled him to estimate the rate of speed, the trend of the up-grade, the breadth, the length, the height, of the cars. When the train approached the station the crowd surged back in affright, but the Cabo stood his ground, and as soon as the cars stopped he stepped down upon the track. He examined the wheels, tapped the axles, and tried to move the lever; and when the engine backed up for water, he closely watched the process of locomotion, and walked to the end of the last car to ascertain the length of the train. He then returned to the platform, and sat down, covering his face with both hands.

Two hours later the governor of Durango found him in still the same position.

“Hallo, Cabo!” he called out, “how do you like this? What do you think now of America Nueva?” (“New America,” a collective term for the republics of the American continent.)

The chieftain looked up. “*Sabe Dios*,

—the gods know, Señor Commandante, but *I* know this much: with old America it's all up."

"Is it? Well, look here: would you now like to sell that old diploma? I still offer you the same price."

The Cabo put his hand in his bosom, drew forth a leather-shrouded old parchment, and handed it to his interlocutor. "Vengale, Usted, — it's worthless, and you are welcome to keep it." Nevertheless he connived, when the governor slipped a gold piece into the pouch and put it upon his knees, minus the document.

But just before the train started, the governor heard his name called, and stepped out upon the platform of the palace-car, when he saw the old chieftain coming up the track. "I owe you a debt, Señor," said he; "*y le pagaré en consejo*, — I want to pay it off in good advice: Beware of those strangers."

"What strangers?"

"The caballeros who invented this machine."

"Is that what you came to tell me?" laughed the governor, as the train started.

The old Cabo waved his hand in a military salute. "*Estamos ajustado*: Señor Commandante, this squares our account."

—A few words upon the leading characteristic of the modern stage, at least in England, and in America so far as our theatre takes its cue from London. I will begin by saying that Mr. Lawrence Barrett, above all other American players, deserves the gratitude of our poets and playwrights for his plucky, steadfast promotion of their dramatic work. How charming and full of encouragement to all concerned is his successful revival of Mr. Boker's *Francesca da Rimini*, after its merits had been treated with indifference for twenty-five years! That highly poetic drama has recently ended a triumphal run of nine weeks in New York, at the close of

which Mr. Barrett made a neat address. From his remarks, however, — and this brings me to the point, — it is plain that we have no "actors;" the actor is a memory of the past, his place having been taken by the "artist." Throughout the stage speech in question, there is but one mention of an actor, — Edwin Booth. On the contrary, brief as it was, the word "artist" is used no less than seven times, and applied to Mr. Barrett himself, to Mr. Wallack, to Miss Anderson, to Mr. Irving, and to the "artists" of the Lyceum Company.

Possibly Mr. Barrett makes a distinction, judging that the terms "actor" and "artist" justly indicate the relative qualities of Mr. Booth and Mr. Irving. If so, there are not a few who will agree with him. For Booth certainly is an actor by birth and purpose; and Irving seems to me an artist, first of all. No independent observer, visiting the Lyceum in London, and familiar with Mr. Irving's rise and influence, can think otherwise. It is due to his art instincts, supplemented by incredible tact and social diplomacy, that he has brought all England to accept his supremacy. Never before was there a player or manager, if we except Charles Kean, with so apt a feeling for the picturesque; and Kean, as a stage artist, was years in advance of the predestined time. Mr. Irving allied himself, with quick perception, to the art revival which followed the pre-Raphaelite movement, and has made his stage its mirror, and himself its embodiment. His most striking impersonations are addressed to the eye, and "made up" from famous pictures. The absurdities of his love-making in the early acts of *The Lady of Lyons* are forgotten near the close, where he returns from the war, in dress and visage the living counterpart of Buonaparte in Egypt. In *Hamlet*, Irving and Miss Terry compose a *tableau vivant* of Mil-lais's *Huguenot Lovers*; in *Charles the First* we have the very portrait by Van

Dyke. Then his beautiful and elaborate mountings of *Romeo and Juliet*, — in fact, of all the plays in his repertory! Paul Veronese, reborn and turned stage manager, could not excel them. Yes, Mr. Irving is without doubt an artist, and a great one, and no setting can be too rich and truthful for an imaginative play. For all this I am duly grateful, yet wonder how far he could rely upon his histrionic powers alone; and I am disposed to reserve my warmest plaudits for actors like Salvini, Jefferson, Booth, whose passion and genius make exacting audiences forget the mean accessories of the shabbiest stage.

— There has always been something of a puzzle to me in the diversity that subsists between the two forms or modes of working of the imagination; between imagination active and creative and imagination receptive and passive, — or comparatively passive, for of course the mind is never, strictly speaking, at rest. The distinction is real, and not nominal, merely. Among the people we talk with, the authors we read, we notice in how different measure they have received from nature the precious gift. But it is not a matter simply of the more or less of imagination; there is the manifest difference of kind or quality, also. It appears that one cannot have the higher, creative faculty, at least to any large degree, without possessing the inferior faculty, which acts upon images presented to it from without, taking up and appropriating conceptions it has not originated. On the other hand, one can very well have this receptive imagination without a particle of the creative. I have a friend who is singularly destitute of the latter, while more than commonly endowed with susceptibility to imaginative impressions; and there seems something strange in the same person being at once so rich and so poor in this sort of intellectual treasure. Though able to appreciate and genuinely enjoy poetry and fiction, and

quick in response to the thousand appeals which both nature and life make to the imagination, she is incapable of *producing* anything in the line of imaginative art. And there are others far less imaginatively impressionable, — some, in fact, who are obtuse, where she is readily responsive, — who nevertheless can do what she cannot, whose imagination works inventively where hers is powerless. I do not mean to imply that they are necessarily the enviable persons, and she the one to be compassionated; perhaps it is rather the contrary, and the power to enjoy widely and deeply the things of the imagination is to be craved more than the ability to produce imaginative works, unless they are to be of the highest. I do not know if my friend's mental constitution is an unusual one, but I have observed this same limitation of power in regard to other qualities, intellectual or quasi-intellectual. I really know of no one with a keener sense for, and stronger delight in, humor and wit, yet never by any chance was she known to say a witty thing, or to suggest a humorous one.

Will any psychologist kindly furnish me with an explanation of her case which is a real explanation, and not merely a change of verbal statement of it. I confess there is something unintelligible to me in the way a mental force can work strongly in one direction, and be shut off from action in another near and parallel one.

— I lately heard a young woman say with considerable indignation, as a time-honored but time-dishonoring guest left her house, that she should teach her boys one thing: that they never must make an evening visit lasting more than half an hour. I protested, remembering certain acquaintances whom I am only too glad to have come early and stay late; but when we had talked longer about this important subject, I was forced to admit that this devoted mother was likely to do her young sons a kind-

ness. I should even like to have the making and enforcing of a law that half an hour should be all that an uninvited guest could be allowed to accept or demand. Too much time is little better than wasted in trying to fulfill fancied obligations to our neighbors. To be sure, there are old and dear friends who come now and then, at our well-known desire and entreaty, to spend an evening, when there is time for a long talk and a leisurely comparing of interests and experiences and opinions. But those persons who are really welcome visitors, and who have it in their power to give pleasure, are not likely to weary us by coming too often; for they usually can spare little time from the employments and purposes which have made them what they are. There are other friends and acquaintances, however, who are to be separately considered. We are bound to each other by various ties of affection and association, of kinship and common interest; we belong to the same set in society, or go to the same church; in short, we have relations, either of a public or private social character, with a certain number of persons. We are supposed to recognize each other's existence by paying a short visit at suitable intervals. We pay the compliment of making a call out of courtesy, and because of our interest and our desire to let every other duty and pleasure go by, while we spend a little time in each other's society. Now the system of social visiting (which was lately complained of in these columns, under another aspect) means either something or nothing to us. Either it has its use and reason, and is a welcome thing, or else it is a hindrance and a mockery. The formal call should certainly be short; and it is apt to be short in the daytime, when everybody is in more or less of a hurry, and is obliged to let the fact be known; but it is in the evening that most suffering is inflicted. Unless there is some permission or invitation given, it seems

a very daring thing to assume that a family would desire to relinquish all its plans for an evening's rest or enjoyment in order to spend the time in entertaining one person.

It is not always wise to make a rule that no one is to be admitted during the evening: on the contrary, a guest may be heartily welcomed, if it is known at the outset that he has come in for a short time; that he is cheerful, and friendly, and amusing, and, in short, worth listening to and entertaining. But the illy-concealed gloom that settles down upon one tired face after another, while the clock strikes the succeeding half hours, and each member of the family in turn comes despairingly to the rescue of the faltering conversation, is a deplorable thing. We are responsible for the state of our consciences, and if we have allowed them to become so dull that they do not give us the unmistakable warning to go away, then we must not fret if we are warded off, dreaded, and called bores. I was delighted to hear some one say, not long ago, that she did not think she had any right to spend two hours at a time with any friend, without a special invitation, since it could not fail to be an interruption; and it gave joy to my heart that one person so respected the rights of others. Picture some one, who has assured himself that he is not likely to find amusement under his own roof, setting forth in search of a more agreeable place in which to spend the evening. He hunts from door to door; finding that one family has honestly paid its money and gone to a play, another is dining out, the third enjoying its invited guests, while at the fourth he is met at sight with the information that the ladies are engaged. Perhaps at the fifth he gains an entrance. One person rises hurriedly from the sofa; another puts down her book with a sigh; another comes reluctantly from a desk, where some notes and letters must be written at some time during

that evening, and the stricken group resigns itself to the demands of friendship and society. The master of the house returns presently to his avocation, with a brave excuse. It may be eight o'clock when the guest comes; it may be nine, and he may be kind-hearted and unobjectionable; he may even be profitable and entertaining; but he stays until after ten; everybody thinks that he never means to go, and inwardly regrets his presence. For half an hour he could have felt sure of welcome; in that time he certainly could have said and done all that was worth doing, and have been asked to stay longer, or to come again soon, when he took leave. There is no greater compliment and tribute to one's

integrity than to be fairly entreated to sit down for ten minutes longer. Of course we treat each other civilly in an evening visit, but it is a great deal better to come away too soon than to stay too late. In a busy, overworked and overhurried city life, nothing is so precious as a quiet evening to one's self, or even a part of one. We all wish — or ought to wish — to make life pleasant for ourselves and other people, and are ready to be generous even with our time; but no one likes to be plundered and defrauded. It is the underlying principle of our neighbor's action and conduct towards us which makes us thankful or resentful when he comes to visit us.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Holiday Books. Red-Letter Days Abroad, by John L. Stoddard (Osgood), is ostensibly a book of travels, occupied with Spain, Ober-Ammergau, St. Petersburg, and Moscow, but the pictorial portion of the book is its excuse for being. There are many pleasing pictures, with text to accompany them. The text is arranged in order and reads straight forward; nevertheless, the writer is a speaker addressing an audience and pointing to his views. The device of assuming a companionship in travel, common enough in books, becomes here an irresistible suggestion of a showman. — Good Night and Good Morning, words by Lord Houghton, illuminations and etchings by Walter Severn (Roberts Bros.), is eight cards temporarily strung on blue silk, in a manner which exasperates the masculine mind, and makes him wish to relegate the thing to the work-basket. — Lead, Kindly Light, is Cardinal Newman's famous hymn, illustrated by St. John Harper and G. R. Halm (Roberts Bros.) with figures and decorative work, all obviously symbolic. There is, it may be said, no unity about the book, for the figures do not represent any single personality, but make a diverse and scattered commentary on the hymn. — The Bryant Calendar (Appleton) follows the present vogue of a large card with a block gummed upon it, the literature of which cannot be known in full till the end of the year. The art part of the calendar is rather commonplace, and the pink of the scroll and the rose introduces an unpleasant accent into what otherwise might be a somewhat pleasing combination of

colors. — Fair Words about Fair Women, gathered from the poets by O. B. Bunce (Appleton), is an anthology made with good judgment, and arranged in a series of hypothetical evenings of a club. Wisely enough, the editor does not force his little fiction upon the reader. The tablets and other decorations, by How, if we read the name correctly, are graceful and in harmony. — Pictorial Architecture of the British Isles, by the Rev. H. H. Bishop, is an oblong book of coarse wood-cuts, arranged to show the changes which have taken place from the earliest days of Britain, with a running commentary of text. It is published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, of which the American agents are E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York. — The Hymns of Martin Luther, set to their original melodies, with an English version, edited by Leonard Woolsey Bacon, assisted by Nathan H. Allen (Scribners), is an admirable souvenir of the four hundredth anniversary of Luther's birth. It contains Luther's prefaces, and gives the English reader the best results of German scholarship in a clear and agreeable form. — A Little Girl among the Old Masters, with introduction and comment by W. D. Howells (Osgood), is surely one of the most delightful glimpses of a rare childhood. The little girl, sojourning in Italy, found her best friends among the early Florentine painters, and thought their thoughts over again in her sympathetic mind, reproducing them in her own childish dialect. The humorous and quaint commentary of Mr. Howells fits perfectly with the child's

pictures, and the pictures themselves recall William Blake and Kate Greenaway, as well as the Florentines. Fortunate the old masters in finding such an interpreter. — *A Year of Sunshine* may perhaps be placed here, since it relies in part upon its red lines and general attractiveness. It is a volume of cheerful extracts for every day in the year, selected and arranged by Kate Sanborn. (Osgood.) It has suspicious blankness at the foot of each page; these empty spaces, however, are not for rainy days, but for autographs. We know some persons who would not have a perfectly cloudless day if they were asked to fill some of those blanks.

Books for Young People. The *Chronicle of the Cid* (Dodd, Mead & Co.) belongs to the very commendable class of books, which we heartily welcome, of world's literature made accessible to the young. This is mainly from Southey's version, by Richard Markham. The illustrations, by H. W. McVickar and Alfred Brennan, have little left of what excellence they may have had before being rendered by whatever process was adopted. — *Our Boys in China* is described on the title-page, apparently by the author, Harry W. French, as the thrilling story of two young Americans, Scott and Paul Clayton, wrecked in the China Sea, on their return from India, with their strange adventures in China. (Lee & Shepard.) The book is a sequel to the author's previous *Our Boys in India*, and is an attempt at a reconstruction of erroneous conceptions of China upon a basis of improbable fact. — Mr. Charles Nordhoff's *Man-of-War Life*, a boy's experience in the United States navy during a voyage around the world in a ship of the line (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is a reissue of a book originally published in 1854, but too good to go out of print, and now dressed in the book-clothes of the period. Mr. Nordhoff has a manly way about him in his narrative, which recommends the book to every honest boy. — *Oliver Optic* is writing a series called the *Boat-Builder* series, of which the second number, *Saug Harbor, or the Champlain Mechanics*, is before us. (Lee & Shepard.) Mr. Adams has changed his tactics somewhat, and now makes his books less adventurous and more educational. In this volume he advocates, by the agency of a story, the introduction of industrial training into a common-school education; and one is quite ready to let him ride so excellent a hobby, although his horse would get to the end of the road quicker if his rider did not think it necessary to make a war hobby-horse of him, and attack the riders who prefer other roads to the educational goal. We are thankful for the change, however, even though the youngsters of Mr. Optic's invention still wear heads out of all proportion to their shoulders. — The series of *Minor Wars of the United States* (Dodd, Mead & Co.) may be taken as appealing to young readers. A recent volume is *A Narrative History of King Philip's War and the Indian Troubles in New England*, by Richard Markham. The author has used freely such accounts as those of Gardener and Mrs. Rowlandson. It was a pity to follow the archaic spelling in copying the older chronicles; such fidelity is useful only in strictly antiquarian

work. The whole story is a painful one, and ought never to be told by itself, but as a part of the fuller life of the communities; as it is here given, the young reader will be quite likely to misunderstand the whole business. — Another volume in the same series is *History of the War with Mexico*, by Horatio O. Ladd. Mr. Ladd recognizes the moral obliquity which brought on the war, but he glories in the valor of the American soldier, and is enthusiastic over the results of the war in the increase of the Union and its wealth. The book gives, what is not easily had elsewhere, a brief sketch of the war, not too technical for the ordinary reader, and not too burdened either with philosophy or rhetoric. — *Elsie's New Relations*, what they did and how they fared at Ion, a sequel to *Grandmother Elsie*, by Martha Finley (Dodd, Mead & Co.), may be classed among juveniles, though the principal characters are all young married people. They are married, but they are very, very young, and one feels a little compunction at being allowed to intrude on some of their very private interviews. — *Stories from Livy*, by the Rev. Alfred J. Church (Dodd, Mead & Co.), will be found a good book to put beside the author's previous renderings of Virgil and others. Do the publishers really think that they treat Flaxman handsomely in their versions of his designs? — *Part Fifth of the Boy Travellers in the Far East*, by Thomas W. Knox, is the Adventures of Two Youths in a Journey through Africa. (Harpers.) Like the previous volumes, it is an ornate, liberally illustrated work, chock full of useful information, which the boys reel off by the yard, but there is no indication that two boys ever did cross Africa. The whole journey has the air of having been made in a library. — *The Ball of the Vegetables*, and other stories, in prose and verse, by Margaret Eytinge (Harpers), is a lively book, but the liveliness is that of a jumping-jack rather than of a cricket. — *The Bear-Worshippers of Yezo*, or the adventures of the Jewett Family and their friend Oto Nambo, by Edward Greely (Lee & Shepard), is a continuation of a series, and is evidently based on extensive acquaintance with Japan; but could not the information all have been reduced in quantity and made more rememberable? — *Kittyleen*, by Sophie May (Lee & Shepard), is one of the series of *Flaxie Wiggle Stories*, and, like the rest, is taken up with the joys and sorrows of very young children, whose language is less perfectly developed than their ingenuity. — *Phil and his Friends*, by J. T. Trowbridge (Lee & Shepard), is the story of a boy who was left in pawn with a landlord by a graceless father in debt for his board. Starting with this improbability, the rest of the book is credible and of no special value. — Mrs. Celia Thaxter's *Poems for Children* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is an agreeable little volume to read with a child, the incidents are so simple and so musically related. It ought to be a favorite, with its soft printing in brown ink and its general attractiveness. The illustrations, by Miss Plympton, give a decorative look to the book, but are not clearly defined, like Mrs. Thaxter's poetry. — *The Boys' and Girls' Plutarch* is parts of Plutarch's *Lives*, edited for young people, with

an introduction by John S. White, head-master of Berkeley School. (Putnams.) The text is Clough's Dryden. There are good maps and some interesting engravings. Perhaps the introduction to a full reading of Plutarch might have been more attractive if it had been briefer; the bulk is against it, but we have only welcome for an honest and serviceable book like this. — Speech and Manners for Home and School, by Miss E. S. Kirkland (Jansen, McClurg & Co.), is a little story embodying some of the elementary principles of grammar and conduct. It is a photographic reproduction, the author says, of certain parts of school-teaching. There is a good deal of quiet humor, and much ingenious working in of errors of speech and manners. It is a good book to place in the hands of a hopelessly ungrammatical and ill-mannered child. — The bound volume of Harper's Young People for 1883 makes an annual which it would seem impossible, from its size, to read through in a year, yet its fifty-two parts have probably been no severe tax upon those who have taken this watermelon in weekly slices. — *Heroes of Literature* is the title of a volume for young people, in which John Dennis has endeavored to excite an interest in English poetry by giving running comments upon the persons of poets from the earliest times to the present. (S. P. C. K., Young, New York.) — The small reader will find nothing among the Christmas books of the year more delightful than *The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood*, Written and Illustrated by Howard Pyle. (Scribner's Sons.) The old Sherwood Forest legends never had a prettier setting than Mr. Pyle's pen and pencil have given them.

History. In the important series of Documents relating to the Colonial History of the State of New York, published for the State by Weed, Parsons & Company, Albany, the latest volume is Documents relating to the History of the Early Colonial Settlements, principally on Long Island, with a map of its western part, made in 1666, translated, compiled, and edited from the original records in the office of the secretary of state and the state library, by B. Fernow, keeper of the historical records. The volume comprises Indian deeds, patents, letters, court records, and the like, a mine of curious material for the student. All the old quarrels are here fought over, and village scandal becomes subject for historical societies. — A new edition of Still's Underground Railroad Records (William Still, Philadelphia) has a life of the author added. Here is a book which contains an inexhaustible fund of anecdote and suggestion for the future novelist who wishes to use, as he will be sure to, incidents of the struggle between freedom and slavery. There is no more human appeal in literature than these annals make. — Of a different sort is the historical work in two volumes, by James D. Bulloch, naval representative of the Confederate States in Europe during the civil war, entitled *The Secret Service of the Confederate States in Europe, or How the Confederate Cruisers were Equipped*. (Putnams.) The author is probably the only person who could give so full a history of this service, and the reader will be

grateful that he is not long detained over the questions of the conflict, but carried directly into the history of the secret service, which necessarily includes a pretty full study of the relations held to the Confederacy by the government of Great Britain. — *Historical Sketches of New Mexico*, from the Earliest Records to the American Occupation, by L. Bradford Prince (Leggett Bros., New York), should not be slighted because in external appearance it is a little unprepossessing. Judge Prince has collected in a convenient form a great deal of curious and interesting material, arranged in chronological order, relating to New Mexico, and has made his book a useful brief for the historical student. — *Oregon, the Struggle for Possession*, by William Barrows, is the second volume in the series of American Commonwealths (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), and makes an excellent antithesis to Cooke's Virginia. Mr. Barrows goes carefully over the story of the contest for Oregon, and brings out in piquant fashion the various forces at work in settling the Oregon question. His narrative of Whitman's Ride will bring to many readers a new and striking piece of American romance, and his study of Webster's connection with the question throws light upon a confused subject. — *Newfoundland, its history, its present condition, and its prospects in the future*, is the joint production of Joseph Hatton and the Rev. M. Harvey. (Doyle & Whittle, Boston.) The book has a curious little history. The original work was written mainly by Mr. Harvey, who had free access to materials in Newfoundland and the advantage of residence in the country. He was assisted by Mr. Hatton, an accomplished journalist, with access to material in London; the book was published in England, and now is republished here under the editorial revision of its principal author. The book thus has "grewed." It is an interesting work, by a painstaking student, who sets about a thorough representation of the country, and if the reader will add Mr. Lowell's *New Priest in Conception Bay* he will supply the only apparent deficiency, for the authors have left one to infer the social characteristics of the people. — *The Nature of Positive Law*, by John M. Lightwood (Macmillan), may perhaps be included in this section because of its direct relation to historic study. Mr. Lightwood has undertaken to supplement and correct Austin's work by a use of such labors as those of Sir Henry Maine and Von Ihering, and his general results may be summed up in his statement, "Law is a collection of rules regulating either human actions or human relations, which spring from and explain the current rules of morality, and which therefore depend for their support upon the general assent of the people," and not upon Force, which is only occasionally summoned in aid. — *Mosaics of Grecian History*, by Marcius Willson and Robert Pierpont Willson (Harpers), is an attempt to give within a moderate compass a History of Greece, of which the skeleton is the construction of the editors of the work, and the flesh is composed of patches from a great variety of authors. It makes a narrative history, but it fails to explain by its own contents why any one should read history. — The

Course of Empire, outlines of the chief political changes in the history of the world (arranged by centuries), with variorum illustrations by Charles Gardner Wheeler. (Osgood.) This is a historical handbook. Beginning with the fifth century before Christ, a map of Europe is given in colored outline, and then follows text, containing a brief statement of the political complexion. The variorum illustrations are short passages from a variety of authors. The plan excludes America from the map, and gives no conception of the real historic course of such an empire as that of England. We cannot highly praise the scheme of the book. — Louis XIV. et Strasbourg, essai sur la politique de la France en Alsace, d'après des documents officiels et inédits, par A. Legrelle (Hachette, Paris), is a third edition, revised and enlarged. It traces the history from the Celtic beginnings down to the end of the First Empire, but the bulk of the work of course is concerned with the period of Louis XIV.

Biblical Criticism and Ecclesiastical History. The fourth volume of Dr. Schaff's Popular Commentary on the New Testament (Scribners) includes the Catholic Epistles and Revelation, and thus completes the work. It is very minute, and to our minds wordy. Hints surely are worth more than full explanations in such works. — The second volume of a new edition of Dr. Schaff's History of the Christian Church (Scribners) has appeared. It is devoted to ante-nicene Christianity, A. D. 100-325. In the revision the author has undertaken to press into service the many investigations of scholars which have appeared since the publication of the first edition. — In the series of the Fathers for English Readers, published by the S. P. C. K. (Young, New York), the latest volume consists of biographies of St. Hilary of Poitiers and St. Martin of Tours, by J. G. Cazenove. — Perhaps we may place here Arius the Libyan, an idyl of the primitive church (Appleton) in the time of Constantine and Athanasius. It is an attempt to reconstruct in fictitious form the life of that time.

Literature and Literary History and Criticism. Prose Masterpieces from Modern Essayists (Putnam's) is a tidy series of three volumes, containing essays by masters of English style. The editor confines his selection to English and American literature of this century. Irving, Hunt, Lamb, and De Quincey are the earliest, and Leslie Stephen is the latest. It is a delightful collection in attractive form. — Classic Heroic Ballads, selected by the editor of Quiet Hours (Roberts Bros.), does not in the main go back of Walter Scott. The selection is certainly good for what it contains, and the editor has kept in mind the two qualities of such ballads, a story and a song. — The English Grammar of William Cobbett, carefully revised and annotated by Alfred Ayres (Appleton), comes upon the heels of a recent edition of the same book, which gave more notice of Cobbett himself. Cobbett's grammar has the merit of being exceedingly practical and direct. The editor has annotated the work very closely. — Mr. F. H. Underwood has followed his biographies of Longfellow and Lowell with one of Whittier (Osgood), which will serve as an accompaniment to his po-

ems. — Mr. George Willis Cooke, who prepared a study of Emerson, has now produced George Eliot, a critical study of her life, writings, and philosophy. (Osgood.) Where a writer like George Eliot has written abundantly on a great range of ethical, social, and religious subjects, the task of a critic is largely that of one who should make a concordance of ideas, and this Mr. Cooke appears to have done. He has the patience and charity of a critic, but hardly the penetration which seizes upon a central thought and turns it into an epigram. — Slavonic Literature, by W. R. Morfill, is a compilation from original authorities for the use of general readers of the facts relating to the dawn of European literature among the Slavs. (S. P. C. K., Young, New York.) — Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson has edited a translation of the letters of Heloise to Abelard, given in Berington's Lives of Abelard and Heloise, and furnished a graceful introduction. The book is a dainty little volume, as befits the subject. (Osgood.) — In Topics of the Time (Putnam's), the sixth number bears the title Art and Literature, and contains half a dozen papers from the leading English reviews. — Golden Thoughts from The Spiritual Guide of Miguel Molinos the Quietest, with preface by J. Henry Shorthouse (Scribners), may fairly be brought into literature, — as fairly as the Imitation of Christ. It is more mystical than that work, but, like it, appeals to a fine consciousness. — The Valley of Unrest, edited by Douglas Sherley (J. P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky.), is a specimen of book-making so unusual that it is difficult to decide on its literary merit, which seems not striking, compared with the brick-red paper upon which the text is printed in black ink. The anonymous writer (obviously the editor), who poses as a schoolmate of Edgar A. Poe, relates a picturesque episode in the boy-life of the poet. Whether or not the story is invented, it has an oddity about it that would charm even without typographical eccentricities. — The Macmillans have issued a neat edition of Matthew Arnold's prose works in seven volumes. We shall find occasion later to speak at length of Mr. Arnold's writings, and especially of his poems, which ought to have been included in the present collection. — The Sonnets of Milton, edited by Mark Pattison (D. Appleton & Co.), is among the latest of the Parchment series, — a charming set of little books. The writers of poems of fourteen lines would do well to give night and day to the study of the first ten or twelve pages of Mr. Pattison's Introduction to the Sonnets. This introductory essay is admirable, as are also the editor's notes and comments on the Sonnets.

Fiction. Hand and Ring, by Anna Katharine Green (Putnam), is a story which relies on the author's ingenuity in tying a hard knot, and then untying it. — Who's to blame? by Henry Fauntleroy (Southern Methodist Publishing House, Nashville), is an attack, in the form of a story of Western life, upon the alleged rottenness of the judiciary. — Nights with Uncle Remus, myths and legends of the old plantation, by Joel Chandler Harris (Osgood), is a successor to the jovial Uncle Remus, and enriched by the author's new confidence in his powers. One may be a general reader

and be delighted, or a comparative anthropologist, or whatever it is, and be edited. It is curious to see how Æsop reappears, and the Greek slave finds an avatar in the African slave. — Judith, a chronicle of old Virginia, by Marian Harlan (Our Continent Publishing Co., Philadelphia), is a tale of the Nat Turner insurrection, and still more a picture of Virginian life, which it represents with firm touches. — Belinda is Rhoda Broughton's latest novel (Appleton), in which intrigue is carried to the last step but one. It is a feverish, unwholesome book, with a smirking bow to propriety. — Vagabondia, by Mrs. Burnett (Osgood), is her Dorothea-Dolly novel corrected, and, since it must live, given a respectable home and dress. — A Castle in Spain, by James De Mille (Harpers), enjoys some very clever illustrations by E. A. Abbey. — The latest numbers in Harper's Franklin Square Library are A Struggle for Fame, by Mrs. J. H. Riddell, and Hearts, by David Christie Murray. — Round about Rio, by Frank D. Y. Carpenter (Jansen, McClurg & Co.), is a lively tourist-novel, in which a party of Americans visit Rio, and a wedding takes place on the last fly-leaf.

Art. Historical Handbook of Italian Sculpture, by Charles C. Perkins (Scribners), is an octavo volume, abundantly illustrated, in which the sculpture before Niccolò Pisano is treated as a separate essay, after which, in greater detail, follow three books, The Revival and Gothic Period, The Early Renaissance, and The Later Renaissance. It is a pity that a handbook so convenient and so full should not have enjoyed better printing. — The new volume of L'Art (J. W. Bouton & Co.) does more than sustain its claim to the first place among art publications. The critical and descriptive letterpress is unusually valuable. M. Octave Lacroix continues his charming account of Un Voyage Artistique au Pays Basque. The various papers on the Salon of 1883 will reward the reader. In the critical department is an appreciative estimate of Mr. C. B. Curtis's unique catalogue of the works of Velasquez and Murillo. The excellence of the literature of the present issue is handsomely supplemented by artist and engraver. Several of the full-page reproductions of old masters are exceedingly fine, and there are two etchings, — La Nouvelle Cathédrale, and Le Quai de Rive-Neuf at Marseilles, — which the possessor will at once desire to frame. — The Catalogue of the Art Department of the New England Manufacturers' and Mechanics' Institute (Cupples, Upham & Co.), is an ideal catalogue. The volume contains an alphabetical list of 731 paintings, drawings, engravings, etc., and is illustrated by 57 full-page pictures reproduced from the original works by etching, photo-engraving, and the albertype process. In almost every instance the work thus reproduced is worthy of the careful pains bestowed upon it by the editor, who has placed us under further obligations to him by supplementing the collection with a series of well-written papers on various art-topics. Among the contributors to this section of the catalogue are Arlo Bates, E. H. Clement, J. J. Jarves, Charles De Kay, E. A. Silsbee, and Mrs. M. G. Van Rensselaer. The typography and printing of the book do credit to the press of Mr. Arthur Turnure. In mechanical execution the

Paris Salon has issued no catalogue comparable with this.

Biography. Life of Wagner, by Louis Nohl, translated from the German by George P. Upton (Jansen, McClurg & Co.), furnishes one with a somewhat inflated account of the musician's career. It is written by an enthusiastic admirer. — Francis Bacon, a Critical Review of his Life and Character, with selections from his writings, by B. G. Lovejoy. (Estes & Lauriat.) Mr. Lovejoy adds on his title-page that it is adapted for colleges and high schools. Perhaps the justification of this is in the author's statement: "The aim of this sketch has been to point out with particularity the frailty of the man, in order to avoid confusing his intellectual excellence with his moral weakness." Will it be believed that this editor, enumerating the editions of Bacon, stops short at Basil Montagu's, which he describes as a nearly perfect collection! — In the New Plutarch series a recent number is Marie Antoinette, by Sarah Tytler (Putnam's), which aims to be more personal than historical in its treatment. The queen has her votaries, though they are not as passionate as those of Mary Queen of Scots.

Poetry. Legends, Lyrics, and Sonnets, by Frances L. Mace (Cupples, Upham & Co.), is marked by much true poetic feeling, expending itself largely upon subjects which do not immediately win the reader. — Stray Chords, by Julia R. Anagnos (Cupples, Upham & Co.), is largely lyrical in its character, with an occasional almost old-fashioned air, — as old-fashioned, that is, as Moore. — Poems in Prose, by Ivan Tourguéneff (Cupples, Upham & Co.), may fairly be placed here, since the *motif* is always a poetical one, and the form is often rhapsodical. Little prose bursts, a page or two long, give one no ill-conception of Tourguéneff's sighs and breathings. — In Nazareth Town, a Christmas Fantasy, and other poems, by John W. Chadwick (Roberts Bros.), the prevailing sentiment is that of personal friendship and sympathy. — Mr. Edwin Arnold has published Indian Idylls from the Sanskrit of the Mahābhārata (Roberts Bros.), a translation for the first time into English of some of the stories, and inferentially an introduction to the great fountain of Hindu poetry.

Text Books and Education. American Colleges, their Students and Work, by Charles F. Thwing (Putnam's), is a revised and enlarged edition of a useful little book by a recent graduate, who has taken pains to collect trustworthy information from a number of representative colleges of their internal economy and the social life. — Modern French Readings, edited by William J. Knapp (Ginn, Heath & Co.), has for its leading object "to furnish the student with progressive materials for becoming acquainted with the current language of France, under the influences that are giving it a new phase of development." Thus the earliest author cited is Berquin, and the latest is Victor Hugo. There is a good collection of notes. — Miss Josephine E. Hodgdon, who has before compiled leaflets from standard authors, Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, and others, has taken up Motley on the same plan, intending the work for the convenience of classes. (Harpers.)